THE
New Movie
MAGAZINE
A TOWER MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1933
10¢
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GINGER ROGERS

THE Greater Show Season NUMBER

The Revealing Story of a Great Star's Fight to Fame—

HOLLYWOOD SLAVE

•

THE PARADE OF THE CINDERELLAS!

"How to Save Money on Home Decorations"

by JOHN HELD, Jr.

The famous Artist advises the use of Tintex to give gay, new color to your faded Curtains, Drapes, Household Linens, etc.

"SOME people, who *should* know, are kind enough to say I am an expert on color. So—if you will permit me—let me give you a bit of authoritative and timely advice.

In no place is bright, cheerful color so important as right in the home. Drab drapes, faded curtains will spoil the charm of any room. A color-robbed dinner cloth will mar an otherwise perfect dinner.

What's the remedy? Buy new curtains and drapes and table-linens? Not at all! *Buy Tintex.* For a few cents and in just a few minutes, these famous Tints and Dyes will restore original colors—or give different colors—to all faded fabrics.

Take my word for it—Tintex is simply color-magic. It helps you put new colors in your home and keep new dollars in your bank!"

When you buy Tintex for your home-decorations, get some for your wardrobe, too—for faded "undies", negligees, stockings, dresses, sweaters, etc., etc.

You can use Tintex with utmost confidence on any washable fabric. It's easy, quick and gives truly professional results. No muss, no fuss—and Tintex never streaks or spots.

35 Brilliant, Long-Lasting Colors

At Drug Stores and Notion Counters Everywhere

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .

But her Teeth are Dull . . . her Gums Tender

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

This young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look?*

She cleans her teeth. Of *course* she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough.*

Her gums are flabby, touchy, unhealthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush" —but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

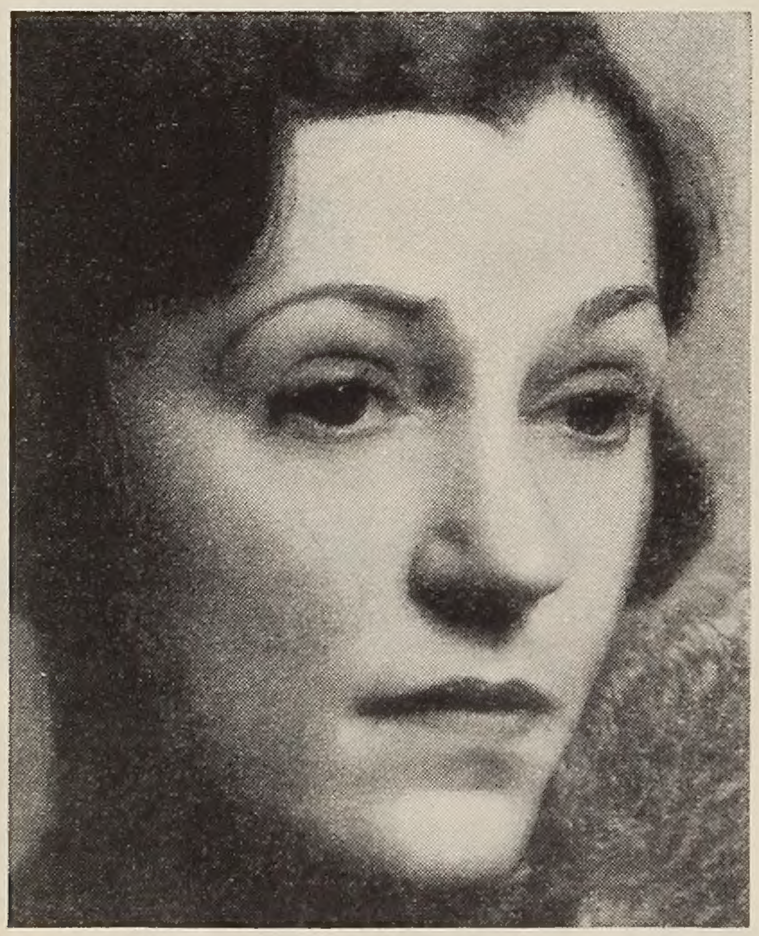
One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

VOL. VIII, No. 4 OCTOBER 1933

WE DO OUR PART

The emblem of the blue eagle symbolizes a new deal for America. The Recovery Act of Franklin D. Roosevelt is a wartime effort in time of peace. It asks that American industry serve the public welfare under the new code approved by the national government. America is thoroughly in sympathy with the purposes of President Roosevelt. But to make these purposes successful something more than sympathy is necessary. A whole-hearted support and cooperation must be given by every industry and every individual citizen.



Alice Brady's latest photograph

ONE

OF THE BEST ARTICLES ELSIE JANIS HAS EVER WRITTEN.

About her old and very dear friend, Alice Brady, former star of the silent movies, star of the stage, and now one of the most sensational hits of the year in the talkies. You will enjoy every word of Miss Janis' article about the eccentric, yet sound and sensible Miss Brady. Be sure to read it in the November issue of the New Movie Magazine, on sale on October 4th.

Cover Design by CLARK AGNEW

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VERNE PORTER, *Managing Editor*

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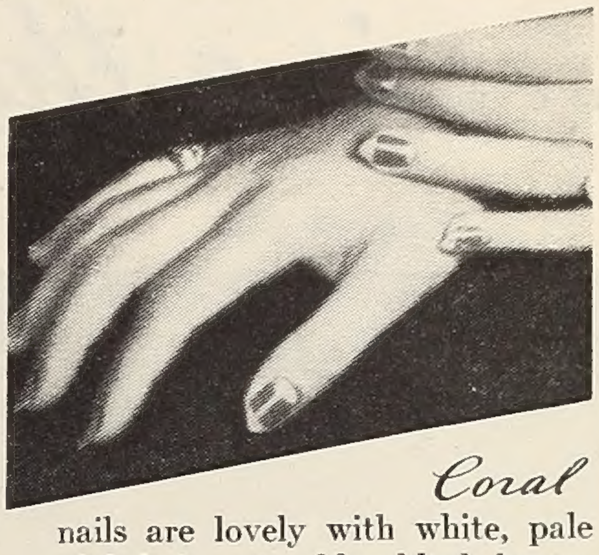
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

What color nails at the Casino?

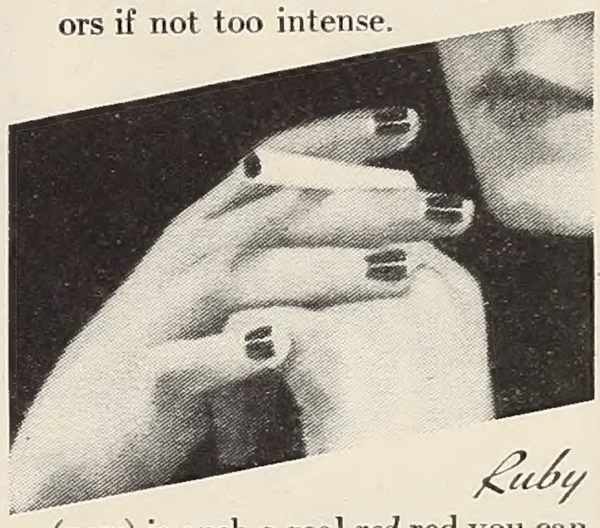
MISS KATHARINE MOSS • MISS FLORENCE ROOME • MRS. MARSHALL MACLEOD

Seen at the Central Park Casino in New York: Miss Katharine Moss, in white crinkled crêpe and Coral nails. Miss Florence Roome, in black ciré satin and deep Ruby nails. Mrs. Marshall MacLeod—exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

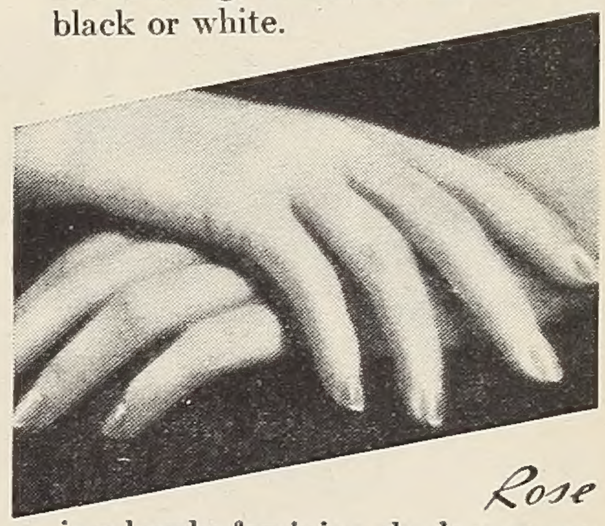
ALL SHADES!



Coral nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, blue, black, brown frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.



Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red you can wear it with any costume when you want to be particularly gay and dashing. A brilliant accent for black or white.



Rose is a lovely feminine shade you can wear with any color dress. Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender, blue . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but best with bright or difficult colors —red, green, purple, orange.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray, beige or blue gowns.

Garnet a rich wine red, is smart as can be with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

IF you step out for nocturnal reveling in the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

Practically every cute young thing is wearing them—you see *all shades!*

And if you aren't doing likewise, you just aren't giving yourself the big break you deserve.

. . . . .

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply *multiplies* allure. What you can do with it is wicked —delightfully wicked—that's what it is!

Take Cardinal nails with a black-as-midnight gown, and any minute you may find all the young men getting positively serious. And just try to get off the dance floor, in case you have one of those new green frocks made extra-appealing with Coral nails.

In fact, there's an utterly devastating shade of nail polish for any color or shade of gown you're wearing, day or night. The only point is—for making sure of absolute correctness and quality—you need Cutex.

Women who have tried all other polishes on the market are devoted body and soul to Cutex!

Cutex owes its 7 grand shades to the World's Authority on the Manicure. Each shade so lovely it is calculated to glorify your appearance and improve your morale in one fell swoop.

And it's an honest-to-goodness polish that goes on smoothly and simply. Never streaks or blotches.

Never cracks or peels.

Now, for heaven's sake, don't get caught out at a house party or anywhere this fall —without the complete range of Cutex colors to choose from. You'll find them at your favorite store.

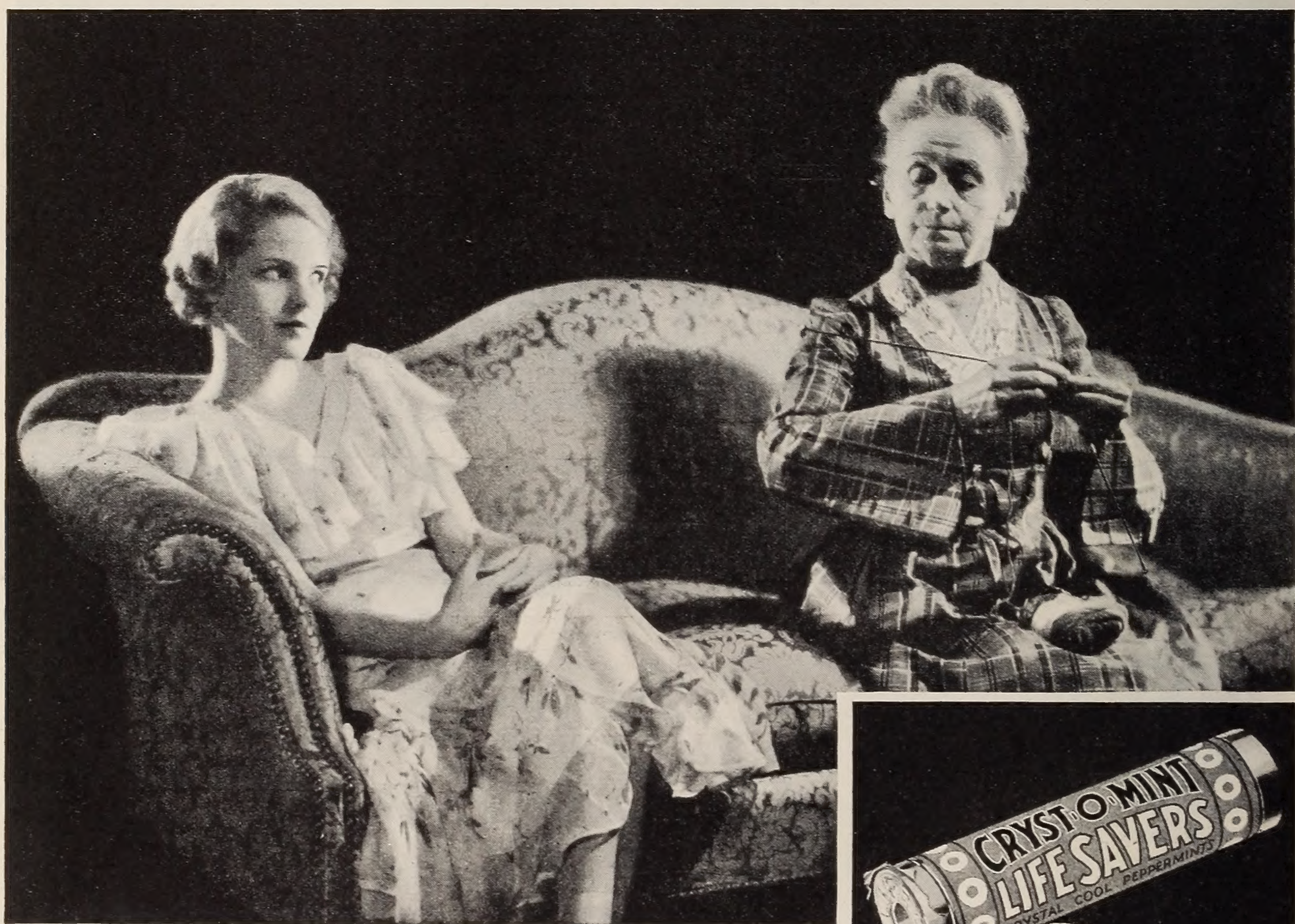
For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX *Liquid Polish* **Smart . . . Inexpensive**

Three feet from Aunt Matilda

. . . is a thousand miles from a Smoke



Don't let an Aunt Matilda . . . or any other "No Smoking" sign . . . fill your life with jumps and jitters. Instead, pop a Life Saver into your mouth when puffing would start people huffing. Life Savers are cool and tangy. They ease the nerves. Appease smoke hunger. Please the taste. More than that . . . when smoking is in order, Life Savers between smokes put a new thrill in the next one . . . keep the taste buds at their best clear up to the last smoke of the day.

Life Savers Mints are made in many delightful flavors . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. There's Cryst-O-mint, too . . . and the newest taste thrill of all, Spear-O-mint Life Savers . . . Life Savers Fruit Drops are made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

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Millions of dollars go into the most ambitious movie program in history

Advance news brought to you by the foremost American radio announcer

EDWIN C. HILL

THE Greater Show Season NUMBER

Edwin C. Hill

Will Hays, head of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

GLAD times or sad times, come hell or high water, gold standard or giddy inflation, let the cosmic chips fall where they may, we have got to have our moving pictures.

In less than a flapper's span they have taken their place among the great world necessaries: the newspapers, the radio and the motion pictures. And the greatest of these, in some ways, are the galloping tintypes.

In boom times the movies were our dissipation. In bum times they have been our consolation.

Fifty years from now, some sociological commentator, probably as yet unborn, will look back over the past few years and select, with cool discretion, two heroes of the period.

One will be Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The other will be Mickey Mouse.

The President took the country by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants and yanked it out of its gloom. But Mickey, the movies incarnate, beat him to it and made a million—yes, ten million—able to grin and bear it.

All joking aside, one wonders how far down hill we would have stumbled in our dumb despair if we had not had the sentiment, the romance, the drama and the humor of the screen, bad as it frequently was, incredibly good as it occasionally has turned out to be.

No one will ever know how many people took their troubles to the neighborhood theater and parked them at the door for an hour or two, returning home with some gain of spirit, some notion, however vague, that the thing to do was to carry on.

Of course, the movie people took it on the chin in these last four thin years, as about everybody else did.

But their punishment was especially severe because, with the bounding optimism of their trade, they were building for the years ahead—putting up new, vast studios, erecting magnificent theaters, tickling the ribs of science to cajole fresh marvels, and all at a cost that would have staggered a corporation backed by Rockefeller, Mellon, Ford & Company.

But they have been learning in the last few cadaverous years; learning a few things that they had been too prosperous to learn before.

They have been learning that a motion picture cathedral with major generals at the door couldn't put over a punk picture.

They were learning that the story was the thing, as it was in the beginning, is now and always shall be, lordly directors to the contrary notwithstanding.

They were learning that John Citizen and the Missus might be inarticulate, but were a long way from being dumb, and that the gentleman who said that the mass intelligence was that of a child of twelve had long ago gone into the hands of a receiver.

They were learning those things that a depression slams into stubborn minds, and we are just beginning to get a hint of what the fruits of this painfully acquired knowledge are to be for the coming year.

Putting it bluntly, in words as few as possible, the movie makers of Hollywood, chastened by adversity, are betting $150,000,000 against anything you please, that they will turn out, for the coming season of 1933-34 the best flock of talkies that ever flicked across the screen to the moaning of the Gay Bassoon.

One hundred and fifty million dollars in real money, scraped up God knows how, and dumped by shovelsful into the hungry furnaces of production. But dumped this time, don't forget, with such intelligence and intuition of the public taste as was never before known in the history of the industry.

It's the New Deal in motion pictures.

Like the rest of industry, they have got to lift themselves out of the depression by sincere sweat and good works.

The age of bunk is over and done with.

Therefore, as I say, they are shooting the works this season, and the range of entertainment to be opened up this fall by the great producing companies of America should be just about as far ahead of any thing they ever did before as the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition is ahead of the old Chicago World's Fair of forty years ago.

PRODUCERS and

Never in the history of the films has the entire industry so enthusiastically accepted the public's challenge.

By

EDWIN C. HILL

WHEN you think of M-G-M you think of a man who has passed along and of a name that lives. The man and the name was Marcus Loew.

Back some ten years ago, Marcus Loew, already a giant in the business of exhibiting motion pictures, looked over the roster of production and merged three concerns into one, the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

It was his vision—and genius, indeed, his leadership and executive talent which not only raised the new M-G-M very quickly into the first rank but which did so much for the development of the entire motion picture industry.

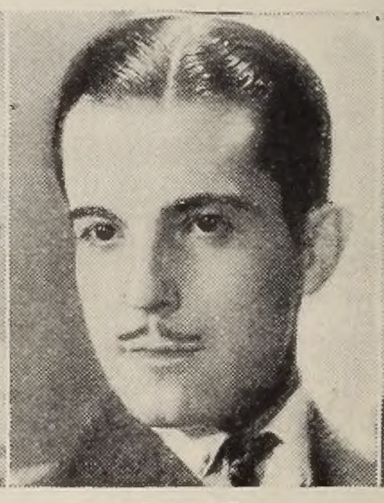
NICHOLAS SCHENCK

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

GRETA GARBO

HELEN HAYES

NORMA SHEARER



RAMON NOVARRO

MARIE DRESSLER

It was Marcus Loew who grasped the idea that the public loves glamorous personalities—the Garbos, the Gables, the Shearers, the Crawfords, the Barrymores—and who founded the whole star system which has made M-G-M distinctive in the motion picture firmament.

His work and the traditions he founded have been carried on with extraordinary resolution and skill by Nicholas M. Schenck, the present president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a gentleman who is immediately acknowledged, even by the somewhat testy executives of Hollywood, as one of the great leaders of the industry.

Under Marcus Lowe's leadership, M-G-M struck out boldly with such smashing productions as "Scaramouche," almost the very first of the "big" pictures. And then came "The Four Horsemen," as a striking and daring production, achieved with amazing fidelity to the genius of Ibanez.

And with the merger of three companies, the old Metro and the Goldwyn Company, the road was clear for even more ambitious effort.

The Goldwyn Company contributed vigorous, virile talent and a group of finely equipped silent picture studios in Culver City, near Hollywood. And presently a fine showman, who had proved his abilities in the East, was invited to join the new combination. Louis B. Mayer came along and so did the clever boyish-looking Irving Thalberg, and in 1924, the corporate unity of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came into being, with its vigorous, imaginative production heads, and its almost uncanny faculty for perceiving star material and moulding that material into stars of the first rank.

Movie History Is Made

Many a young man and young woman, passed over by older concerns, or unable in those concerns for some reason to realize upon their own talents, was almost immediately spotted by Mayer or Thalberg as a coming star.

John Gilbert was a shining example, and there are scores of others. From the first M-G-M assumed a creative leadership, combined with practical good judgment, which it has never relinquished.

It really took its corporate cue from the character and career of its founder, Marcus Loew, for Mr. Loew's business success had been founded upon resolute integrity, daring and the courage to venture out upon untried paths. These very qualities became the bedrock of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, and were reflected year by year in the successive triumphs of the company.

An outstanding example was the filming of an original story by Lawrence Stallings, "The Big Parade." Stallings, who had been a captain of Marines, and who had lost a leg in the Great War, had rung the bell of sensational success, along with his collaborator, Maxwell Anderson, in the play "What Price Glory," but the topic of war in pictures at the time was felt by almost all of the studio chiefs to be a dangerous controversial theme, one better sidestepped.

A New Thrill for Millions

But Mayer didn't think so, nor Thalberg. They sent for Stallings.

They told him what they wanted—a story that would picture not only the thrill of war but its terrible tragedy and the simple human elements underneath the rolling smoke and the roaring of cannon.

And Stallings sat himself down in an office of M-G-M and turned out one of the great classics of the screen, one of the ten best pictures ever made, a simple love

STARS JOIN IN THE BIG PARADE

story, set against the tremendous background of the mortal strife of nations.

Everybody knows what happened. "The Big Parade" played for two years on Broadway.

It was the talk of New York and later the talk of the country.

And after "The Big Parade" with its charming love story and war thrills, came the Great American classic, General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," made in Italy at a cost of more than $3,000,000 (real dollars, not press agent money), another production of magnificent scope and workmanship which was destined to sweep the country and not only reimburse its daring sponsors but add greatly to the luster of their fame.

Capitalizing Human Emotion

And then—in succession came triumph after triumph —"The Merry Widow," with all the langour and swing and melody of Franz Lehar's beautiful romantic opera; and "La Boheme."

And then the rise of Garbo, the most appealing lady, probably, who ever strolled before a camera; Garbo of the drooping lashes and those matchless, come-hither eyes, and then the various Lon Chaney productions, revealing the late Chaney's strange talent for quaint and grotesque impersonations.

And then the picture made in Africa, "Trader Horn," and "The Big House," the first great prison story, and presently another classic, "Grand Hotel," which displayed the best acting seen in an American motion picture for many years, with Garbo and the two Barrymores and Joan Crawford at their best.

MARION DAVIES

JOHN BARRYMORE

JEAN HARLOW

CLARK GABLE

JOAN CRAWFORD

LIONEL BARRYMORE

And more recently, in one of the most striking productions ever turned out by the M-G-M lot, "Gabriel Over the White House," actually anticipated, with weirdly prophetic vision, many of the important steps that were later taken by the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That picture, by the way, was greatly liked by the President who frequently comments about it.

The elements of time and expense have never halted M-G-M from tackling a production idea which seemed to Mayer or to Thalberg or to their associates to have big possibilities—something fresh, something different.

The New Deal and M-G-M

But all this is past, interesting and significant as it is.

What we are concerned with in this article is the contribution that M-G-M is set to make to the season of 1933-34; the part it is to play in the "New Deal" which the motion picture industry promises to John and Mrs. Citizen and all the little Citizens.

One of the most arresting of the new pictures is "Eskimo."

There is another example of the trouble and expense to which M-G-M is willing to go to get what it thinks the public has a hankering for.

It took a year in the silent and frozen Arctic to get the footage for "Eskimo," and fifty tons of supplies and camera equipment had to be transported from Hollywood to latitude 66° in that tough year.

And then there is, of course, the new picture of the one and only Garbo, the glamorous Greta; that lady of such marked personality, who enjoys the singular distinction of being even more popular with women than she is with men; Garbo, who was once a barber's assistant in Sweden, lathering tough Swedish beards at six dollars a week, but with that abundant fire in her soul that won her six thousand a week at the cashier's office of M-G-M. And we take, too, no less charming than ever, no less effective at the box office, the dainty Norma Shearer.

And continuing the roster one finds, of course, the names of the Barrymores, John and Lionel, with sister Ethel at the other end of a telegraph wire whenever M-G-M needs her to put over a smash success like "Rasputin and the Empress," and with Lionel hailed by many people as the best screen actor before the public.

And then, too, are those most agreeable gentlemen and lovely ladies, Ramon Novarro, Robert Montgomery Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jimmy Durante, Lee Tracy, Jackie Cooper, Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl, to mention only stars of the first magnitude; stars—created by M-G-M.

When M-G-M made "Grand Hotel" it amazed not only the motion picture public, but the motion picture industry by assembling in one cast a whole flock of its principal stars.

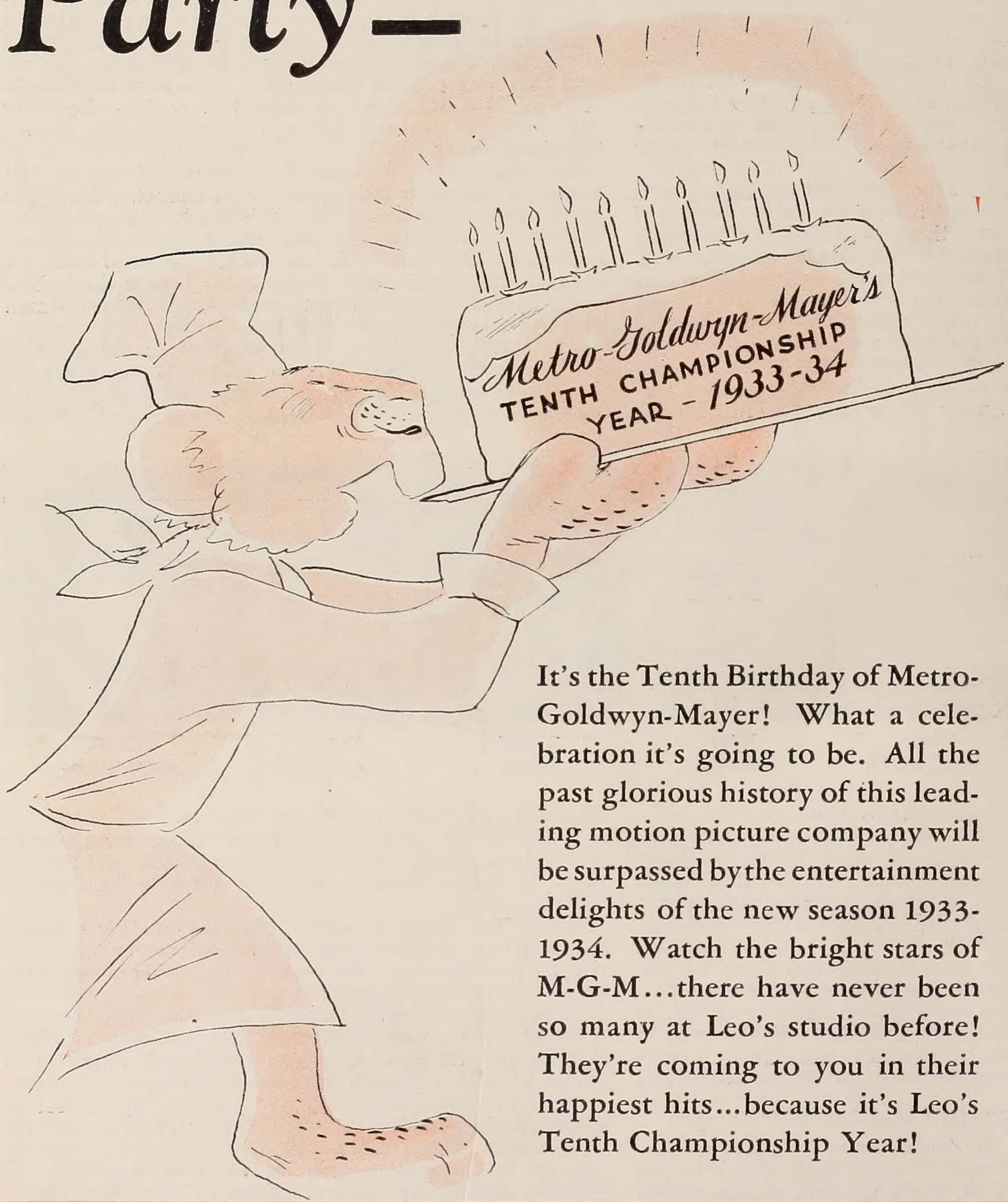
But with one of the new pictures of this coming season it outdoes even that lavish achievement by casting no less than twelve stars in the great stage success, "Dinner at Eight."

Then, too, "Night Flight," a production heavily counted on to score, presents half a dozen starring names, and the new musicals, Hollywood Party" and Show World," will each have from ten to twelve stars.

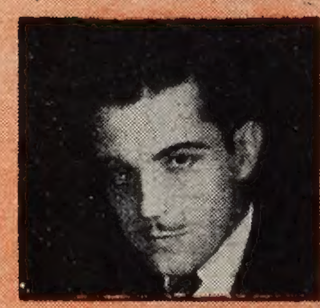
At least eleven of the 1933-34 productions of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be "multi-star" pictures; that is, productions whose casts will contain not one, but a number of the most popular stars of the studio.

It is, indeed, the determination of M-G-M to dedicate its tenth year of existence to the most ambitious and pretentious program in all of its record-breaking history. It is, indeed, shooting the works.

YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!



ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

COMING TO DELIGHT YOU!

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone.

★ ★ ★

SHOW WORLD (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields and many more).

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.

Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

METRO Goldwyn MAYER

MOVIES to Crowd

Sally Eilers, Fox star, who will be generously publicized. (Left) Constance Bennett, scheduled for "Moulin Rouge."

Gary Cooper, Paramount star.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, always different, always daring, headed by the Carl Laemmles, Senior and Junior, give promise of the extreme and the unusual during the season to come.

Unlike other companies, Universal does not employ the star system to any great extent. This next season will see this company publicizing Gloria Stuart, June Knight, Margaret Sullavan, Lillian Miles (of the radio) and others.

But Universal's offer of new productions is full of promise. In addition to comedies from the famous team of ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville, many highly ambitious productions are planned. Among these are "Counsellor-at-Law," the New York stage success; "The Left Bank," "Blossom Time," the highly successful musical comedy, and the pretentious spectacle, "Only Yesterday," directed by John Stahl, in which Margaret Sullavan makes her first film appearance; Edna Ferber's "Glamour," "Zest," Charles G. Norris' new novel; Vicki Baum's "I Give My Love," "Harold Bell Wright's "Ma Cinderella," and "The Great Ziegfeld," the life story of that master showman, written by Billie Burke, his widow, and William Anthony McGuire, the famous playwright.

These are only a few of the highlights on the Universal program. Later announcements may include productions of even greater magnitude. From "Uncle Carl" Laemmle comes the word, "We are doing our part in making this the greatest show season in the history of motion pictures to cooperate with the tremendous effort of President Roosevelt in the rebuilding of American prosperity."

Helen Twelvetrees, shining in the Paramount constellation.

Every THEATRE

All the Studios Straining in an Effort to Outclass Anything Ever Attempted in the History of the Industry

THE R-K-O announcements are interesting—if they live up to publicity promises.

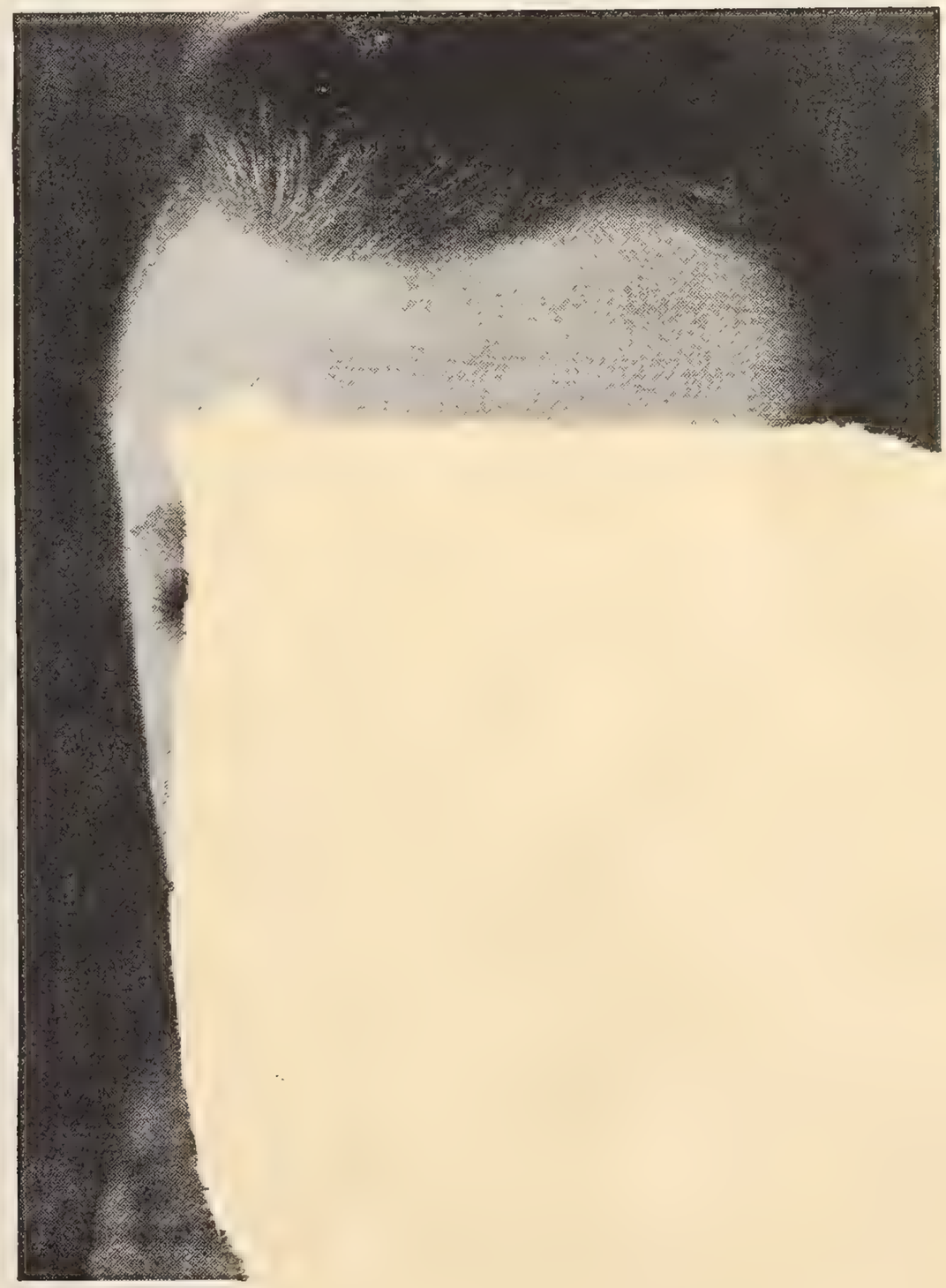
The little lady who made just about the biggest hit with the American picture fans in the past year, Katharine Hepburn, is to have her first real starring chance in "Morning Glory." It's news and mighty pleasant news that Dolores Del Rio, lovely Mexican girl, long ill but now fully recovered and blessed with even more beauty than before, is returning to the screen with Joel McCrea as her partner and foil in blazing romance. The company is building powerfully, also, on Sinclair Lewis' story "Ann Vickers," the picture version of which will star those attractive people, Irene Dunne and Walter Huston.

Pretty much everybody has heard of the gentleman who brings 'em back alive——Frank Buck, of course, the black-haired, black-mustached gentleman who goes out and captures wild beasts for the zoos of the world. Well, Mr. Buck made a special expedition to the Native State of Nepal, in India, the great Northern Province, which contains, among other wonders, Mount Everest, and there and in Malaysia, another of his pet jungle

Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals."

(Below) Jimmy Cagney, whose latest is "Footlight Parade."

Margaret Sullavan, Universal's new star.



The glamorous Mae West.

Leslie Howard, one of the big male stars of the new season.

The New Programs filled with novelties and

Janet Gaynor, one of the greatest drawing cards in pictures.

hunting grounds, he made "Wild Cargo" which is announced as more exciting and realistic even than his "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

A quite different idea, a quite different world, indeed will be presented when Lionel Barrymore appears in "One Man's Country" as the country doctor. And then one comes to a story, which should have an appeal to about every human in the sixty million or so that go to motion pictures. That story is the good old and dear old "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," which has been one of the best sellers of all time. The charming Miss Hepburn will star in this one.

Few newcomers have made such a hit with the ladies as the matinee idol—Francis Lederer. Certainly no one has rung the bell with such a clang since Maurice Chevalier first displayed his engaging smile. And he will be seen in two productions with music. And high on the list of novelties is "Son of Kong." No, it isn't what you might think. It isn't a sequel to that blood-curdler of last year, that picture which sent the cold chills racing up a million spines, "King Kong." It is described as a sensational production but entirely devoid of the horrors which sent ladies into fits.

Back in war days there was a young Texas aeronaut named Luke whose specialty was ballooning and busting enemy balloons, and who was a Prince of Dare-Devils. His story has been made into a picture which should be well up on the list of authentic thrillers.

And it's mighty interesting picture news, one thinks, to hear that Del Rio, the lovely Dolores, always a favorite of this writer since "What Price Glory" days in the old Fox Western Avenue studio, is to star in the new aerial musical comedy talkie called "Flying Down to Rio," which also rates a bottle of authentic Baccardi when it comes to titles. And with Dolores will appear Joel McCrea, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Helen Broderick, while Vincent Youmans provides the music.

WARNER—FIRST NATIONAL

WITH two big musical successes to their credit during the last few months, and some striking dramatic hits, Warner Brothers-First National go into the Greater Show Season with elaborate plans.

"Footlight Parade," with Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell, is, of course, a matter of immediate record, with such pretentious films as "I Loved a Woman," with Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis, "The Bureau of Missing Persons," with Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien, and "Wild Boys of the Road," with Frank Darrow and Dorothy Coonan, following in quick succession.

Ruth Chatterton's "Female," in which her husband, George Brent, will be featured, is planned as a box-office smash, as are "The World Changes," with Paul Muni and Mary Astor, "Ever in My Heart," with Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger, William Powell in "The Kennel Murder Case," Dick Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak in "Shanghai Orchid," and "Sweethearts Forever," with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

Among others, Kay Francis will play in "The House on Fifty-sixth Street" and "Broadway and Back," in addition to the others given above. Jimmy Cagney is to do "The Single Man," Edward G. Robinson "Dark Hazard," Leslie Howard "British Agent," and Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee "Havana Widows," and Ann Dvorak and Pat O'Brien, "The Coach."

There's certainly no lack of meaty material here. If these plans live up to even the least expectations, they assure you of a list of pictures and players that will add materially to your winter's enjoyment.

FOX FILMS

REORGANIZED, financially reconstructed and stabilized, Fox Films enters the new season as an active bidder for first honors in showmanship. Under the presidency of Sidney R. Kent, for many years one of the heads of Paramount, Fox has made a

(*Please turn to page* 16)

ZaSu Pitts.

Cary Grant.

distinctive features from great plays and books

George Raft.

Benita Hume.

Marlene Dietrich.

CHECK THIS LIST OF THE NEW FILMS OF THE GREATER SHOW SEASON—SEE THEM IN YOUR LOCAL THEATER AND WRITE US ABOUT THEM

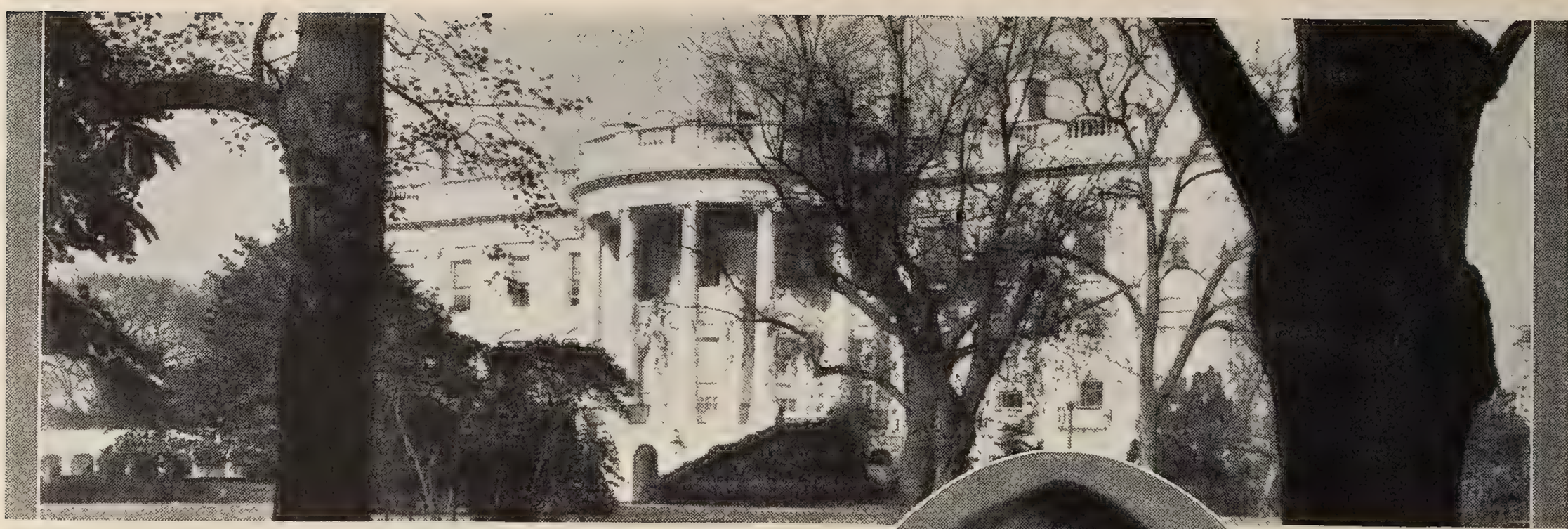
Dinner at Eight
Night Flight
Hollywood Party
Footlight Parade
Only Yesterday
Counsellor at Law
Glamour
Zest
The Emperor Jones
Roman Scandals
The Masquerader
Flying Down to Rio
Little Women
Eskimo
The Cat and the Fiddle
This Day and Age
Duck Soup
I'm No Angel
Design for Living
David Harum
The Tale of Two Cities
Berkeley Square
The Lady is Willing
All Men are Enemies
The Left Bank
Blossom Time
Son of Kong
British Agent
The Great Ziegfeld
The Bowery
The Show World
Alice in Wonderland

Glenda Farrell.

Ginger Rogers.

Claudette Colbert.

Will Rogers.



Wide World

The White House, now the nerve center of the whole United States —if not the world—where the Roosevelt administration is working day and night to restore stabilization, and to bring back greater and more enduring prosperity that can withstand every storm.

Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, head of the National Recovery Administration, cooperating in the greater show season.

SEND FOR YOUR REVIEW AND FORECAST BULLETIN

The New Movie Magazine announces another new departure in motion picture magazine publishing—a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service for its readers.

These bulletins, mailed individually to readers who write in for them, will give you—

1. *A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.*
2. *Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.*
3. *Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.*

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer—in other words, the fan —who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

The cost of the Bulletin will be 10 cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

very rapid and complete recovery.

Encouraged by the great success of "Cavalcade" and "State Fair," two of the outstanding pictures of the year, this group of producers, which includes Winfield Sheehan, Jesse Lasky and Sol Wurtzel, is throwing its hat in the ring with a list of outstanding stars and unusual productions to appeal to the public.

Frank Walker, vice-president of Comerford Theatres, Inc., and executive secretary of the National Recovery Council, who is assisting the President in his great task of recovery.

The stars who will be featured during the new season will be Clara Bow, Sally Eilers, Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Mimi Jordan, Heather Angel, Will Rogers, Warner Baxter, John Boles, Henry Garat, Victor Jory and Spencer Tracy. No one can doubt the excellence of material that should come from this group.

Will Rogers will make that grand old classic, "David Harum." Warner Baxter is already cast in "The Tale of Two Cities." "Berkeley Square," in which Leslie Howard appeared on the New York stage and in which he appears in the films, too, will be one of the outstanding films from the company's roster.

The Clara Bow picture, tentatively titled, "Hoopla," will be a production of magnitude, "All Men Are Enemies," from the famous novel, is already rated to be what the producers call "a super-special," and the same is true of "The World Moves On." The Fox Movietone Follies, with an all-star cast, is planned to be one of the most magnificent musicals of the year.

This is merely a brief summary of what you may expect from Fox during the few months to come. Before another month is out, you'll be seeing newer and even more exciting (*Please turn to page* 107)

Let CLIVE BROOK TREAT YOU . . .

to his favorite recipe
ENGLISH MEAT PIE

No tea party dish . . . this English Meat Pie. You want a husky appetite to do it justice. It's compounded from all sorts of ingredients which are popular with the men folks . . . sirloin steak, lamb kidneys, peppery spices and pastry.

This is Clive Brook's idea of a good masculine dish. But Ann Harding thinks she can put in a little competition with her Barbequed Meat. And the Gleasons have a pet Hash recipe they'll back any day against the very best of them.

Don't stop here, though . . . there are 46 movie stars clamoring to enlighten you about the recipes they like best. And you'll like them, too!

You'll find them all in the book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," on sale in the Woolworth stores or you can get a copy by sending ten cents, plus three cents postage, to:

TOWER BOOKS · Incorporated.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily *Beauty Contests*

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINES

GALLERY OF STARS

MODERNISTIC ● In "Dance of Desire" we meet the modernized version of Dolores Del Rio, bobbed-haired, athletic, and all that sort of thing. No more the slinky lady of yore. She's been taking tennis and swimming lessons, modern dancing and being generally brought up to date . . .

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

FANFARE

This William Gargan chap, from the stage, has won your hearts swiftly, virtually with his first film role. You saw him last in "Headline Shooters," dedicated to the daredevil newsreel man. He's next seen in "Aggie Appleby," with Helen Mack.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Hurrell

A LA MODE

Queen Helen (Hayes and MacArthur) discards the dreary raiment of tears and woe at last. In "Another Language" you see her chic and modish, Adrian's latest feast for Fashion's eye. See her, too, in "Night Flight."

Hollywood

"His eyes never seemed to leave my face, except now and again when they swept appraisingly down the revealing lines of my sheer black evening gown."

Beginning . . . the amazing confessions of a famous film actress

The anonymous revelations of a star chained to Fame

Illustrations by EARL BLOSSOM

I DON'T suppose I'll ever show what I am about to write to anyone. The way things are with me here in Hollywood, I don't see how I can. But I am so tired living a lie that I've just got to tell the truth to someone—even if it's only to myself.

Did you ever live a lie? I don't mean a little white lie, like saying that you're out when you're in, or that you're feeling fine when really you feel rotten. We all live those lies. I daresay we couldn't get along without them. But the kind of lie I have been living these last two years is not like that at all.

My lie is a big black lie. It has won me fame—yes, world-wide; and money—nearly $4,000 a week. And I'm only just twenty! But it has separated me from my family and my friends. It has lost me the man I loved. It has made me a woman without a country, a sweetheart without a lover, a wife without a husband. It has broken my heart and seared my soul. And I am tired and sick of it.

If I could get away from my lie once in a while, for a week, for a day, even for an hour, it wouldn't be so bad. But every waking hour I have to pretend—before servants, before strangers, before my fellow actors and actresses, even before my intimate friends. I have to pretend even before the man who makes me pretend.

I wouldn't mind so much, either, if my lie was just a single lie, if it had to do with just one part of my life or of me. But it is one of those universal, all-embracing, enveloping lies. It has to do with the way I talk, the way I dress, the way I stand, the way I walk, the way I make up my face. Why, I can't even use the perfume I like!

And who is this abject creature, this slave? Well, if I were to tell you, if I were to use my own name—I mean, my screen name, my *lie* name—you would know it almost as well as you are supposed to know your prayers. You would not only know my name, you would know the name of the soap I use in my bath, of the brand of oil I use for sun-bathing—and whether I sun-bathe all over or just in spots!

You would know the name of my pet Sealyham—the little dear, his name is "Dooley!"—and that he is all white except for two tiny brown spots on his right ear. You would know the make of the car I drive, perhaps even the license numbers on the plate and, for all I can tell, you would know the cigarette I smoke—which it isn't, because I don't smoke any!

You would know, too, that I change the tint on my finger nails and the rouge on my cheeks at least three times a day to match the costume I have on—and what, if anything, I wear under each costume. You would know that in addition to "Dooley," who might be described as my personal dog, I have a *dachshund* to please my German fans, a pekingese to please my Chinese fans, a Scotty to please my Scottish fans, an Irish setter to please my Irish fans, a French bull—and whatever kind of dog they have in Italy. You would know, also, that I have a marmoset, to please God knows whom, unless it be the Hollywood press agents!

YOU would know that I employ six bodyguards to protect myself and my jewels, that I have bars on the windows of my house and safety locks of infinite intricacy on the doors; that I have—but what's the use? The point is: you would know me. And who wouldn't? Even the heathen Chinee knows me; and the untouchable Hindoo; and the jungle-jumping African buckaroo. For am I not "Europe's Most Glamorous Gift to the Silver Screen," "Descendant of Royalty now Ascendant in the Cinema Heavens," "The Most Exotic, the Most Old World, the Most Utterly Foreign of all Foreign Stars?" Yes! And the joke of it—a grim joke it has turned out to be!—is that I was born in Cadiz, Ohio, not ten miles from Clark Gable's old home.

Of course, Clark had moved away from Cadiz before I was born. If he hadn't, I never would have been able to get away with what I have here in Hollywood, for we have played together in two pictures, and he

SLAVE

would surely have recognized me. I am not so sure that he would, though. My own mother has seen me repeatedly on the screen—(I know from my letters which reach me by a roundabout method)—without recognizing me. And my veneer, my bluff, my lie, is said to be even more effective off the screen than on.

I was not only born an American, but, up to two years ago, I had led the most typical American life. The only "foreign" cities I'd ever been in, besides Cadiz, were Athens and Gallipolis, and they were both in southern Ohio. We pronounced the latter Gala-police! In fact, I wouldn't have got even that far away from home if I hadn't, like so many good little Ohio girls, gone to a co-ed college; and the one I happened to choose was half way between Athens and Gallipolis.

It was while I was a co-ed at this little college—Gower University, it was called, but it wasn't much more than a glorified high school—that I met the man I love. I was only a freshman, and he was a senior, a grown man of twenty-one; and I don't suppose he would ever have noticed me if we hadn't both liked to sing. There was a glee club at the college, a sort of mixed chorus, that traveled around the nearby towns and gave concerts. Travis Jackson was the leader of this chorus. I was a back-row coloratura. Also, I was a little shrimp of a girl about five feet high. You couldn't even see me from out front. But you could hear me, oh my! Travis said my whole diaphragm must be wired for sound. He was always saying things like that, cute things that made me laugh. I liked him. It wasn't long before I loved him. And I knew from the first that he loved me.

I'll never forget the first night he kissed me. We were sitting on the top row of the bleachers on the far side of the old athletic field, looking at the moon. Well, I've since been kissed by experts. On the screen, I mean. By Neil Hamilton, who claims to have kissed more women than any other man, and who writes so charmingly of his experiences. By John Barrymore, with whom the art takes on a lyric quality. And, of course, by Gable, who leaves you swooning. But never have I experienced such a thrill as I got that night when he swept me into his great strong young arms and told me that he loved me.

"Molly,"—believe it or not, that was my name in those days!—"I'm crazy about you!"

That was all he said. And all I said was:

"Trav, I'm crazy about you."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? Almost as silly as if it were written by a thousand-

"In my dressing room backstage, I was still conscious of those appraising eyes. They seemed to pierce the privacy of the dressing-room door. I resisted with difficulty an impulse to turn the key."

Don't fail to begin this startling story of pathos

dollar-a-week Hollywood dialogue writer—but it was the real thing to us. And on the strength of this primitive plighting of the troth, we tore into each other's arms once more and clung and clung and clung until a rain cloud, which had been threatening all evening to obscure the moon, suddenly burst and sent us scuttling to our respective dormitories.

That night, as I lay on my hard little cot in the tiny room that just squeezed in under the roof, and listened to the rain falling heavily on the tin patches where the shingles used to be, I little thought that in less than six months' time, I would be lying in a great round yellow bed in a great round yellow bedroom, whose walls and ceilings were nothing but mirrors, and whose windows looked out on the heights and canyons of Beverly Hills.

I dreamt of a home. Yes, a home with Trav. But it was a little cottage like the one where I had been born, "a little gray home in the West," only it wouldn't be gray; it would be all shining white with gay green shutters on the windows—not blinds, shutters!—and pink Dorothy Perkins roses climbing over the door. I was very sure about the roses—and about Trav, and about the little house.

I wouldn't have believed you if you had told me that the house I would live in—even now I don't call it a home—would be a Moorish palace of forty rooms on the crest of Hollywood's highest hill; that my living room would be sixty feet long and forty feet high; that my dining hall would seat fifty people and sometimes did; that my guests, when I condescended to have guests, would wander through court yards where fountains played continuously, and through shaded patios where blue and gold macaws and pure white cockatoos perched solemnly, into sun rooms and breakfast rooms and game rooms and puff rooms.

I wouldn't have believed, I can hardly believe it now, that I would be living in this horrible place *without* Trav!

I won't bore you with the details of our courtship. You've seen the whole thing acted out over and over again in Janet Gaynor's pictures. In fact, we used to say we were so much like Janet and Charlie that it hurt. Except that I wasn't so pretty as Miss Gaynor, and Travis—(with all due respect to the Farrell family pulchritude)—was even better looking than Charlie. He didn't know it, though. He was just nice.

There wasn't any doubt about our getting married, and getting married right away. Travis would have his diploma or degree or whatever you call it in June. And what was college to me! But what would we get married on? That was the thing we talked about those spring nights as we walked hand in hand across the campus to that heaven of co-educational delight known unromantically to the town folk as Fog's Woods.

YOU see, boys like Travis, graduating from college in the Spring of 1931, were all dressed up but they had no place to go. They couldn't get even the poorly paid jobs that are usually open to first year grads. There weren't any jobs. So Travis and I, after one particularly delirious moonlit evening in Fog's Woods, decided to *make* a job—for him and for me. We would sing our way to matrimony and fame. No, we'd get married first, and let the singing and faming come tumbling after.

It was a crazy idea, of course, and we were a couple of crazy kids. Our folks would never have stood for it. But, fortunately for us, we didn't have to ask them. Trav was twenty-one and I was eighteen. Nobody could stop us, and nobody did. On the afternoon of June 23rd, after all those half-teary, half-cheery festivities that go with a senior's

farewell to his alma mater, Travis Jackson walked out of Gower College a Bachelor of Arts. By midnight of the same day, he was a bachelor no more!

Perhaps it wasn't such a crazy idea, after all, because we *could* sing—especially Trav, who had a fine baritone voice—rather better than most vaudeville performers could, and we'd had a year's practice working up an act. I was something of a comic in my way, no Marie Dressler or ZaSu Pitts, but funny in a blah sort of way, more like Gracie Allen.

"Would I like to!" I exclaimed. "I'd love it."

WE'D been reading about the famous Hollywood restaurant, the gathering place of the stars, for years. What fan reader hasn't? But it had never occurred to either of us that we would ever enter its sacred portals—"in person," so to speak—and when we did so, that first Monday in the film capital, it was one of the big moments of our lives.

"Something within me told me, although I don't know now how he found out about us, that he would be in the theater to catch our act. When I went over to the left and leaned, a la Helen Morgan, against the proscenium, he went over too, and came down the side aisle to within twenty feet of the stage."

Even my great voice, which was as big as Mae West's, coming out of my pint size figure got a laugh. I could also manage, in more serious moments, that sobby note, that catch in the voice, which is called "torch."

Travis, who was a real showman, had been quick to see and develop these tricks of mine, and between us we could put on a fairly good act. At least, it was good enough, when we got to Chicago and showed it to the agents, to get us enough small town bookings to carry us across country to San Francisco, where we had the good luck to sign up for twenty straight weeks of Pantages time.

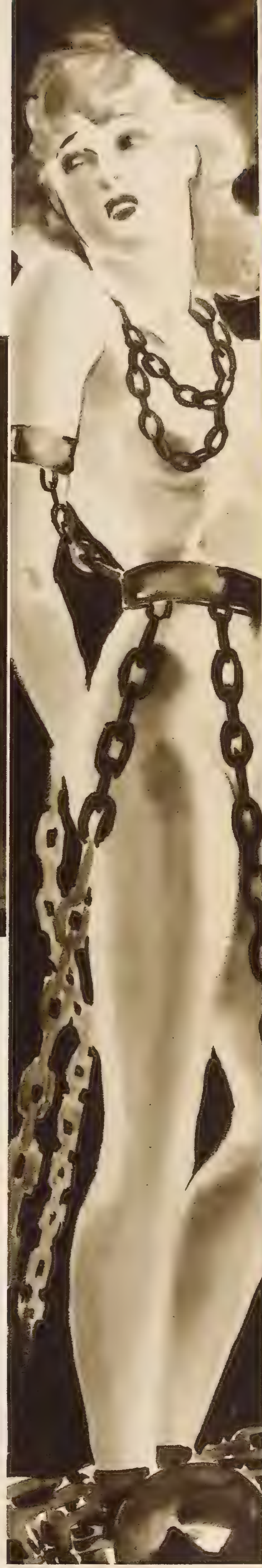
Sixteen weeks later, when we reached the Hollywood Pantages, we had become regular troupers. To be sure, we weren't headliners, but we were sure of second billing; and our spot in the show, next to closing, was pretty good evidence that we knew our stuff. On the stage, I mean. Off stage, we were still just a couple of kids, terribly in love.

"Honey," said Trav—he always called me Honey after we were engaged—"would you like to go to the Brown Derby for luncheon?"

Of course, the little curly-headed, dark-chinned headwaiter, whom I now know as Nick, didn't give us a very good table. He didn't usher us, as he now does me—on my rare appearances in public—to one of the spacious panelled booths which line the walls, and are fought for by movie celebrities much as the parterre boxes at the opera are fought for by social celebrities. No, he put us at a very ordinary little table in the middle of the room—but it was a grand spot from which to view the stars.

We could see them through the glass doors rolling up in the big black limousines and fighting their way through throngs of autograph seekers. Yes, that was Chevalier; we'd have known him anywhere; and we should, after the imitation Trav had given of him as the opening number of our act. He didn't wear a straw hat, Maurice didn't; but the drooping cigarette and the drooping lower lip were there, just as Trav did them. And there was Joan Crawford, all in make-up, just as she had come from the studio, with Doug, Jr., and Bill Haines. What a happy trio! That was long before the trouble, of course, and Joan and Doug seemed almost as happy as Trav and I did. And how she wore her clothes!

Doug's father was sitting with a lot of foreign-looking people in the big corner booth at the right of the entrance. I looked hard for Mary. (*Please turn to page* 93)



FASCINATING

Jimmy Dunn, who does such a thoroughly good job of captivating not only his heroine in a picture, but his audience as well, will next be seen in Fox's "Jimmy and Sally," with Sally Eilers.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

Joan Crawford, in costume during the making of "Dancing Lady," photographed with Martha Ford, the author of this intimate analysis, who says: "She knows exactly where she wants to go. And with every ounce of intelligence, determination, wit, beauty and strength, she's going there."

BY MARTHA FORD

(Mrs. Wallace Ford)

General JOAN

After her husband and her small daughter succumb, a wife investigates the wizardry of Miss Crawford

WHEN lightning strikes twice in the same place, curiosity prompts you to look into the matter.

It did—and I did.

First and foremost, I saw a rampaging young lion-cub named Wally Ford tamed into gentle, almost docility . . . and, second, a blond, six-year-old demon named Patricia, changed from devil to cherub, all in a split second.

The lightning was one Joan Crawford; the place, my humble family circle; and the tempestuous two were my husband and daughter, respectively.

More than two years ago, when I first came to Hollywood to join Wally, he was in the midst of making "Possessed," his first picture, with Joan. I noticed how chastened he seemed at the depot, but decided the joyous shock of seeing me again had knocked him all of a heap.

Then . . . he took Patty to lunch with him the following day and she came home as radically changed as her father. The result was one I'd attempted to achieve for years. But all of a sudden, like this, it was more shock than pleasure.

I decided to investigate. My only solid clue was the name "Joan," repeated over and over. So I made up my mind to see the lady and find out the alchemy she used.

The day arrived. I girded my loins for action, shoved open the door of the sound stage, strode over cables, light-plugs and assorted feet, to grasp the hand that had cowed my husband. There she sat, chewing gum with concentrated fury and giggling with Clark Gable over an error in the script.

She jumped up to greet me.

"Hello, there! Wally's told me all about you. Where's Patty? Wally, when can Martha bring the baby over again?"

And something about the direct friendliness from a girl you've heard was inclined to be a bit the "great lady" did exactly to me what it had done to Wally and Pat. It made me shy. I'll never be able to explain it.

Joan went out of her way to build up a feeling of easy camaraderie, but our pre-conceived notions of how picture actresses should greet their co-workers and friends died a hard death. A hundred times a day, Joan would say to Wally: "Don't you Miss Crawford *me*, Mr. Ford. Call me Joan, Wally." Yet Wally, to this day, is just a little formal with Joan.

Patty succumbed (*Please turn to page* 80)

Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader, Ruth Etting, stage and radio star, and Edward G. Robinson.

Photograph by Wide World

E·G·

THE TERRIBLE

SOME time ago, while in Hollywood, a French musician, an acquaintance of mine, asked me to introduce him to some of the more notable picture players. I called off several names. He was delighted to be able to meet all of them, until I hit upon the name of Edward G. Robinson.

"Ah, non, non, monsieur," the Frenchman cried. "Him I do not like to meet. He is brutal—terribly brutal, and I am sure he is not intelligent. Just brutal. What you call he-man—two-fisted man. *Non—merci."*

A few days later, the Frenchman and I spent the whole of a Sunday at San Bernardino. I took him for dinner to a restaurant that boasts of Spanish atmosphere, Spanish cooking and an orchestra of bandannaed guitar players. The Frenchman's eyes roamed over the place, taking in every detail, while I was busy with the menu. It's a job to feed a Frenchman, particularly a Parisian, anywhere in the world, without making him cry out for Paris.

Suddenly my friend pulled my coat and pointed to the other end of the room.

"There," he said, "is an intelligent face, a very sensitive and intelligent face. Surely an artist—maybe a musician—yes, the forehead looks like a musician. Maybe a gypsy musician—his lips are like gypsy lips, and his eyes and his hair are like gypsy eyes and hair. Do you know him?" he asked.

I raised my eyes, and E. G. seeing me, waved his hand.

"Ah, you do know him," the Frenchman cried out. "Monsieur—the pleasure to meet him would be great."

A moment later E. G. left his table and came toward us, hands outstretched, and greeting me in his native tongue—which is also mine.

Picture the dismay of the Frenchman when he learned that the man who had attracted his attention, because of his artistic appearance, was the "unintelligent and brutal man" whom he had refused to meet. My French musician friend was still further impressed when "that brute" talked French and talked intelligently about music.

"Ah non, non, monsieur," the Frenchman cried. "Him I do not like to meet. He is brutal - - terribly brutal, and I am sure he is not intelligent. Just brutal. What you call he-man - - two-fisted man."

The real truth - - as told by a close friend - - about the screen's most desperate character

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

MOST people who have seen E. G. in "Little Caesar" and "Hatchet Man" and "Tiger Shark," would not believe their eyes if they were actually to meet E. G. in the flesh, and could listen to his soft and melodious voice or look at his kind, big black eyes when he is talking to friends. If anyone looks less like "Little Caesar" or the "Hatchet Man" or "Tiger Shark" in private life than Edward G. Robinson, I should like to meet him.

E. G. loves roles which are the very opposite of his nature. In "The Kibitzer" he gave his best legitimate stage performance. The rôle is that of a ne'er-do-well middle-aged Jew who mismanages his business and his family affairs, and wastes his opportunities and wears clothes several sizes too big for him, and talks against his own interests while attempting to boast of his great ability as a business man and as a shrewd investor. The kibitzer always means well to others and to himself, but he never does well either to others or himself.

I don't remember ever having seen anybody as natural, as living, on the stage, as that kibitzer when played by Robinson. It was almost beyond belief that the man on the stage had ever behaved otherwise in private life. As a matter of fact, E. G. is no *schlemiel.* He manages his affairs with the astuteness of a well-trained business man and never talks out of turn. He never does anything that would hurt E. G. Robinson, and as for wearing clothes that are too big or too small for him, that is entirely out of the question. E. G. is one of the most careful dressers I know. He never wears a tie that clashes with his shirt or his suit, and always looks well groomed, no matter what the hour of the day or night. He'd rather not eat than not wear the appropriate clothes for the occasion. In England he would be called a dandy. In Vienna a "gigerl." Here he is merely a well-dressed man.

I HAVE an idea that he has portrayed gangsters so successfully on the stage because they are the very opposite of what he is in his personal life. E. G. never snarls, never resorts to force, is never brutal and isn't in the least the commanding gangster type that he so well portrays on the screen. He hates hoodlumism and gangsterism and to my knowledge has never been in sympathy with the higher order of racketeering he represents on the screen. He is a law-abiding citizen with more than the usual respect for conventions and traditions. He doesn't want to appear different from any successful business man, though he does use perfumes.

It is possible that as a youth, in New York, he frequently, and secretly, wished that he were of the brutal kind so as to avenge slights and hurts that his companions occasionally inflicted upon him. One must not forget that he was a boy immigrant at school; and boys have never been too kind to greenhorns.

It is even possible that the life he leads on the screen expresses some of his secret desires, and that he would occasionally like to be in life what he is on the stage and on the screen—careless of his clothes, or brutal in his actions.

But somehow, either because of heredity or by training, he has been moulded into a different person —one who could have made an excellent teacher in a boy's high school if he had not chosen the theater as a profession. Should anyone put up his fists in E. G.'s face, he would first do his best to talk him out of it.

He has a particular knack for

(*Please turn to page* 85)

"If anyone looks less like 'Little Caesar' or the 'Hatchet Man' or 'Tiger Shark' in private life than Edward G. Robinson, I should like to meet him," writes Konrad Bercovici. . . . Below: A scene from "The Little Giant," showing Mary Astor and Mr. Robinson.

WATCH YOUR STEP

Jean Harlow, the temptress. Her latest film is "Bombshell," with Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Pat O'Brien and Nils Asther. She dynamites them all!

George Raft, the menace. His next will be the stage play, "Chrysalis," with Sylvia Sidney, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March . . . Page the equator!

By
BARBARA
BARRY

Introducing the HOLLYWOOD CUPID

Decorations by
MARJORIE WEILER

"Aren't they a perfect pair?" Cupe murmured smugly. "Brent is so handsome, and Chatterton's such a swell person. That was neat work, yowsah!"

AFTER weeks of persistent trailing, I had finally caught up with Hollywood's busiest citizen, Daniel ("One Shot") Cupid.

Sitting on the sand at Malibu Beach, the chubby little fellow was staring moodily out across the sparkling water. Panting from the chase, I dropped down beside him.

"Hullo, One Shot," I puffed. "What's the good news?"

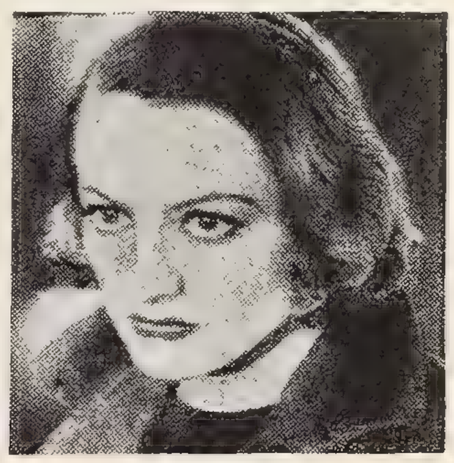
"Go 'way!" he muttered crossly. "And stop breathing down my neck. With a hangnail on my bow finger and the best arrow in the lot bent into a corkscrew—thank Ramon Novarro for that!—I'm about as happy as a guy with two broken arms and the seven-years itch! You might as well go 'way," he eyed me disapprovingly. "I came down here for a rest and I positively refuse to talk shop!" He wriggled deeper into the sand.

"All right," I soothed him. "No shop talk. But," admiringly, "I've certainly got to hand it to you, One Shot. You never give up. Novarro has been dodging you for years and still you keep at it. The old never-say-die spirit. Boy, you've got it!"

"It beats me," he complained, "how that boy can hold out the way he does. If all the arrows I've used on him were laid, end to end, they'd reach from Times Square to the Garden of Eden. Blondes, brunettes, redheads . . . even the Great Garbo. And it always turns out the very same way. No sale." He shook his head sadly.

"OH, well," I said cheerfully, "You can't expect one hundred per cent returns on your output, you know. For the most part, I'd say you were doing remarkably well."

"You would!" he snapped. "And that shows how much you know about my business! Love isn't what it used to be, my fine friend. Years ago, when I so much as nicked 'em with my trusty arrows, they *stayed* nicked. 'Till death do us part' meant just that!



"Don't take it so hard, pal. We all make mistakes. The question is: will Doug and Joan make up?"

With a leap, One Shot grabbed his quiver and bow. Then, "Myrna Loy," he puffed.. "And . . . Raman Novarro . . . Lemme at 'em, you nuisance! . . . Leggo!"

Love was a Big Issue in those days, not a Temporary Experiment. I tell you, it makes my blood boil when I think of the number of my customers who have recovered and are hanging around, inviting me to take another shot at 'em!"

"But, Cupe . . ." I began.

" 'But', phooey!" he sputtered. "When your grandma was a girl, divorce was the exception. Now, it seems to be the rule! And the *grounds* . . .!" He rolled his eyes skyward. "Two of my most promising customers —Lola Lane and Lew Ayres—tossing one of my most promising creations into the discard, and all because he called her a 'dumb cluck' . . . whatever that is!" He gestured impatiently. "Those kids were really in love . . . still are, for that matter! Same with Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman. (*Please turn to page* 78)

SEX APPEAL

IS A TRICK! – says MIRIAM HOPKINS

AS TOLD TO

FRANC DILLON

Hollywood's most famous exponent of feminine allure gives a lesson in enticement

Illustrated by special poses made by Miss Hopkins for The New Movie Magazine. Photographed by Wide World.

AT a dinner party at the home of Samuel Goldwyn, Mary Pickford drew Miriam Hopkins into a corner.

"An interviewer asked me what girl in Hollywood I thought had the most sex appeal and I told her I thought you had," Mary said. "I hope you don't mind."

"I don't think there is any such thing as sex appeal," Miriam told me, blushing furiously. "Sex appeal, or what is popularly called sex appeal, is not something you are born with. It isn't a quality that is given to some and not to others. It is a trick, or tricks. It is acting.

"And every girl knows it and practices it—but, of course, some girls know more about the finer points of the game than others.

"For instance, when you return home from a party: 'Do come in for a minute and have a cigarette,' you coo to your escort.

"Make him comfortable. But you don't—if you are a modern girl—rush around and get a cigarette for a gentleman. You say in the Garbo manner: 'Have a cigarette. They're over there,' pointing to the box on the table. And you don't flutter around and light it for him. You let him light yours.

"It makes a man seem so strong to do things for a girl.

"BUT—and here is where your work starts—after he has seated himself in the only comfortable chair in the room, you get a pillow and throw it on the floor at his feet. You stretch yourself out on the cushion, making sure that your best lines are apparent. You look up at him soulfully. Men love to be looked at soulfully. They love to feel they are above a woman, mentally, literally or figuratively.

"You must never sit down properly, with your knees together and ankles crossed. You must lean back against the cushions, see that your dress is tucked in so your figure is well outlined."

"A piano always makes a good background. Strike a Jean Harlow pose from the waist up, and a Norma Shearer from the waist down."

"Get a pillow and throw it on the floor at his feet. . . . Men always love to feel that they are above a woman, mentally, literally and figuratively."

"'You look so tired,' you begin. 'Are you working too hard? What is your next picture to be?' Or anything to get him to talk about himself. Or: 'I read your last story. It was wonderful.' Flattery always goes great.

"But if by chance, he doesn't take the comfortable chair and sits on the sofa instead, you are, of course, expected to sit beside him. Right then you must forget a lot you've been taught. You must never sit down properly, with your knees together and ankles crossed. You must lean back against the cushions, see that your dress is tucked in so the figure is well outlined. Make yourself comfortable and then relax.

"IF he asks you something you don't understand, you just lean back, sigh and run your hands through your hair. He'll forget all about economics. Or you can say: 'Oh, let's just talk about us.' Or you can always look down, giving your long eyelashes an opportunity to register, while you think of an answer.

"If a subject gets too deep, you can always need a fresh cigarette or take a pose in front of the fireplace, look up at a painting and talk about art. Of course,

Below: "If he asks you something you don't understand, you can always look down, giving your long eyelashes an opportunity to register, while you think up an answer."

Right: "Or you can say, 'Oh, let's just talk about us.'"

"Always say good-night very firmly, but be sure you look your most enticing when you say it. Offer your hand to be kissed. It is a sweet friendly gesture, and makes you seem so unobtainable."

"If a subject gets too deep, you can always need a fresh cigarette, or take a pose in front of the fireplace."

you don't know anything about art, but the chances are he doesn't either. And art is so feminine. Especially if you turn your back to him and your gown is a new one from Hattie Carnegie with a little bunch of marguerites sticking out through the jacket in the back.

"Make-up is a very important factor in the business of sex appeal. In a crowded room, where you (*Please turn to page* 76)

CLOTHES

MIRIAM was so interested in showing New Movie readers these Sex Appeal tricks that she changed her costume for each pose, so you could have a preview at the same time of her brand-new wardrobe from Hattie Carnegie.

Simple but not so sweet as to lack sex appeal is Miriam's white rough crepe gown. The shoulders are covered by a tiny ermine capelet.

Heavy satin fits tightly to the hips where the line is broken by a diagonal peplum. The skirt is very full.

Exaggerated shoulder puffs top the tight sleeve of the matelassé crêpe jacket Miriam wears over a hand-blocked chiffon dance dress.

It's a charming trifle, this little jacket with its puffy, ruffled sleeves and monkey jacket cut.

The ermine capelet is cut at a sharp angle in the front and lined with the dress material.

Fitting closely at the hips, this gown has enough fulness at the hem to allow for Marlene Dietrich poses. The narrow collar ties at the front.

Here's a close-up of the shoulder puff on the matelassé jacket. You can just glimpse the bunch of marguerites at the waist in back.

PARADE of the

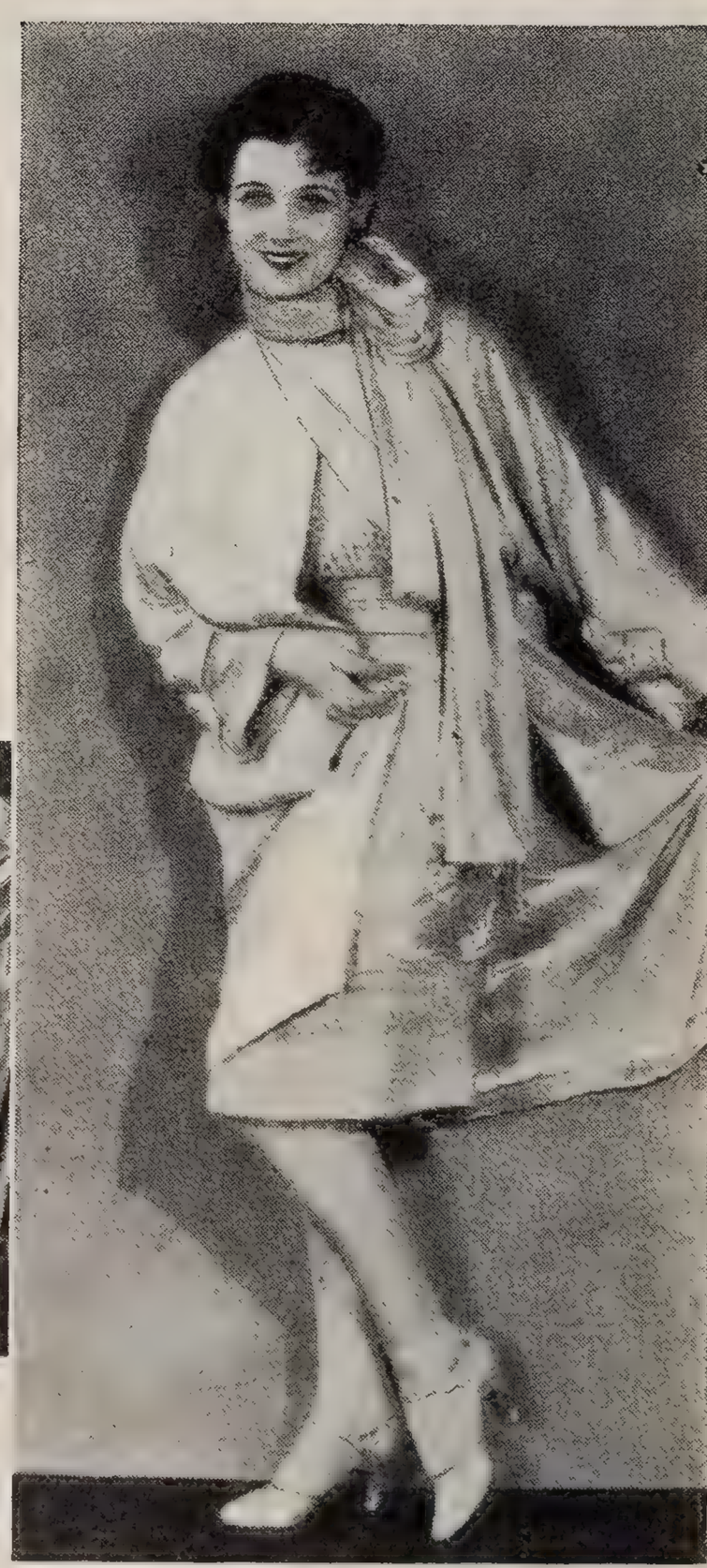
The old fairy story always has the same beginning in Hollywood—but it has any number of different endings.

by

RAMON ROMERO

Sue Carol and Alberta Vaughn. Sue married and retired from pictures, but you occasionally hear of Alberta in some obscure productions.

Don Alvarado and Mary Philbin in "The Drums of Love," directed by David W. Griffith. Mary was at one time Universal's most publicized star.



Gertrude Olmsted who was starred in silent pictures but has not been heard of by the general public since.

THE Cinderella story is as old as the hills. It grew whiskers so long ago that somewhere back in the dark middle ages it was already a full-fledged Santa Claus with a braided beard; a Santa Claus who in that day, as in this, awakened vague dreams in dizzy damsels, built them castles of burstable bubbles, lifted them to imaginary heights of fame and fortune, dangled golden promises in their faces, and wrapped rainbows around their necks—but only filled their stockings with disillusion, tears, regrets and a one-way ticket to oblivion.

Cinderellas have colored the passing generations of time since civilization began. Each era has had its Cinderella, each decade its lady of fortune, but never have they been so numerous as now. Hollywood took the Cinderella legend and made a racket of it. Once they came in pairs, through carefully spaced years—but now they come in bunches, like bananas.

History tells of a Joan of Arc who heard voices that lead her to overnight fame and immortality; of an Anne Boleyn, who rose from a lowly place in the palace of King Henry the Eighth to first lady of the kingdom; of a Nell Gwynne, who sold apples in front of theaters in Old London, and later became not only the most famous actress of the fog-bound metropolis, but mistress of the king as well. Then there was Florence Nightingale, who went into the Crimean wars a humble nurse and came away a great heroine of international importance; Josephine Bonaparte, widow of a poor war captain, who became Empress of France and first in the heart of Napoleon; Madame Sans-Gene, who rose from the low estate of a washer-woman to one of the highest positions in French Royalty.

So much for the Cinderellas of yore. At least their names have come down to us through the ages. Legends have made them glamorous and mysterious and sometimes even great. But what of the endless list of Cinderellas that Hollywood has created? What will their names mean tomorrow? What memories will the name Betty Bronson conjure up? Who will remember Edwina Booth? Or Carmen Barnes? Or Georgia Hale? Cinderellas who came to the movie hall of fame, transformed by the Fairy Godmother, Hollywood, into celluloid celebrities for a few fleeting hours of glory.

NO other city in the history of the world has ever created so many celebrities as Hollywood. Unknown names have been made household words literally overnight, their fame spreading around the globe with the miraculous speed of lightning. Girls barely out of school have had glory thrust upon them that would make a Cleopatra or a Helen of Troy turn green with envy. Shop girls out of five and ten cent stores, caught in the net of fortune, blossom forth down Hollywood Boulevard in Rolls-Royces—while tenement queens reign, while the reigning is good, in Hollywood penthouses, usurpers cluttering jealously

CINDERELLAS

about the throne. Faces out of nowhere appear, backed up by high-powered exploitation campaigns, and in a few months are speaking to an audience of millions from thirty thousand motion picture screens in almost every country on the map; their countenances broadcast to vast multitudes in metropolis and village alike, their voices made familiar to great numberless masses whom they will never see in this life or in any other. With the regulated mechanism of clockwork a gigantic Hollywood machine grinds out fame like sausages, without rhyme or reason, repeating a name again and again upon a Hollywood phonograph record until the needle wears down and the name becomes a mumble that is soon indistinguishable.

Nowhere else on this planet does the Cinderella find as appreciative an audience as the Americans. No other country admires the "rags to riches" tradition as America does. Each new Cinderella that makes the grade via the short-cut route to glory and gold, is added proof to the fact that America is still the land of opportunity. The success of one Cinderella is encouragement to all the embryo Cinderellas who sit dreamily waiting for the Fairy Godmother to come along and change the Ford into a Lincoln, the pull-down bed into a luxurious boudoir, the last season's coat into an ermine.

Most of the successful plays in the theatrical history of the United States have been based on the Cinderella theme. Motion picture producers when in doubt about the box-office returns of a year's program always revert to it as a secure protection against their more highbrow product.

Such Cinderella plays as "Peg O' My Heart," Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," the eternal "Tess of the Storm Country," the popular "Little Orphan Annie," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Daddy Long Legs," the musical "Irene," the tuneful "Sally," and their like, have made millions for their authors and producers. From time to time they are revived, not only on Broadway, but in the stock companies and in the tent shows that are scattered throughout the forty-eight states. Some have been remade several times as pictures, and will no doubt be filmed again in various years ago. The rotogravure sections are filled with pictures of beautiful, happy, smiling faces. Finds! All of them. Future stars! Not a failure in a carload. Cinderellas! Some won beauty contests. Others were discovered dancing in New York choruses. A few were extra girls suddenly lifted to a place in the cinema sun.

Mary Philbin! Gertrude Olmsted! Allene Ray! Alberta Vaughn! Sue (*Please turn to page* 89)

Photo by Preston Duncan

Betty Bronson, who made her debut in "Peter Pan." She was hailed as a star. Since then she has done very little.

changed forms as time goes on—but one thing about them will always remain unchanged; the heroine will invariably be poor, she will inevitably get rich, either by marrying a millionaire or achieving some spectacular and fantastic overnight success—and in the end she will always wind up in the fade-out in the arms of her Prince Charming, to live happily ever after.

The same formula is expected to work for the Hollywood Cinderella—a sudden rise to popularity, a swelling bank account, a Prince Charming, and a fate that spells happiness forever and anon. But in reality the Cinderella tale is a little different, the finis would never find a place in any good fairy story book. Because in real life, happiness, even for those born with four-leaf clovers in their hands, is a will o' the wisp, an elusive, invisible imp that refuses to be caged like some bird.

Hollywood press agents are experts at writing Cinderella stories. They manufacture mansions, fame, love and everlasting success for their proteges—but alas, only on paper. They write with golden pens, but the ink evaporates. They give generously of adjectives—and in the end the words rebel. They write—and forget. Only in forgetting do they deal in realism.

Look back over the movie magazines of only a few

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Lina Basquette a New York dancer and one of the most beautiful girls who ever went to Hollywood. She married a multi-millionaire who died. Since then she has been dancing in vaudeville and in cafés.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Georgia Hall, achieved sudden fame as Charlie Chaplin's leading woman. She was a typical Hollywood Cinderella, who came, conquered, and was then suddenly lost in oblivion.

Nina Quartero, featured in "The Red Mark," which James Cruze directed. You occasionally hear of her, but principally in Spanish versions of some of our American productions.

TYPEWRITER ART

Type-sketch of Claudette Colbert made from the photograph of Miss Colbert at right, by Marguerite Kortlang, 845 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This was selected as the best of all those submitted. The contributors were asked to make a type portrait of the picture of Miss Colbert that appeared in the July issue of The New Movie Magazine. The same picture, much smaller, is reproduced to the right.

The sketch submitted by Adrienne Cadoul, 638 Call Building, San Francisco, California, that appears on the left, was selected as being the second best of those sent in. For full details turn to page 90.

Contributors of type-sketches selected as the best

MOVIE COOK-COOS

Written by TED COOK. Arrangement by TED COOK. Illustrated by TED COOK. (Practically) A TED COOK Production.

Henceforth we will have to develop the hidden powers within us and tell what happened next year.

"The motion picture is here to stay," is the grim announcement made by a lady representing Parent-Teacher organizations.

It would have been a lot better news for Hollywood if she'd said the motion picture audience is here to stay.

STATISTICIAN announces that one out of every ten persons in the country could be seated simultaneously in the nation's movie theaters.

Maybe they could all right. But nobody in Hollywood seems to know how.

And then there's the actor whose favorite sport is autograph-hunter hunting.

But be that as it may, most of the menace of Mr. Raft and Mr. La Rue
Seems to be a result of the fact that their facial expressions are so few.

ACCORDING to a well-authenticated report, George Raft drinks milk with every meal.

On the other hand there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that Janet Gaynor cries for absinthe on her toasties.

BUT it is a fact that Arline Judge puts on roller skates when she wheels the baby carriage along the sidewalks of Beverly Hills.

We've seen her with our very eyes—and a mighty pretty picture it was, too. The little mother in shorts—going hell-bent under the restful old trees, the roots of which occasionally lift a slab of the concrete walk, making motherhood on roller skates quite a responsibility.

EDDIE LOWE likes to tell about his visit to Burlingame. His hostess overheard the colored maid answer the phone and say, "Yes, that's this (*Please turn to page* 88)

Rich bands of sable give added smartness to the cape worn by Lillian Bond in the RKO-Radio production, "Double Harness." The sketch, above, shows the back closing and two interesting muff ideas.

TREAT FUR AS TRIMMING—IT'S THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

Wynne Gibson wears ermine epaulets and revers on her coat in Paramount's "Her Bodyguard." The muff is trimmed with bands of the material. The sketch above shows three other muffs.

JOAN BENNETT'S

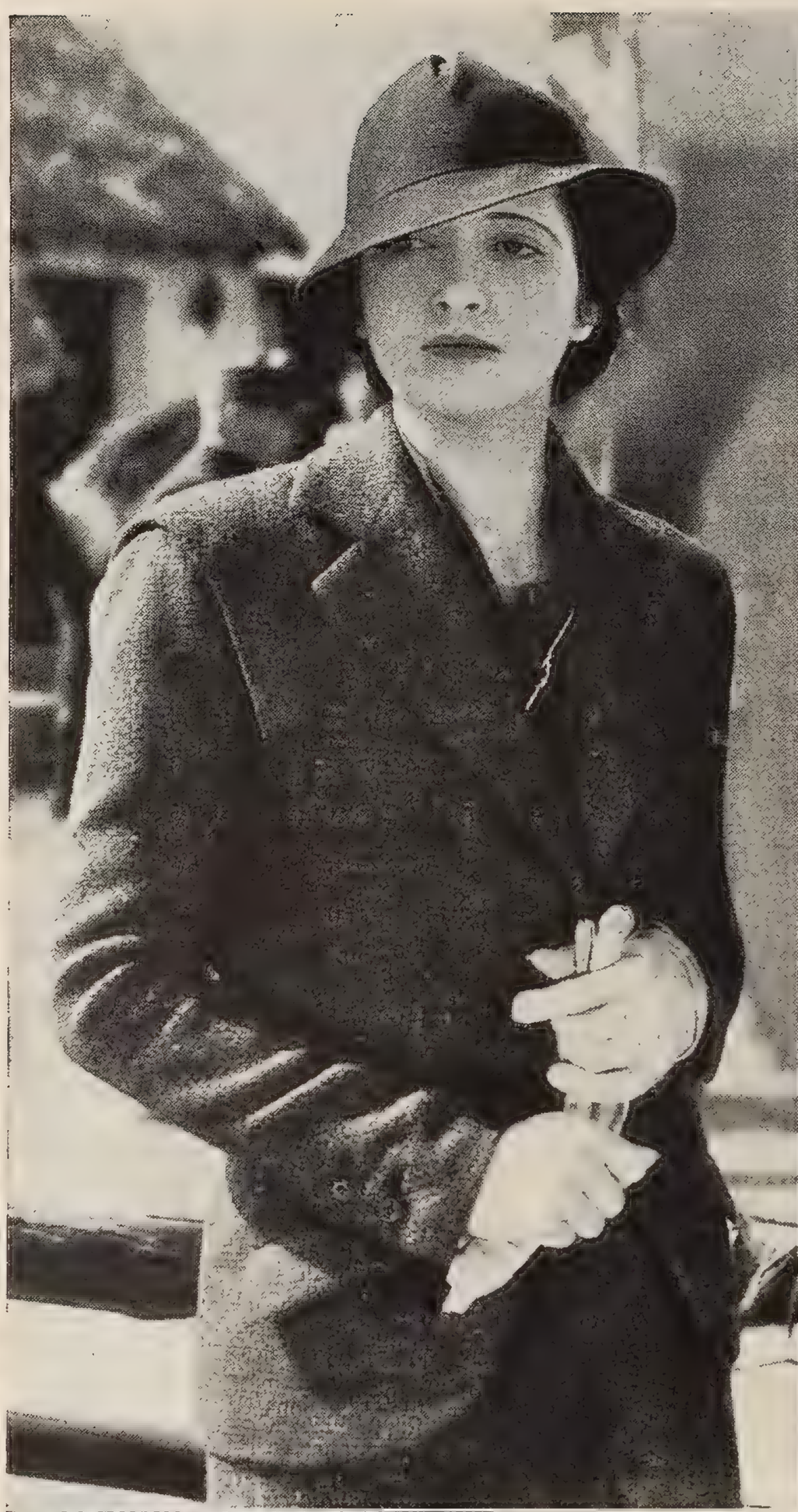
TWO-IN-ONE

One suit is the basis for two costumes for Joan Bennett, with a wise choice of accessories. Left, she wears a beige-printed brown velvet swagger coat over her beige crepe suit. A beige purse, gloves of the coat material, brown satin sandals and a knitted hat complete the ensemble.

At right Miss Bennett is shown wearing her suit with a sable scarf, a brown wool fabric hat, brown suede gloves with a puff at the wrist, suede pumps and a brown pin seal purse with gold accents. The sketches show details of the accessories and two alternative hats, a velvet beret and a satin toque.

NEW MOVIE'S

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



SUITS for FALL

Very English is the flecked tweed suit worn by Kay Francis, Warner Brothers star, in the M-G-M production, "Storm at Daybreak." The broad-shouldered effect is gained by carrying the front fitted section up over the sleeves. With it she wears a swagger felt hat.

Lucile Brown wears a street suit of navy blue and white diagonal striped wool with a hip-length coat emphasizing extremely broad shoulders. Blouse, turban and gloves are of blue crinkly crepe. (Shown left.)

The smart sports suit shown right is worn by Frances Dee in the RKO-Radio production, "Headline Shooters." The jacket is brown flannel and the skirt and scarf shepherd's plaid. Sketches show other accessories for street and sports suits.

NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

DOUBLE-DUTY PAJAMAS

A short-sleeved blouse, shown in the sketch, transforms the suntan satin lounging pajamas, shown at right on Lucile Brown, into sleeping pajamas. Walter Plunkett designed them.

ENSEMBLE YOUR LINGERIE

Lucile Brown who appears in RKO-Radio's "Double Harness" wears teddies of peach satin with appliquéd Alencon lace. The sketch shows panties and nightgown to match. Her smart tailored robe of blue quilted satin is lined with plain blue satin.

Radio Rambles

Conducted and announced by a famous comedian of the stage and air

Lou Holtz

The New Movie's guest reporter

Barbara Blair, new radio sensation, promises to be one of the winter's favorites.

Mr. Holtz, posing as the author of this department.

The latest picture of Eddie Cantor, making a film, broadcasting, writing and, in his spare time, keeping Hollywood a-bubble.

Photographs by Wide World

MY *frands*, you know perfectly well I had thanksgivings when I signed last May to try to be funny on the radio. But if I should tell you I had misgivings, too, I could be practically arrested for understatement. Yes, my *frands*, misgivings.

With sixteen years as a stage comedian behind me, you might think I'd know how to make people laugh. That's all right, but this radio business is a fish out of another kettle. I should know by now what makes the Broadway audiences laugh, but Broadway isn't the big open spaces across the country.

The stage of the Palace isn't like a small, cold broadcasting studio with a little black box to talk into and no audience to speak of and no way to tell whether or not your gags are going over. Mrs. Holtz's little sonny boy, Lou, is a nervous guy.

"Holtzie," I said to myself, "if you have an audience, you can do all right with them, maybe. But a cold studio and a mike are not indigenous to your soul. So watch your step."

The boys at the Ipsy Pipsy Lodge, of which I am a member, were a big help, too. "Holtzie," they said, "watch your step. On the stage you're fine. But radio is something else. They can't see you, Holtzie."

EVERYWHERE I went I got the same thing. My fine *frands* were certainly a big help to me. Even my pals in the Four Hundred.—Oh, yes, I move in *verreh* exclusive circles. I know everyone who matters. I know the Archbishop Shapiro, I know Lady Epstein, I know the Marquis Blumberg. They are all very dear friends of mine. And they all fed me the same routine. I can remember now the dear old Archbishop saying, "Holtzie, should they only be able to be seeing you, you might maybe be a sensassun."

It was all a swell build-up, and to cut the long story short, I felt an awful lot better at ten-thirty that first Friday night than I did at ten.

But here's what I found out, after a few programs. When the reactions were gathered, I found that the same things that used to make them laugh on Broadway makes them laugh everywhere. For example, I'll tell you a little story here that I did at the Palace with great success and that I was afraid to do on the air because I thought it was too wisecracking and not suited for radio. I (*Please turn to page* 81)

SHE Lives for Her ART

Photograph by Wide World

Eleanor and Art. She's nineteen, a swimming champion and potential star of the films. He's twenty-four, a Greek god type, already a star of the radio and an up-and-coming star of the screen.

. . . and his last name is JARRETT!

The real story of the romance of two Brooklyn High School kids who became famous

By JERRY WALD
who played Cupid

Erasmus Hall High School,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
May, 1926.

THREE high school seniors, much impressed with their own importance, are leaving the building. A pig-tailed freshman gazes after them in awe, singling out one of the trio for special worship. She gathers up courage, sets her little chin ajut, and hurries after the boys.

"Excuse me," the youngster murmurs to her particular favorite, "but I live across the street from your house, and I thought it would be nice if we knew each other. My name is Eleanor Holm."

"Okay, Eleanor," answers the lad, never slackening his pace. "I'm Arthur Jarrett." With the usual disregard of youth, he strides off with his companions, who are the captain of the school baseball team . . . and I.

Columbia Broadcasting System,
New York, N. Y.,
May, 1932.

I AM at my nightly task of picking up news. An attractive, evening-gowned goddess is presented to me by a mutual acquaintance. I acknowledge the "This is Eleanor Holm" with a slight bow, and ask, purely to make conversation:

"Well, what do you think of radio? Is there anything around here you'd like particularly to know? Is there someone, perhaps, you'd like to meet?"

"Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad you asked me that," she replies. "I was about to ask you to introduce me to Art Jarrett. I knew him—and you, too—in school, but that's such a long time ago, I doubt if he'll remember. You don't seem to."

I single out Jarrett and do the honors. No hint of their earlier meeting is included in their short, impersonal conversation. Eleanor's escort approaches us, and she goes off on his arm. Jarrett gazes after her, turns to me and says:

"Jerry, for once in your life, you've done a guy a favor." He never saw her again. . . . That is, not in New York!

Home of Dorothy Lee,
Hollywood, California,
May, 1933.

FATE is completing her cycle of "Threes." Eleanor Holm, holder of the National, Olympic and World's back-stroke swimming records, and a member of the film casts of "Central Airport" and "Hard to Handle," is presented for the third time, to Art Jarrett, the coast's new singing sensation, co-star with Richard Dix in "Ace of Aces" and with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady."

"There's no need of an introduction," Jarrett interrupts, "Miss Holm and I are old friends from New York." . . . The radio plays, the movie stars frolic, and Art and Eleanor stroll off into the garden, arm in arm. (*Please turn to page* 96)

THE

WORLD Gone

HOLLYWOOD—NEW YORK:

"I Am No Angel"
"I Cover the Waterfront"
"I Loved You Wednesday"
"I Love That Man"
"I Married an Angel"
And I am a fugitive from the I gang, I am.

THE porter on the Sante Fe *Chief* knows a lot about stars. He has made the beds for the best of them. He says the new generation is much nicer than the old. Old-timers weren't always what a colored man considers refined. Miss ——, for instance, never would get out of her berth except to have it made and then would teeter blinkingly on the edge of a chair with her bottle, making cracks.

Now the crowd is different. Some of the nicest people you'd ever want to meet come from Hollywood. Some don't even drink at all, hardly.

"The nicest of all. That is . . ." the porter corrects himself, "the nicest lady *I* ever did see from Hollywood is—is—"

"Polly Moran," I suggest.

"I can't remember the name. . . ."

"Nice ladies' names *are* hard to remember."

"But her picture's in here," he cried, fumbling THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE frenziedly. "Here 'tis —here she is—a real lady!"

I don't suppose there's any harm in revealing the name—Miss Norma Shearer.

AT the Grand Canyon, gazing on the Eighth Wonder of the World, a woman next to me murmurs out of a clear gap, "Oh, I *do* hope I see William Powell when I get to California!"

"Movie people are very disappointing when you see them," pipes a sour soprano. "I have a niece in Hollywood and she says they are very disappointing when you see them."

"I suppose so," says the Powell lady. "Still, it's nice to be able to *say* you've seen them."

"Like Grand Canyons," I contribute, adding that the Canyon to me is just a big Joe E. Brown yawn.

"Really!" flutters the lady.

"Oh, not really," I laughs, "but when he's old and toothless."

GASPS, flutterings, little screeches. . . .

"El Brendel!" honks the lady who says it's disappointing to see them. "It's El Brendel!"

"El Brendel! El Brendel!" squeals the little flock bouncing about as a shy young man and a lady wrapped in dead minks' skins leap into a car and scurry away.

I feel sort of sorry for the Grand Canyon lying there getting no attention. "Never mind, pal," I soothe. "You'll still be on the map when El and the rest have gone to join them late minks."

The guide shows us dinosaur tracks in the stone. They remind the lady with the Hollywood niece that she's seen movie stars' tracks in Grauman's forecourt—a lot more impressive.

"And bigger," I adds, showing off.

BACK on the train, I seek the news butch for literature but THE NEW MOVIE is all sold out.

"Here's sum'n you ought to read," he says. "Peggy Hopkins Joyce's 'Trans-Atlantic Wife.'"

"I know the authoress well," I say with casual impressiveness.

Drawings by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

HOLLYWOOD

"Well, I don't know her," the butch retorts, a bit churlishly. "But I certainly know she ought to know what she's talkin' about."

So I go to bed with Peggy's "Trans-Atlantic Wife."

Getting away from it all.

CHICAGO:

THE World's Fair doesn't impress. They had advertised Jean Harlow as a feature of the exposition but Jean doesn't expose . . . least, not when I'm here. The chief feature seems to be a lot of automobiles. And who wants to travel a couple of thousand miles to see automobile parts when they came to see Jean? Not even a Hollywood boy.

SO I visit the uncle, Doc Riley, out on swank Gangsters' Row, where you're lulled to sleep at night by dum-dums on the roof. The uncle was physician with Ringling's Circus for twelve years, then fell under the spell of the snake-charmer, married and settled down. It's from him the Boulevardier inherits his love for animals and charmers —the snake!

He recalls Wally Beery when Wally was "bull man" with the circus. (If you've heard this before, so have I—so just step aside for the others.) A "bull man" is the elephant's nursey. "Bull" is circus for "elephant." There was one elephant named Flora or Gussie or—oh, call her Greta. Anyhow, she suffered from insomnia (due to anemia, no doubt).

A fugitive from the gang, the Boulevardier, disguised as HERB HOWE, tries desperately to get away from it all

The only way Greta could relax was by having companionship in her car. It was Wally's duty to sleep in a bunk with Greta's trunk across him. But he had to get out before Greta awoke in the morning. She was old-maidish that way. She'd kill any man she caught in her car in the morning. For an entire season, Wally had to snap out at the chirp of dawn, without disturbing Greta. Today Wally is a happy married man, and I can't help but think his circus training has had much to do with it.

ANOTHER of Wally's duties was to quiet elephants in a storm. The beasts are as skittish as spinsters and fly into a panic at sight of a mouse or sound of thunder.

When a storm crashed Wally would lead them into a circle and let them put their trunks against him. This reassured them.

Evidently they felt Wally was capable of talking back to the gods when they thundered. And—funny thing! Wally was the only actor in the Hollywood circus who talked back when the gods slashed salaries. Still the old bull man!

(*Please turn to page* 83)

NEW PICTURES You

Margaret Sullavan and John Boles, co-featured in "Only Yesterday" which John Stahl directed for Universal. This is Miss Sullavan's first appearance in motion pictures.

Joan Crawford in her new and very modern, picture, "Dancing Lady."

FOR more than a few months, Hollywood, like the rest of the United States, has been waiting for Prosperity. While people haven't much money and aren't spending what they once did, it takes courage to spend an extra hundred thousand dollars that may change a good picture into a special.

However, the big parade seems to be on the verge of getting under way. Several of the big studios have pretentious pictures in preparation—and to give them their due, none of the leaders slacked down nearly as much as conditions gave them a right to do.

Many of the great pictures didn't cost a great lot of money. Usually they are composites of three essentials —a good story, inspired acting and directing and an emotional theme that hits a current topical highlight. This explains your "Big Parades." The "Seventh Heavens" and "Cimarrons" come largely under the inspirational heading.

Radio has two films in work that bear this reasoning out. The first, "Little Women," is purely inspirational and depends largely on its excellent cast —also upon the reception of the Katharine Hepburn picture "Morning Glory" . . . For "Little Women" will stand or fall with Hepburn. The second may be either one of two planned John Barrymore pictures; the first "Cyrano"; the second "A Fugitive from Glory." Both of these have emotional themes that can be wholly great or just ordinary.

Now that better times are here there is no reason why the pictures should be ordinary, but the movies did pretty well by us when we weren't feeling so good, so we shouldn't be too hard on them in future. We made a couple of mistakes of our own.

Some months ago I mentioned the fact that some of the smaller pictures were providing excellent entertainment. Pictures like "Melody Cruise," "International House," "She Done Him Wrong" were not specials in any sense of the word . . . but there isn't a reason in the world why we should ask for anything more in the line of steady amusement.

And before we get into our real business of the month there is still a little tribute to be made to the new courage that is being found in the continuity department. A great novel cannot always be brought to the screen exactly as it is written. It is a different medium—the same result must be reached—but by a different route. A tribute then to Jane Murfin and RKO who took "Ann Vickers," a great work that was stodgy as a novel—and made of it a motion picture that—well, to get out of it easily, seems to have a soul. You see the Irene Dunne of "Back Street" . . . but this is an Irene Dunne that begins really to matter.

ANN VICKERS — (Radio) — There was a lot of shuffling around before Irene Dunne finally became "Ann Vickers" and it just so happens that your reviewer knows that Irene wasn't so very eager to do the job. She should thank her lucky stars that she let the studio persuade her, for this is far and away the most important job that Miss Dunne has ever done . . . and this includes "Cimarron."

These are the ones to see this month

LITTLE WOMEN

Because it's one of the greatest human stories ever written . . . with Katharine Hepburn a lovely, lovely "Jo."

DANCING LADY

Because Joan Crawford made her first hit in just such a picture and Franchot Tone is in this one also.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

Lionel Barrymore as a country doctor. You'll love him and wonder why someone didn't think of this for him until now.

ANN VICKERS

A daring dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' story that lifts Irene Dunne to the heights of real stardom. Walter Huston is superb.

MY WEAKNESS

A cute little musical with Lilian Harvey and that swellest of "stooges," Sid Silvers—now a "big" comedian.

CHRYSALIS

Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March in a show that will make you think.

should see—and Why

The story isn't unlike "Back Street" in general theme but its background is much mightier. Ann Vickers is a composite of many of us, both men and women, and Irene Dunne is going to bring a lump into the throats of people who haven't thought it possible to cry over a motion picture.

She has never had a supporting cast such as the one she receives in "Ann Vickers." From the moment when she gives in to the impassioned pleadings of Bruce Cabot—her first man—to the time that she stills the wonderings and unrest of Walter Huston—her last . . . there is no moment when Miss Dunne is not at her ease.

There should be no need for me to tell the story; if there is, let it be sufficient for me to say that it is the sometimes terrible story of the life of a woman who was in doubt, who could not take things at their face value and who paid for her experiments in shame and pain. Edna May Oliver offers a grand foil for Irene Dunne as she did once before in "Cimarron." Between them they take the sting out of the sordid chapters of Mr. Lewis' novel and lead your reviewer to believe that possibly they know more about women than does Sinclair Lewis.

Be that as it may, don't miss the picture.

LITTLE WOMEN—(Radio)—Either you like the story "Little Women" or you don't. Your reviewer must confess that Louisa Alcott's famous old story had escaped his notice until now and possibly he has grown beyond the stage where "Little Women" (in print) interest him greatly. He hasn't gone beyond the stage, however, when he can appreciate the freshness of a summer's morning or a cool breeze coming from a mountain lake. That, to you who do not know Miss Alcott, is your cue.

But let the story go. Katharine Hepburn is "Jo" . . . a tomboy who is much the woman—and it is the new Katharine Hepburn who reached stardom with her shining art in "Morning Glory." That is enough for anyone and if it isn't, then Radio has surrounded Miss Hepburn with a cast of young players that are truly exceptional. Joan Bennett plays "Amy," Frances Dee is "Meg" and little Jean Parker is wistfully lovely as the sweet little "Beth." Don't let me scare anyone into thinking that this is children's fare—grown-ups can appreciate a summer morning.

To these four Radio have added Paul Lukas, Douglas Montgomery and Edna May Oliver. It is an excellent cast, one that seems to understand the old New England charm that must live in the original story—a story I think that I am going to read.

I think that you will remember "Little Women" and thank Merian C. Cooper and the rest of the Radio studio for giving it to you.

DANCING LADY—(M-G-M)—Some years ago M-G-M made a show that they released under the title of "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan Crawford was the star and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shared the love interest. There was one scene under that gnarled old cypress tree that you see in pictures every now and then that I will never forget.

Lots of things have happened since then but maybe this new M-G-M picture is going to be another beginning. The story, while it isn't very similar, is of the same general type as "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan Crawford is the story but instead of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., we have Franchot Tone.

M-G-M have given Joan a "distinguished" supporting cast . . . that is, if being well-known is being "distinguished." Jean Malin, about whom you must have heard, plays one important bit and Ted Healy, one of the roughest of vaudeville rough-necks, has another. Ted is the man who has more stooges than the rest of the vaudeville business put together.

Another old vaudeville headliner who re-appears in this show is Winnie Lightner who bowled us over for quite a time until First National forgot to give her a new story and we got tired of the old one.

Robert Z. Leonard (some day I'm going to find out what the Z stands for) has directed a smooth, fast-moving show that allows Joan to look her sexiest, dress well and vamp Franchot to a fare-thee-well.

I don't think there's a doubt in the world that you'll like it. I can certainly recommend it.

James Cagney and Frank McHugh in "Footlight Parade," Warner's new musical.

May Robson, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, and Lionel Barrymore in RKO's "The Doctor."

THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—(Warners)—Warner Brothers seem to have decided to be the Ziegfeld of the motion picture business and if such is really their idea, then they have a running start. Right from the beginning they have been lucky—or smart—with musical pictures but this year they have outdone themselves with "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933" right in a row.

This would have satisfied most people but Warners went right on pitching for the third strike—and put it right over with the help of James Cagney who was a "hoofer" once and did it once more in this show for dear old Warners—that is to say—even if he doesn't hoof—it's still what is known as a musical.

Who'd expect to see "The Mayor of Hell" and "The Public Enemy" in a musical . . . and like him?

Warners gave him the works. But this time it was all to his advantage. Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Claire Dodd, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee and a host of others make up the cast and James never had so many beautiful "gals" to kick around in his whole movie career.

The same team that produced "Gold Diggers of 1933" worked on this one with the exception that the music is by Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn, two of the most illustrious in Tin-Pan Alley. The songs aren't quite so "hot" as "42nd Street"—there'll be only one "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" for quite some time—but it's a cinch that you'll be whistling them just the same.

Warners put story into their musicals and this is the best yarn of their three for this year. If only to see James work in his new surroundings—this is worth taking in.

William von Brincken, Eugene Pallette and Spencer Tracy in "Shanghai Madness."

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—(Radio)—While "One Man's Journey" is far from being as pretentious as some of Lionel Barrymore's recent pictures, your reviewer has a hunch that it may be remembered after "Rasputin" and his others are forgotten. There, there were others; here, there is just Lionel Barrymore in the role of a small man who has greatness within him.

As the settled, contented country doctor, Barrymore gives you no inkling that within his soul is a longing to do great things that the whole world will acclaim. It is only when his son is about to embark upon a career that may bring him fame, but at the cost of broken hearts to others, that Lionel tears the mask from his soul and shows the lost hopes and dreams that have paved the ways of happiness for others.

It is a pleasure to see Barrymore in a role of this sort. The elder Barrymore has always been inclined to play his characters a little too vigorously to suit the taste of this on-looker but there is nothing to cavil at here. He shows, plainly and with consummate skill, things that are happening to each one of us and the gasps of surprise that are wrung for you, almost involuntarily, are tribute indeed to his fine skill.

Ricardo Cortez and Elizabeth Young, the New York society girl from the stage, this being her first performance in pictures, in "Big Executive." Others in the cast, are Sharon Lynn, Richard Bennett, Barton MacLane, and Dorothy Peterson.

Joel McCrea is restrained and admirable as his son and Frances Dee, rapidly becoming one of the shining younger stars, is charming as his sweetheart. Dorothy Jordan has the other main role and shows some of the force and skill she displayed in "Bondage."

While this isn't a great show it may do much to soothe some of the rather vain hopes and wishes that we all harbor . . . it is certainly one of the few shows that can safely be labeled "family."

MY WEAKNESS — (Fox) — She came; we saw; she conquered! Which, ladies and gentlemen, means that in the opinion of this scribe, Lilian Harvey has come to America to stay.

A scene from "Moonlight and Pretzels," the musical which is the first picture Universal has produced in the East in many years.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn

Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, Katharine Hepburn and Frances Dee in "Little Women," from the old-time Louisa M. Alcott novel.

Paul Robeson, the famous colored concert singer, in a scene from Eugene O'Neill's famous stage play, "The Emperor Jones." Dudley Murphy directed for United Artists.

Frank Morgan, Jackie Cooper and Alice Brady in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer epic of the stage, "Show World."

In "Congress Dances" she did everything that a star should be asked to do. "My Lips Betray" was okay . . . or so it seemed to me . . . but "My Weakness" is going to put her right on top.

Much of the credit is due to a gentleman by the name of Buddy De Sylva, who has written some swell songs with grand business, and to a friend of his who was a stooge to Phil Baker until he decided to become a better comedian than his boss. I'm talking about Sid Silvers, the hit comedian of last years' Broadway hit, "Take a Chance."

Sid's dead-pan comedy is ideally suited to Miss Harvey's type of screen work. She is charming as she can possibly be and Sid is dumber than you'd think could be possible and together with Boots Mallory it all mixes up into a swell, fast-moving show. Harry Langdon, once one of my favorite comedians, gets a pretty good break and Lew Ayres does exceptionally well with the other end of the romance. I'd like to see someone taller than Lew work with Miss Harvey in her next show.

Put Lilian Harvey and Sid Silvers on your list of "stars whose pictures I don't want to miss."

ACE OF ACES—**(Radio)** — Radio found a very different type of aviation story for Richard Dix in "Ace of Aces" and for those who like their entertainment of the red-meat variety, this is about the best bet of the month.

(*Please turn to page* 102)

Mickey Mouse's

"Put four or five of those Marx Brothers' titles together and you've got a full meal."

By

MICKEY MOUSE

As told to Hal Horne

ROUND and round go the wheels in Hollywood, and round by round goes the excitement at the Movieland ring-side. Now that writers and stars are airing their differences in prizefight arenas, promoters are seriously thinking of charging the pugilists admission for watching the spectators put on their own bouts in the auditoriums.

News is breaking aplenty and every day brings new "extras" about the stars. They're not calling 'em bit players any more—they're calling them two-bit players now that the wage scale's gone up and reached a new high note in optimism.

WARNER BROTHERS announce "The World Changes" with Paul Muni.

An actor must be great when he has that effect on the universe.

HEADLINES scream "'WHITE WOMAN' IN PRODUCTION AT PARAMOUNT!"

I wonder why Jimmy Durante laughed when I called it to his attention.

"FEMALE" with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent is proceeding marvelously at First National.

Well, the female must go through!

WILLIAM POWELL and Mary Astor are working on "The Kennel Murder Case!"

Mystery going to the dogs!

RKO tells me they're making a Spanish version of "India Speaks."

Imagine India speaking in Spanish! Should go great with Chili sauce.

The same company announces Constance Bennett's next picture will be "Without Glory."

They can't fool me. Constance couldn't make a picture without glory!

PARAMOUNT is going right ahead with "Too Much Harmony."

Let's add a line—Sweet *Adeline.*

WILL ROGERS' daughter is using the name of Mary Howard instead of Mary Rogers. Says she doesn't want to trade on her father's reputation.

The Rogerses always did *have a Will of their own!*

"THE BOWERY," Darryl Zanuck's first for 20th Century, is proving the sensation that everybody expected it to be. When "The Bowery" was originally announced several stunt men offered to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to help exploit the picture. Not a bad idea, committing suicide for a company. Gets you to the attention of your employers quickly.

That's only a start, of course. From then on your future depends on yourself.

M-G-M is very enthusiastic over Marion Davies' next picture. They're borrowing Bing Crosby to play one of the leading roles.

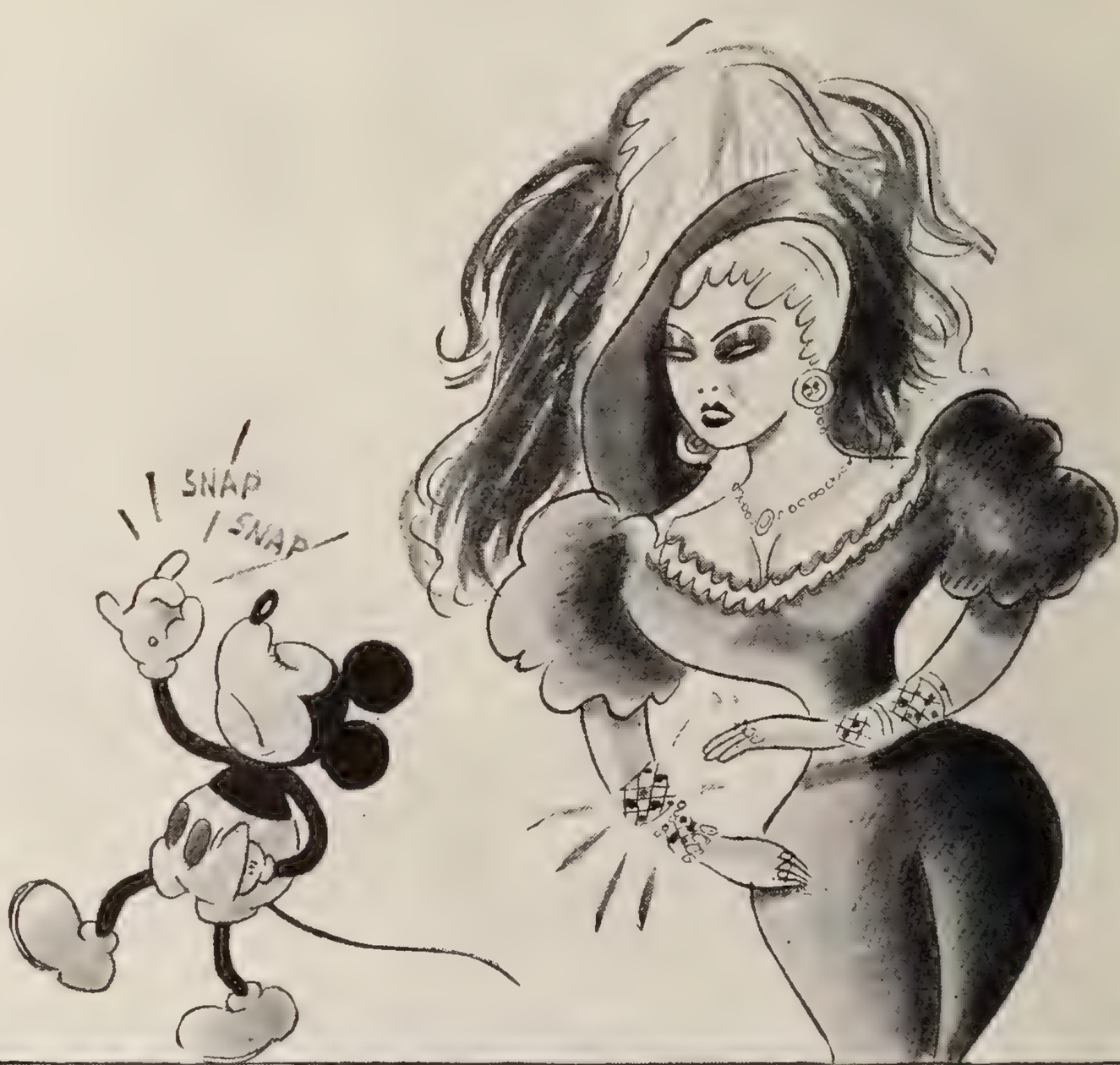
Should go big! Everybody knows Prosperity is just around the crooner!

PARAMOUNT is offering Cecil B. DeMille's production "For Frightened People." No gags—we've been scared out of our wits ourselves! They've also bought Hugh Wiley's story, "Pink Chemise."

"Don't get confused. Has nothing to do with the under*world!*

BYE, bye, Blackbird! Universal's going to do "Bluebeard" with Boris Karloff. Speaking of Universal, "Moonlight and Pretzels" is doing nicely.

Shows what a twist to a title will do!



"You can be had!"

Movie-Go-Round

"Life is just a bowl of chariots!"

The world's most popular actor as The New Movie Magazine's correspondent on the Hollywood front.

WE'VE seen "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood." Now Universal announces "The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble."

As nice a place as any.

NEWS comes from M-G-M that Richard Boleslavsky will direct "Hall of Justice." His "Storm at Daybreak," and "Rasputin and the Empress" certainly showed that he understands life, *proving that life is just a Boleslavskys!*

SO Lubitsch is doing "Design for Living" for Paramount! That reminds me of one of the Hollywood costumers who was doing such a big business for a while that people started saying he had designs on everybody!

Speaking of Paramount, watch out for "Tillie and Gus!" What's it about? Your Gus is as good as ours!

SO you see, everything's moving along nicely in Movieland. While most of the younger stars are making a name for themselves on the screen, some of the veterans are keeping their names alive by giving impersonations of themselves on the stage.

With everything improving all along the line, the companies have stopped going into the hands of the receivers.

Now the receivers are going into the hands of the public.

ONE of the theaters along Broadway displayed a big NRA sign and immediately the house phone was flooded with inquiries from people who wanted to know who was playing in it.

One of the male stars of yesterday was asked to play the role of an actor for a major company, but he turned it down saying he didn't want to do character parts.

This is the fellow who quit drinking because every time he took a pick-me-up it knocked him down.

THE big idea out here is to do everything bigger and better. Just to show you that they mean business, one of the younger executives, when told by his boss that he'd have to put his best foot forward, immediately went his chief one better and put *both* his feet forward.

He still has the floor!

SAW something on a theater marquee the other day. The exhibitor didn't have enough room for the whole title so he abbreviated "Ann Carver's Profession" to "A. Carver's Profession," adding "Cutting Up," the name of the comedy on the same bill.

WITH "Duck Soup" all warmed up and ready to serve, Paramount announces the next Marx Brothers film to be titled, "Cracked Ice." Put four or five of these Marx Brothers' titles together and you've got a full meal. Incidentally, if exhibitors persist in showing double features you can expect theaters to advertise "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," with "Cracked Ice."

Complete service.

"Arliss' new spectacle."

FIRST NATIONAL hands an orchid to Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak.

It's a "Shanghai Orchid," their next picture.

I'll Show You the Town

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

YOU should have seen the movie stars gathering around Major Ernst Udet! Just "coals to Newcastle" is a celebrity in Hollywood, but you wouldn't have thought so to see Gloria Stuart and Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou and Harold Lloyd and Joe E. Brown and the rest of them hanging on the famous aviator's words, over at Carl Laemmle's beautiful estate in Benedict Canyon Road, Beverly Hills.

Harold Lloyd, of course, knows all the aviators, and entertains them at his home, but he is naturally especially interested in the aces, and Udet, who plays the lead in Universal's "S.O.S. Iceberg," is his special friend.

We shouldn't be a bit surprised to see Harold going in for aviation, but, so far, his wife has been able to keep him out of it. She's nervous about this flying business.

Mildred (I've known Harold's wife ever since she was a little girl, so I just have to call her by her first name) was looking very pretty in a black tear-drop satin gown, cut along sports lines.

The affair was a sort of breakfast and lunch combination, and was served cafeteria style. Cartoons of Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit, and Pooch the Pup, framed on palm trees, were amusing little touches.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., assisted by his aunt, Mrs. Maurice Fleckles, and Gloria Stuart, received the guests.

Benita Hume, to whom Maurice Chevalier has been paying attention, (page Jack Dunfee, Benita's fiance!) was supposed to arrive with the fascinating Frenchman. But it turned out that Maurice had to work, so Adolphe Menjou was pinch-hitter for her escort.

Miss Hume was lovely in a fascinating combination skirt and blouse, the blouse rose colored, trimmed with round medallions, the skirt white.

Gloria Stuart looked radiantly pretty in a yellow knitted sports dress and big panama hat.

Lupe Velez telephoned regrets for herself and Johnny Weissmuller. Johnny had a professional swimming date at the beach, and felt, explained the effervescent little Mexican *muchacha*, that he couldn't possibly be lucky in his swimming match unless she were along!

"Johnny 'e's afraid he'll drown unless his Lupe is along!" she bubbled.

Ken Maynard and Buck Jones were present, so the West was well represented. Both wore plain business suits, but were as tanned as you'd expect wild westerners to be.

Joe E. Brown arrived with Mrs. Brown in their new town car, with a chauffeur. But Joe had insisted on riding with the chauffeur in order to learn the left-hand drive. Mrs. Brown declared she was going to address him as Jeems, my man, if he left her all alone in state in the back of the car, that way, again!

"Dear me, dear me!" confided Carl Laemmle, Jr., as he espied Chester Morris clad in white flannels and white shoes. "Looks as if you'll have to begin describing the men's costumes if this sort of thing keeps up!"

Paul Lukas, an aviation enthusiast, came early so he could have a few minutes' private chat with Udet and with Carlos Borcoque, Argentine flyer, director and writer.

Doris McMahon, titian haired Broadway musical comedy artist and Hollywood screen player, attracted nearly all the men. She came alone, and as Mrs. Chester Morris observed, that showed how smart she was! She didn't have to feel bound to remember she was with an escort, and that he might be jealous.

Mary Brian wore a string of wooden sports beads tight around her neck.

"Here's how," hails Gloria Stuart at the party given by Carl Laemmle, Jr., on his beautiful estate in Beverly Hills.

GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie Magazine's society reporter, invites you to some of Hollywood's swanky movie parties

All photographs made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Ernst Udet, the German ace, was the honor guest at Junior Laemmle's party, attended by more than two hundred. Left to right, standing: Edward Everett Horton, Russell Simpson, Neil Hamilton, Ernst L. Frank, Chester Morris, Mabel Marden, Russ Colombo, Harold Lloyd, Joe E. Brown, Charles Murray, Hugh Enfield, Carl Laemmle, Jr., and John Farrow. Seated, from left to right: Anita Page, Mary Brian, June Knight, Madge Bellamy, Benita Hume, Mary Carlisle, Dorothy Burgess, Gloria Stuart and Maureen O'Sullivan, and above, in the small picture, are Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou.

A new romance, it is whispered, is that between Mabel Marden, under contract to Universal, and Hugh Enfield, athletic young Universal player. Certainly he was most devoted. And youthful romance also was represented by that Pyramus-and-Thisbe combination, Tom Brown and Anita Louise.

"When are you going to admit you are engaged?" I asked Anita, but she only blushed. So we asked Tom.

"Well, I think that should be left for Anita to say," explained Tom.

And as Anita merely blushed some more (yes, there are a few blushes and blushers left in Hollywood!), and we found no ring on her engagement finger, we had to let it go at that.

WE were delighted to say hello to Russell Simpson and his wife, whom we hadn't seen in a long time. I believe Russell has been doing some vaudeville work.

Billie Burke was there with William Anthony McGuire, the playwright, who is collaborating with her on the writing of "The Great Ziegfeld," a story of the life of Billie's late husband. Patricia Ziegfeld, who looks like her dad, came with them.

Jean Harlow, who has been seen around with Cliff Henderson of late, stopped for but a moment, with Cliff, and then had to go on. But Major Udet was quite clearly charmed with Jean, and invited her, in the name of his country, to visit Berlin.

"I'd love to show you the town," he said.

Jean and Henderson have been friends ever since he directed the big air races in Los Angeles, last July, and a funny little incident had occurred at that time.

Their car broke down, as they were coming from an early lunch at friends in Glendale, and they borrowed a plane at the Glendale airport and flew to the races!

Such gallantry, Jean had evidently decided, should not go unrewarded. But though there have been some romantic whisperings about the two, I know it will be a long time before Jean forgets her husband, Paul Bern, beloved by so many persons he had befriended.

Amelia Earhart made quite a stir when she came in with Senator Bingham and General and Mrs. Hitchcock. By the way, Miss Earhart doesn't care to enter any air races. She says it is foolish and foolhardy to race and stunt a plane. And this from a woman so wise in the ways of aviation that she flew across an ocean.

I learned some interesting things about this aviatrix, by the way. She said that when she was flying the ocean and her plane caught fire, she radioed her husband, with whom she kept in constant touch.

"He had so much faith in me and knew so well that I shouldn't be disturbed in that crisis, that he didn't answer me," she said. "He knew it would only interrupt the hectic business of putting out that blaze."

John Boles and his wife arrived early and stayed only a short time, having other engagements. John is deeply interested in aviation, much to the distress of his wife, who wants him to stick to his bicycle. He managed a few moments of talk with Major Udet.

Madge Bellamy, absent from the screen a long time, but recently in a serial with Buck Jones, came with her producer, Henry McRae, and her director, Ray Taylor. Madge has lost (*Please turn to page* 99)

The identity of Nemo, the mysterious author of "Hollywood Day by Day," still has Hollywood and its stars agog. Movieland's latest by-word is, "Sh-h-h! Nemo!" So Jimmy Durante volunteered to give *his* impression of what Nemo must be like. "A sheep in wolf's clothing," said he, not knowing, however, anything about wolves, having lived in New York all his life. Once, at the Bronx zoo, he saw a polar bear and ever since has thought it was a wolf. Thus this disguise. Lupe Velez has just caught him in the act of writing Johnny Weissmuller's memoirs.

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody!

Since I last wrote you, things have been happening in Hollywood. Like beauty contest winners, domestic debacles seem to arrive in bunches and by the time you read this I can't guarantee there will be any married couples left out here.

Although it was not unexpected, the announcement that Pickfair was actually for sale fell like a bombshell in our midst. For Pickfair was Hollywood's bulwark of respectability. Half of Hollywood busied itself with murmured "I told you so's," while the other half rushed out to Pickfair, happy in the belief

that at last they would crash those aristocratic gates as prospective purchasers. They would see Mary's much-publicized white drawing room and Doug's bedroom. Future generations would be able to say: "Oh, yes, my grandmother was a guest at Pickfair."

But, alas! When they reached the entrance they could go no farther, for the big iron gates were locked and a guard informed them that the admission ticket was a bank book that showed a balance sufficient to buy the estate. In other words, in order to look at Pickfair the sightseer had to prove himself an honest shopper. Otherwise, as wise little Mary knew when she took these precautions, Pickfair would have been just another Hollywood sideshow.

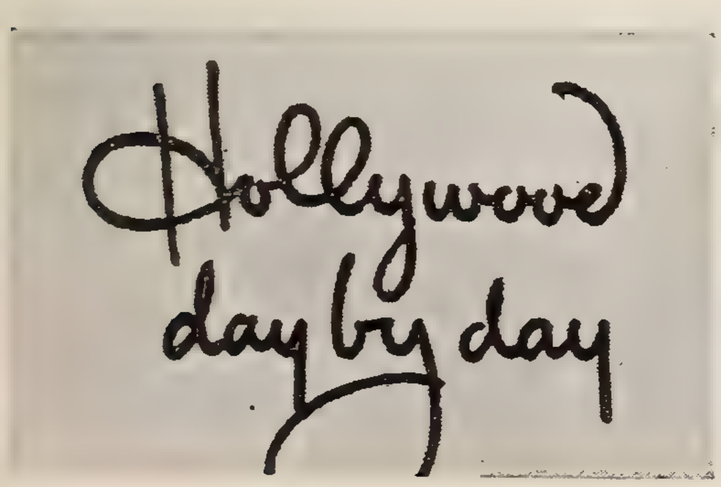
FOLLOWING the news that Mary and Doug would make their separation legal there was a quick succession of similar announcements from Richard Dix and his wife; Carole Lombard and William Powell; Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart; the Jack Holts, Zita Johann and her husband, John Haussman, the Menjous and others.

It seems that a short time ago Carole Lombard, just newly married, told me confidently: "Our marriage will last. We're such opposite temperaments. I like things gay — lots of fun and laughing — while Bill is the mental type. We are a perfect balance for each other. I keep his head in the air and he keeps my feet on the ground."

Which all sounded just dandy at the time, but apparently someone got off balance.

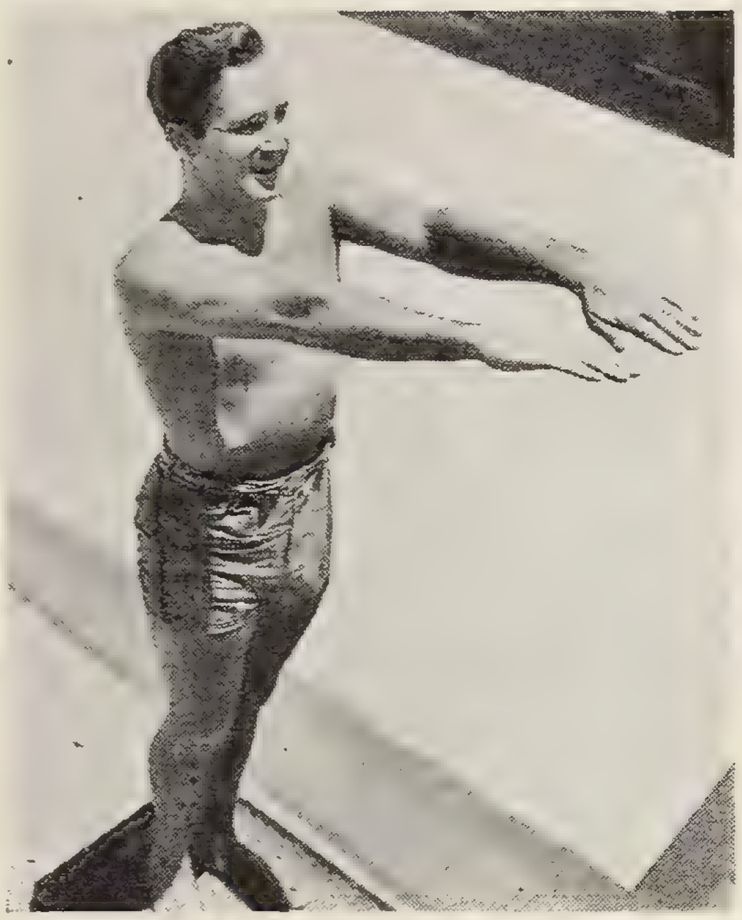
RICHARD DIX has everybody, including your Hollywood sightseer, slightly puzzled. A few days after announcing the separation and plans for an immediate divorce, Richard issued a statement to the effect that as soon as the divorce was obtained he would immediately begin wooing his ex-wife all over again.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart seem determined to go ahead with their divorce plans, but are seen daily taking their year-old baby for automobile rides. At night, however, Sue is seen at the various dancing spots with Ken Murray while Nick consoles himself escorting Bobbe Arnst. And what a consolation!



Wide World

Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star, and his five sons. l. to r., Larry and Richard (twins), 13; Peter, 5; Lawrence Tibbett; Marston, 7; and Sonny, 10.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

David Manners, like Ann Harding, has taken up the desert life. He's bought himself a rancho near Victorville, where he spends all of his time when not picture-making. Here he is making ready for a back dive into the rancho pool.

Photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marcia Ralston, latest M-G-M starlet, being groomed for your approval.

Morgan Dennis, the artist, and his two Scotties, Jock and Jill, the two live and kicking principals he is starring in a series of movie shorts which he is producing.

I SUPPOSE I shouldn't mention this because calling attention to happy marriages seems to have such a bad effect on them, but two kids who seem to be getting more out of life than most married couples are Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. We met them hurrying down the Boulevard the other morning.

"We're in a hurry," they shouted. "We have to get home and irrigate the walnuts." And then Ann added over her shoulder: "It's lots of fun. Did you ever irrigate a walnut orchard?"

SOME of our best bachelors are quite cagey and go into this marriage business with their eyes wide open. George O'Brien, for instance, on the very day he married Marguerite Churchill, wired his director-pal-traveling companion, John Ford, as follows:

"Just married Marguerite but my contract calls for annual trip to Shanghai with you."

(Please turn to page 56)

Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page* 55)

And here is Joel McCrea, who, his friends would have you believe, will marry Frances Dee any minute, having ladders built on the outside of his ranch house.

A GREAT many people think Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are married. They argue that Charlie is keeping it a secret because Hollywood is so tender toward romances and so hard on marriages, and that he believes he has more chance for happiness if no one knows he is married. Perhaps so, but if I were married to that little queen I wouldn't be able to keep it a secret, I would be *that* proud.

Charlie is looking more fit than I have ever seen him in an acquaintance of many years. His hair is almost white, but he has put on a little weight and is sunbrowned a deep tan from weeks spent on his boat, the *Edna P. II.* Paulette is brown, too, and her hair is again dark, almost mahogany.

They attended the opening of Carmel Myers' play at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and applauded enthusiastically. They remained in their seats during intermission, for, of course, Chaplin would have been mobbed if he had dared to go out for a smoke. Some brave souls ventured down to his front row seats and asked for autographs. He had to refuse that, too, to save himself from an avalanche of autograph seekers, but he did it with a smile. He still insists he will have his two pictures finished before Christmas.

Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Robert W. Coburn

June Brewster is winning her spurs as an actress, her last picture being "Headline Shooters," but she still retains the title of the girl with the prettiest legs in Hollywood. But with the way these beauty contest winners are pouring in on every train, June may have to retire behind skirts on short notice.

Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Longworth

Leslie Howard, photographed just before he went abroad to make the film, "The Lady Is Willing," for Columbia. His last picture before leaving was his own stage play, "Berkeley Square," one of the most ambitious of all his film efforts.

Dreams come true again. Here you see Robert Young and his bride, at the honeymoon home they'd dreamed of back in their school days when they first fell in love.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

DOROTHY JORDAN - COOPER gave a house party as soon as her marriage to Merian Cooper, production head of RKO, became known.

"Why didn't you tell me, Dorothy," I asked. "Don't you think you should have broken the news to me more gently?"

"Oh, Merian doesn't like fuss," she replied airily, which only goes to show where the rest of us fellows stand with Dorothy.

OF course the high spot in my life for this month—and you'll never know how much restraint I exercised to keep it from you until now—was when strolling down Olivera Street the other night I found myself walking directly behind Greta Garbo.

She was wearing a black polo coat and a black slouch hat, and, honestly, I could have reached right out and touched her, but I didn't. I merely followed her. I was not alone in that pursuit, however, for everyone in the street was doing the very same thing.

No, not a scene in a picture. Merely Marie getting her boots off, between scenes. The assistant—and assisted—is Jack Pennick. It's the old army game.

She marched along like the Pied Piper of Hamlin with a motley crowd of Mexicans, tourists *and me,* following at her heels.

When she stopped to look at any objects in the little shops, we all stopped, too. In one little place she bought a big fat Mexican glass bottle. (Did you by any chance notice me, Greta? I'm six feet tall and wore a grey suit. Once you looked straight into my eyes, or I thought you did. Perhaps you were thinking that my tall forehead where the hair is a bit thin—Well, skip it. Maybe you were wondering if the shop-keeper was overcharging you for the bottle.)

Eventually she (and yours truly) came to the puppet show and, seeing herself advertised as a part of the show, she purchased tickets and went in. That puppet show hasn't done such a business since the last Mexican holiday. Of course, we all tried to go in, too, but the tiny theater holds only about two hundred people.

I was there, though, sitting right behind the great Garbo and I never did hear what became of all the people I injured in getting that seat.

She complained bitterly over the puppet that was supposed to resemble her. She didn't like the pom pom on its hat. "I think they have a nerve to sing that song," she said, when the puppet sang. When she left, the proprietor asked her to autograph the book and she said, "I never give autographs."

By this time, the glamorous Garbo was a bit irritated and suddenly turned to her companion, the ever-present Mrs. Berthold Viertel, and said: "I think I go home." I always

(*Please turn to page* 62)

Hollywood day by day

Maureen O'Sullivan, who's in "Tarzan and His Mate," with Johnny Weissmuller, taking a tan bath. The sun is the best make-up man in Hollywood for jungle ladies.

Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ROQUEFORT • CHEDDAR • BRIE

CHEESE

is the basis of Warner Baxter's favorite lunch

WHAT could be sweeter, neater and more wholesome," asked Mr. Warner Baxter, "than a lunch like this? Crackers, cheese and a bottle of beer. I've often wondered," he added, "why busy housewives who have to do all their own cooking go to so much trouble to get up fussy, complicated meals when most people—men at least—are just as well satisfied with a simple meal that takes almost no time to prepare.

"Take cheese, for instance," Mr. Baxter went on, remembering no doubt that the quickest way to get rid of a food reporter is to produce some really helpful suggestions about cooking or meal planning. "Some people cook it and mix it up with a lot of other foods and make curious concoctions out of it that they call English bunnies or Welsh rabbits or soufflés or fondues or dreams or surprises. All very well if you like to do that sort of thing, but I've an idea that the flavor of the cheese is best when you eat it uncooked with bread, crisp crackers, with fruit or in a simple salad."

Mr. Baxter admitted that he'd never had time to go into this cheese business very thoroughly. Of the hundred or so different types of cheese—

"Five hundred to be exact," we told him.

"There you are—five hundred different cheese flavors. Of all those I suppose I know and appreciate the flavor of only a dozen or so, yet I've an idea that the best plan is to serve cheese so as to bring out its own individual flavor. If you have to use a lot of things to hide the flavor it's a sign the cheese is inferior or you just aren't educated to appreciate it. Roquefort, Liederkranz or Camembert are best with something like this." He held up a crisp thin water cracker. "And old-fashioned American or Cheddar cheese goes well with an old-fashioned soda cracker. And by the way, did you ever try Gruyere cheese with a caraway seed cracker. It's a perfect blend of flavors, the same thing that you get when you have rye bread with ordinary Swiss cheese. There usually are caraway seeds in rye bread, I hope.

"As a final course at dinner there's nothing better than a plate of assorted cheese. Put one of those large Edam cheeses that look like red cannon balls in the center or use a cheese that looks like a pineapple, with the top sliced off of course. Put a variety of other cheese around it and on the edges arrange your crackers, toasted bread, pumpernickel."

Then there is Ruth Roland, who has recently become an expert on the subject of finely flavored cheese. There was a time when her charming nose would have registered real scorn at the mere mention of Camembert, Brie or Limburger. She was the girl who didn't like cheese and one of the really tragic moments of

her life was the time she took what she innocently supposed was a crisp, tender stalk of celery and discovered after one small bite that it was filled with Roquefort. After that Ruth's friends simply didn't serve cheese when Ruth was to be present. Even after it got to be the sophisticated thing to chatter knowingly about cheese flavors, we didn't mention it—just as we'd avoid bringing up the subject of earthquakes to a friend who had recently been through one.

That's what made it so amazing to find Ruth Roland proudly displaying a new and perfectly accoutered cheese plate at luncheon the other day. Camembert, Limburger, or at least Liederkranz—and Ruth's nose didn't even quiver. She had actually arranged the cheese plate herself. Ruth is really mad about her home, you know. Takes care of things personally and it's one of those homes that shows thought and good taste, as well as content and happiness. It's one of the most livable spots in the world, hidden away behind trees and shrubbery on a hillside overlooking Hollywood. Luncheon was served that day indoors in the perfectly furnished Spanish dining room, with its lovely chairs and table hand carved by the famous Rodriquez.

The fact is, we discovered as luncheon progressed, Ruth's husband is a real cheese fan. "He even eats Gruyere for breakfast," she proudly announced. She paused to nibble one of her own favorite cheese appetizers—a potato chip lightly spread with Neufchatel. "With cheese it is the same as with olives—don't you think? It's a taste. The more you have the better you like it."

Miss Roland's interest in cheese was that of a connoisseur right from the start. She knew how to "talk cheese" even before she cared to eat it. She could tell when Schweitzer cheese had enough holes to make it really Swiss and why Gruyere, in spite of its Swiss origin, managed to maintain its prestige with no holes at all. She could tell you just what sort of crackers to serve with Liederkranz and what would go best with Roquefort or Gorgonzola, and she could tell at a glance, if not by the taste, the difference between Edam and Gouda.

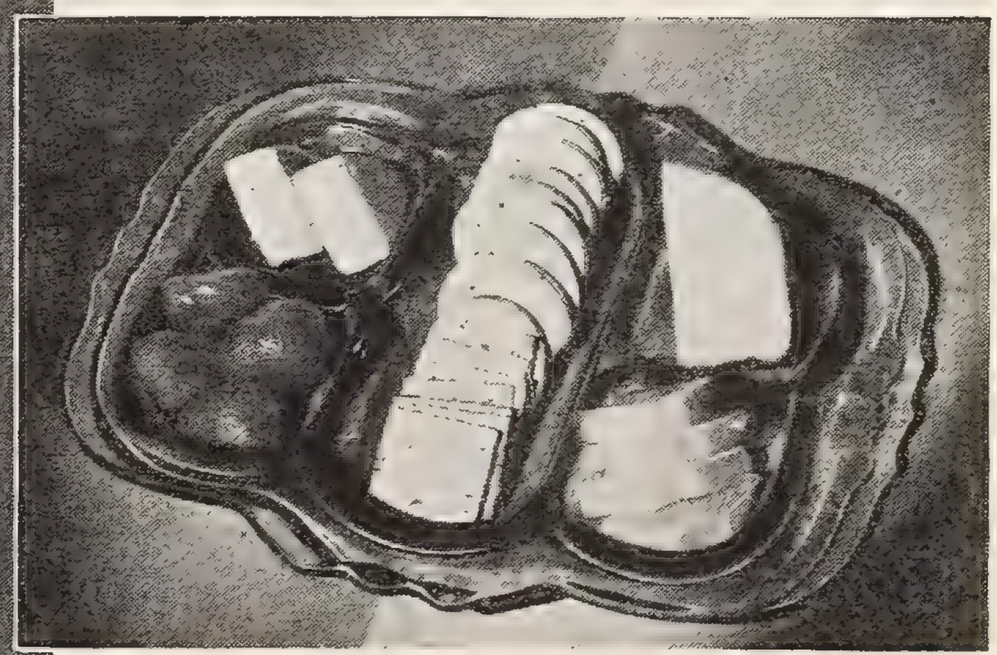
"It's been a really thrilling adventure," Miss Roland told us. "And because my taste for interesting cheeses is rather recent I think I enjoy their distinctive flavor more than people who have become accustomed to eat cheese from childhood. I'm especially interested in the delicious flavors that can be produced by simple combinations of cheese and other foods. Most people don't realize how well cheese may be combined with fruits but it doesn't take long to convince them. An after-dinner tray of cheese and fresh or preserved fruit is sure to please your guests.

"Just try this—preserved figs, drained and stuffed with a mixture of cream cheese beaten up with a little cream and a dash of salt and cayenne, or fresh figs stuffed with Liederkranz or Roquefort. Or serve your Roquefort with slices of juicy red apples. Kumquats, preserved in lime syrup, should be stuffed with Cheddar cheese and pineapple should be combined with cream or Neufchatel cheese. Candied fruits and crystalized ginger are good with Neufchatel and other cream cheeses.

AND • LIEDERKRANZ • CRACKERS • BREAD • AND • BEER

Ruth Roland could "talk cheese" before she cared to eat it—now she's one of the leading cheese fans in Hollywood. Her husband, Ben Bard, eats Gruyere for breakfast.

For Information about this month's food circulars please turn to page 96



Miss Roland's favorite dessert plate contains crisp, unsweetened crackers, preserved figs, fresh or canned pineapple and two kinds of cheese.

The PEOPLE'S

The Box Office Critics write their candid opinions

Quiet at Last: My thanks to Skippy, Sooky and Sidney for restoring peace to a bandit-infested household. For months my six-year-old twin boys have been hard-riding, hard-fisted two-gun men, suddenly appearing from behind doors or stairways as masked bandits, armed to the teeth, commanding the passer-by to "stick 'em up!" In vain I suggested quiet, peaceful games —the Westerns had taken too deep root in childhood imagination. . . . . Then "Skippy" and "Sooky" came to town, and over-night ideals changed. My boys again became normal, fun-loving six-year-olds. Taking turns as Skippy and Sooky they have acted and re-acted nearly every scene in both pictures. At times it is hard to find a Sidney, but usually with "Aw, he isn't so bad!" the neighbor-boy is persuaded. . . . Speaking for mothers who want normal, wholesome play for their little boys I am thankful for these pictures, and may we have more of them! —Mrs. R. V. Jones, 337 Walnut St., Twin Falls, Idaho.

Ann Dvorak, after a long vacation. Her next picture will be "Shanghai Orchid," opposite Richard Barthelmess.

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

1—Best all-around feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best news reel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

Her Opinion of Jean: You asked us to write in our opinion of Jean Parker. She's the greatest find for the past two or three years. As Maria in "Rasputin," Eloise in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and the ingenue lead in "Divorce in the Family," she was wonderful. Now that musicals are back, I'd like to see her in a few dancing and singing roles. Her aunt says that she's an accomplished dancer and singer. . . . But, in short, give her some nice big roles.—Miss Madelyne Demico, 234 North 8th Avenue, Pocatello, Idaho.

Clark is Regular: Clark Gable is the best fellow I ever met. I asked him for his autograph and he wrote a whole page in my book—the best one out of 25 stars' autographs I have.—Courtney Bond, 953 Monterey St., San Luis Obispo, California.

John and Bebe: I wish the studio that owns "The Merry Widow" would hurry and start producing it. With musicals coming back, the present couldn't be a more auspicious time for reviving it. And to add to the long list of teams mentioned for the leads, I would like to suggest John Boles and Bebe Daniels. They were a smash hit in "Rio Rita," and I feel sure they could repeat their success in "The Merry Widow." In a recent issue of a screen magazine someone suggested a serial with an all-star cast of popular favorites. Seems to me that it's an idea that bears noticing. Why not boost it?—Miss Shirley Alpert, 74 Broad St., New Britain, Conn.

Smile, Adrienne: O. K., Adrienne Ames, we'll admit it! Your lower lips and tragic, soulful eyes do resemble Crawford's. So what? Wasn't she advised to be herself and smile? That's something which I've never seen you do on the screen, by the way. So if you're really wise and ambitious for a screen career, drop the tragic pose, and do a little honest acting.—Mrs. L. Baker, 410 Hickory St., Buffalo, New York.

We Want Variety: The motion picture producers never cease asking the public what it really wants. Simply, it's variety. Surely, fans that can worship Norma Shearer as Moonyeen in "Smilin' Through" and as Nina Leeds in "Strange Interlude," do not want to be limited to any one type of picture! Each time a cycle of pictures starts, the powers-that-be in Hollywood wonder why motion picture attendance drops. We may admire Janet Gaynor, and at the same time bow to Garbo's artistry; Richard Arlen's portrayal of clean American youth need not prevent us from enjoying Maurice Chevalier's slightly naughty Parisian. It is simply variation in type that the movies need today, and the sooner the producers realize this, just so soon will we have better and more entertaining pictures. Incidentally (though properly this has no relation to the rest of this note) I want to send my best "Bravo!" to Cary Grant, who has captured this young lady's heart by his poise, his vibrant voice, and his grand acting!—Miss Sylvia Pomeranz, 477 Jerome St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Too Much Ballyhoo? Don't you think the movie boys are overdoing their

Lee Tracy, one of the M-G-M stars, takes a week-end holiday from the studio after finishing "Turn Back the Clock," and goes on a deep-sea fishing and yachting trip.

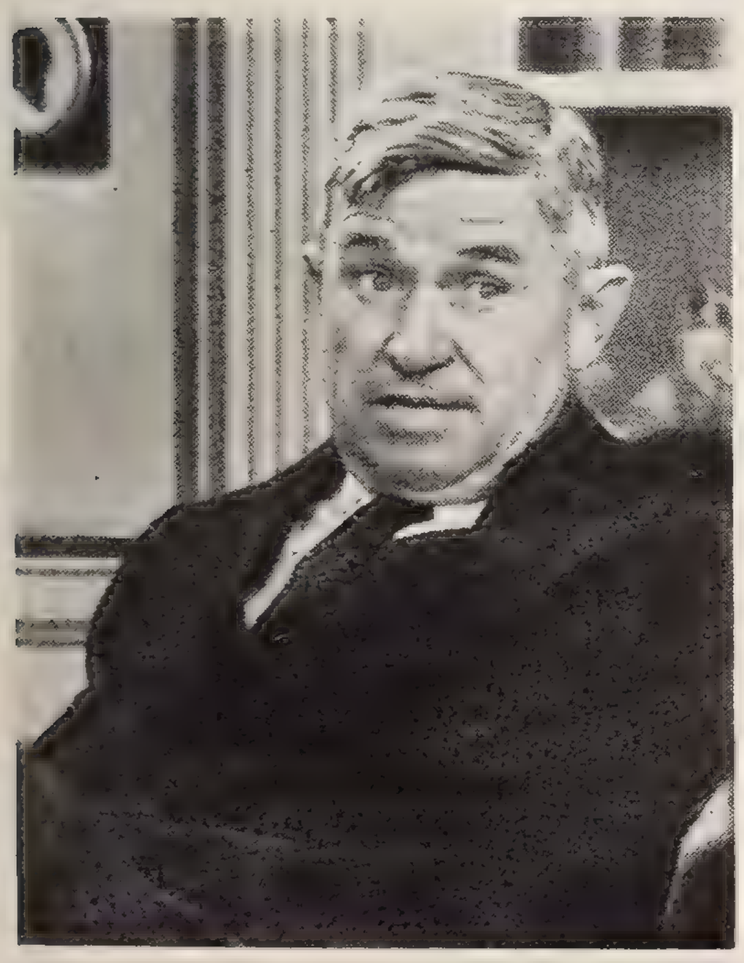
Academy

ballyhoo of late? Seems to me that a good picture doesn't need a lot of ads of pretty girls in unconventional poses. When a picture is ballyhooed like "King Kong" was, it looks as if the boys had a lemon on their hands. On "the other side of the creek," we have "Cynara," as good a picture as you'd care to see, with hardly any ballyhoo. The really good pictures get to be known among the fans, as do the "lemons," so the producers should wise themselves to the fact that if they have a good show, with a new twist to it, it'll go over big minus any nauseating blah-blah.—Warner Bovard, Jr., Griswold Road, Rye, N. Y.

She Must Like Charlie: Of all the darlings, Charlie Ruggles is the most divine. Why, that man acts, and how! Why, even the Barrymores and George Arliss pale into mere insignificance compared to Mr. Ruggles. (I get so sick of hearing ignorant people rave about them). Where, I ask, is the charm, the technique, the finesse, the restraint, the delicacy that is to be found in the acting of peerless Charlie? Like Brutus, one can say of him, "There is a man!"—Violet Ray, Martha Apartments, Danbury, Conn.

Joan and Cary: Joan Crawford and Cary Grant—there's a couple worth teaming up. Give us fans a break, give us a picture with these two splendid stars. And I'll bet you'll be coming back for more.—Miss Mildred Mullins, 3002 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Virginia.

A Part for Glenda: After watching Glenda Farrell use her Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford tactics in "Girl Missing," I realized what an impressive heroine she would be in a play that made the audience not only laugh *with* her but *at* her. In a dynamic, breezy role as a sort of female Cagney who lives by her wits, she could do wonders toward banishing the blues. She has enough personality, vivacity, natural charm, and force of character to swing a story with pep and purposeful plot. Why don't the producers give her such a part?—Wilma Kring, 506 W. Main, Clinton, Illinois.



Will Rogers snapped from the side lines during a scene from his new picture, "Dr. Bull."

Fan Letter Favorites of the Month:

May Robson
Fay Wray
Charles Ruggles
Glenda Farrell
Jean Parker
Alison Skipworth

Best Pictures:

Mama Loves Papa
Hold Your Man
Dinner at Eight
Private Detective 62

Hints:

Less Ballyhoo
Variety
More animal pictures
New Betty Boops

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts. THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wide World

Warren William with one of his sail-boat models at his home.

Judith Allen, Paramount actress and leading woman in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age," all equipped to prevent arrest with a head-light, tail-light and license plate. All she has to do is make boulevard stops.

STARS are made, not only by Mr. and Mrs. Public, but by directors, cameramen, make-up experts, etc. Let's give these people a big hand, and when I say big I mean big. . . . Who taught Nancy Carroll to look up, roll her eyes and flash that smile of hers across the Silver Screen, that makes her adorable? The director. . . . Who photographed Cary Grant so well in a close-up of Mae West's, "She Done Him Wrong"? The cameraman, of course. . . . Who can change the personality of an actor or actress by just a twist of the wrist? The make-up expert. . . . Why not let Mr. and Mrs. Public in on that secret, so we may become better acquainted with the directors and cameraman, etc., as well as the stars? Why not donate a section of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE for the photographs of these? (Aren't they stars in their own line?)—Miss Dea Meyer, 1225 North 48th St., East St. Louis, Ill.

Here's a Bet: Gr-r-r! And a gnashing of teeth. All of which goes to show that I'm mad. Yes, I said mad, not angry. Angry might be the proper word in the English books, but mad

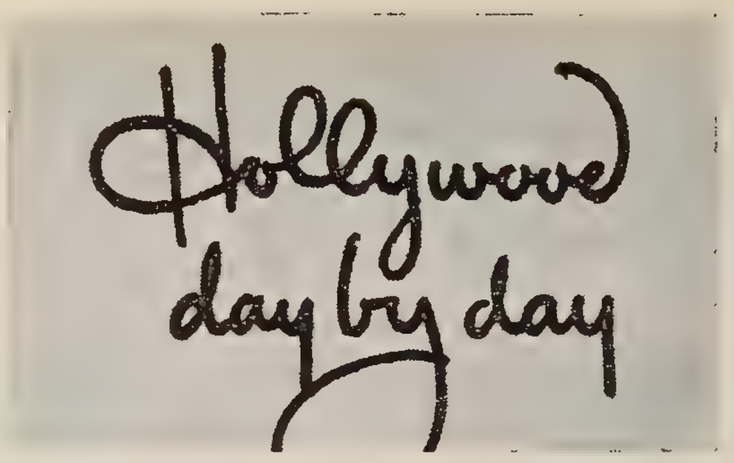
(*Please turn to page* 105)

(*Continued from page* 57)
believed that "I tank I go home" stuff was a fable concocted by the publicity department, but I heard it with my own ears. Anyway, without further ado, she took her fat bottle and went home.

THERE is one person who does not "yes" Garbo and that is Adrian, who designs her clothes and clothes for the other M-G-M stars as well. When he redecorated her dressing room recently he decided it should be gray. Garbo decided it should be red. Completed now, it is gray with red corduroy drapes.

Someone found that an old painting in the property department was an original, so that was presented to Garbo and now hangs on the wall in her dressing-room.

A fence separates her suite from those of the other stars and you reach her rooms by a private stair-



way. That is, you would reach her suite if you could make the stairway, but it hasn't been done yet.

SO many stars decided they needed a change of scenery in their homes that it has been a grand month for the interior decorators.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent returned from their European vacation to face a bill of $37,000 for additions and refurnishings to their home in Beverly Hills. One big item on the bill was for a swimming pool.

Ruth's bedroom is off-white with rose upholstered chairs, a cream satin chaise longue with pink and green cushions and a cream satin coverlet on the bed. A seven-panel screen puzzled me until it was explained that there are so many windows in her room she couldn't get out of a draft in the night. The decorator solved the problem by a hand-painted screen. Her bathroom ceiling is white brocaded satin.

George's bedroom is white, too, but very masculine, with furniture upholstered in white leather. His bathroom is cream color.

On Ruth's dressing table are two candlesticks. Behind one is a framed picture of her first husband, Ralph Forbes, and behind the other, in an identical frame, is a picture of George.

Here's Joan Crawford congratulating Anita Thompson, of Dallas, Texas, winner in a beauty contest. She won first prize among the one hundred chorus girls selected. Her first appearance is in Joan's "Dancing Lady." In the center is Robert Z. Leonard, the famous director.

Gary Cooper drops over from the set where he's working to call on Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson—calmly munching, if you notice, his sun glasses.

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

A MATCHLESS BLEND

STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

✲ ✲ ✲

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ...never tire the taste. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Introducing MRS. FRED T. STAFFORD

who showed us where she shops

SOME time ago we asked the readers of Tower Magazines to send us maps of the districts where they shop. Mrs. Fred T. Stafford of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, pictured above with her daughter Joan, sent in one of the good maps, and since many of you have asked about the map makers we are going to present them to you from time to time.

Those shopping maps poured in from all over the country, showing the exact drug, grocery, department and variety stores you patronize . . . information that is exceedingly helpful in supplementing some shopping studies we have made. But even more important than the actual maps was the way we got acquainted with you through your friendly accompanying letters. And now, with a good clear picture of your families and what you prefer in the magazines, we hope to give you even greater pleasure and service.

Mrs. Stafford's shopping map was of unusual interest because it was in Wilkes-Barre that Tower Magazines were founded by "a woman for shopping women." Catherine McNelis, publisher of Tower Magazines, was an advertising writer in a Wilkes-Barre department store a few years ago. Believing many women would welcome a new type of magazine, she founded Tower Magazines with good, clean fiction and helpful, pithy articles . . . all written in a livelier, faster-moving style to meet the demands of the modern woman.

Another Tower Magazines' reader in this series of shopping map introductions will appear in an early issue of Mystery, Home, Illustrated Love and New Movie Magazines.

This (at right) is one of the first pictures I have ever seen—as a matter of fact, the first I've ever seen—of Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Gordon Newell. And a nice looking couple, too, my hearties. And just grand folks.

Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone, aboard the yacht on which the actor spends virtually all of his spare time. This picture was taken off Catalina Island.

Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

At left: Jean Muir, who looks like Lillian Gish, but doesn't like to be told so, who dislikes to be called "ethereal," and who makes her first appearance as a Warner contract player with Paul Muni in his new picture, "The World Changes."

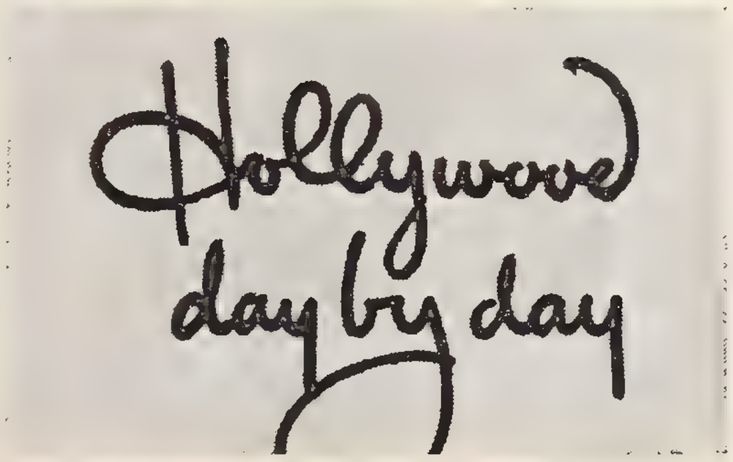
Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer

When told of rumors that she would soon divorce George, Ruth said angrily, "It's ridiculous! Of course not. And what do you mean by printing in your old magazine that George can't make love convincingly? He certainly can!"

And there she had me, because in the review of "Mary Stevens, M.D." in The New Movie, our reviewer did infer that George was a bit inadequate in his love-making. The funniest part of the whole business is that George wasn't even in the picture. The hero, of whom our reviewer made so light was Lyle Talbot, and judging by the way he has been taking girls away from me lately, I think Lyle's ability along those lines was underestimated.

You'll pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that George was not in the picture, had nothing to do with it, and probably would have been swell in it, if he had had anything to do with it. This little note is in fairness to him, a fine fellow and a fine actor. It is bad enough to be roasted for something you did do, but it ought to get a chap's dander up to the boiling point to be roasted for something you didn't do. George has what I consider a perfect alibi.

FRANCHOT TONE is definitely head man in Joan Crawford's public life now, all her other suitors having been left by the roadside. For ever so long Franchot put on a definite campaign to get his mother to leave New York and come to Hollywood. Joan, too, urged Mrs. Tone to come out for a visit.



Anyway, Franchot took a house in Brentwood near Joan's, and furnished one room for his mother—all white and powder blue. When it was finished he had photographs made of it and sent them to his mother and the photographs did the trick. She took the very next train out.

Joan has been doing a little renovating in her own house. She didn't like her front hallway, which was square, so she had six mirror panels put in to form the wall of the room opposite the front door. It makes the room look very large. She also moved her grand piano in the hall and so now, I suppose, the hall is the music room.

SPEAKING of music, Joan can always be located at the studio by the sound of music. If there is nothing better around, she plays her portable victrola. She has a standing order for every Bing Crosby record as soon as it is made.

When Joan likes anything or anybody she lets everybody know it. So Bob Leonard, her director, thought he was doing her a personal favor when he engaged Arthur Jarrett to sing in "Dancing Lady," Joan's new picture. "Here's your friend," he announced, pointing at Jarrett. "I don't know him," Joan replied, and then had to explain to Bob that although she had enjoyed his singing at the Cocoanut Grove, she had never met him.

(*Please turn to page* 70)

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

Elmer Fryer

Chorus scene from "Footlight Parade," featuring Joan Blondell, James Cagney, and Ruby Keeler.

THE MONTH'S

BIGGEST HIT

LEARN TO CROON (fox trot)

played by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra, with Bing Crosby (Brunswick)

SWEET SUE (fox trot)

played by Louis Armstrong (Victor)

THANK HEAVEN FOR YOU (fox trot)

played by Anson Weeks and his orchestra (Brunswick)

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

LEARN to Croon." Here's one of the big hits from the Paramount picture, "College Humor," and it's done for us by that young gentleman who did so much to make the picture a success, Bing Crosby. With the able assistance of Jimmy Grier and his orchestra, Bing has given us a record here that everyone will enjoy. Naturally, if you have seen the picture, you won't want to miss this record.

The other side is from the same picture, and by the same artists, but a little more subdued. "Moonstruck" is the title, and Bing does a swell job. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6594).

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, of the leather lungs and iron lip, is next heard from, and as usual he has no trouble in making himself audible. It's an old-timer that Louis plays for us this time, "Sweet Sue," and he features a chorus that he terms the "Vipers' Language," sung by Bud Johnson, with an even more viperish obbligato by Louis himself. If you like Louis you'll go for this one.

The other side is by Satchelmouth too, but this time he stays a little more closely with the music. "Mississippi Basin" is the title, and Louis hits a note at the end of this one that will really make you blink your eyes. As near as I can figure, it's G above high C. (This is Victor Record No. 24321-B).

"THANK Heaven for You" is the title of the next one, and it is taken from the picture, "International House." Anson Weeks and his orchestra are responsible for this record, and I don't believe that you'll be disappointed in their rendition. The vocal chorus is sung by Art Wilson. It makes a fairly good dance record.

On the other side we hear a number from the same film called, "My Bluebird's Singing the Blues." This is also played by Anson Weeks, and (*Please turn to page* 79)

Prevent diphtheria from invading your home

No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without* warning—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child beggars description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be *prevented*.

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE message reproduced here, "No More Diphtheria," published in November 1923, contained facts unknown to a large majority of the people.

Many newspapers verified the statements and then, in the interest of local public welfare, reprinted the article in full in their news or editorial columns, or both. At the same time they urged local Boards of Health to see that every school child was protected from diphtheria. In 1923, the diphtheria death toll was about 13,500 in this country.

The facts about prevention of diphtheria were retold in 1926 when the death list was about 8,750; again in 1929 when it had dropped to about 8,000; and still again in 1931 when the mortality was about 6,000.

It is encouraging to report that last year about 8,000 fewer children died of the disease than in 1923. But the sad fact remains that in 1932, according to estimates, more than 5,000 children, most of them under five years of age, died from the disease.

Your doctor will tell you that the toxin-antitoxin inoculation against diphtheria is extremely simple and is neither painful nor dangerous. It leaves no scar and it gives sure protection from a disease against which, not many years ago, the science of medicine had found no defense.

If all the boys and girls in the country, more than six months of age, are inoculated now—and if in the future all babies are inoculated as soon as they are six months old—the death-rate from diphtheria will fall close to zero, and the promise made ten years ago "No More Diphtheria" will be fulfilled.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 1033-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO

Apply mascara to the upper lashes first, says Una Merkel, M-G-M player, then touch the tips of the lower lashes.

June Vlasek, Fox Film player, uses a soft crayon pencil to accent her eyebrows and lengthen her eyes.

To give a more distinct curve to the lashes June Vlasek uses an eyelash curler. This is used after the mascara is applied.

BEAUTIFUL EYES THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

Movie actresses know the importance of eye care and eye make-up

by

ANN BOYD

DO you want to have languorous eyes like Greta Garbo?

Or wistful eyes like those of ZaSu Pitts?

Would you have eyes as appealing as Janet Gaynor's; as tragic as Sylvia Sidney's; as gay and dancing as Mimi Jordan's; as mischievous as Una Merkel's; or as deep and direct as June Vlasek's?

Take your choice, only first remember that your eyes can't help but express your own personality and will express nothing but symptoms if they are dull, lusterless and strained.

Beautiful eyes can bring beauty to a face otherwise plain. Eyes that are dull and strained with pallid lashes make an otherwise beautiful face undistinguished.

Hollywood actresses know this. They know that eyes are important not only for beauty but for expression of personality. Their eyes are subjected to the fearful strain of powerful lights and yet they keep them clear and bright and unstrained.

That is because they know the value of rest for the eyes, of complete eye relaxation, and practice it.

After a long day on the set June Vlasek bathes her eyes in warm water, then uses an eye wash and follows up with a dash of cold water. If she has more time she lies down with cool wet pads of cotton over her eyes and relaxes completely. "We all know out here how important it is to keep our eyes rested and fresh looking. Maybe that's why Hollywood's (*Please turn to page* 77)

● I couldn't go through a winter without HINDS to heal Junior's chapped knees

● Hanging out wet clothes on cold mornings always meant chapped hands *until*—

How nice it makes my ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS *feel!*

"I'M a busy woman just as you are. I've a house, a husband, a 5-year-old boy. I'm cook, laundress, family chauffeur. My hands must be in and out of the dishpan, the washtub. They used to get terribly chapped and rough — until one happy day I discovered HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

"I'd been using some of those quick-drying lotions! But none of them ever brought me the relief HINDS does. HINDS seems to go deep down under the skin and draw out all the soreness. I can almost *feel* the chapping and roughness healing — almost see my hands getting smoother and whiter right before my very eyes.

"Of course I use HINDS regularly now. I only wish someone had told me about it long ago!"

Quick relief—sure protection

HINDS isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "shellacs" the surface of the skin with a temporary smooth coating. It is a delicate, fragrant *cream in liquid form* that penetrates deep into the tender, inflamed tissues, bringing instant relief.

After exposure, after hands have been in water, and *always* at night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. It protects against chapping and roughness—keeps hands comfortably smooth and soft. Quickly heals children's chapped hands and knees. Get HINDS today.

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream. Made by the makers of HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Light and delicate, the type used by costliest Beauty Salons. Liquefies at skin temperature; *floats out* dirt; won't clog or stretch pores.

• • •

HINDS Products on sale at all **F. W. Woolworth Co. stores,** and at all drug and department stores.

HATS

FOR A STAR AND YOU

BY FRANCES COWLES

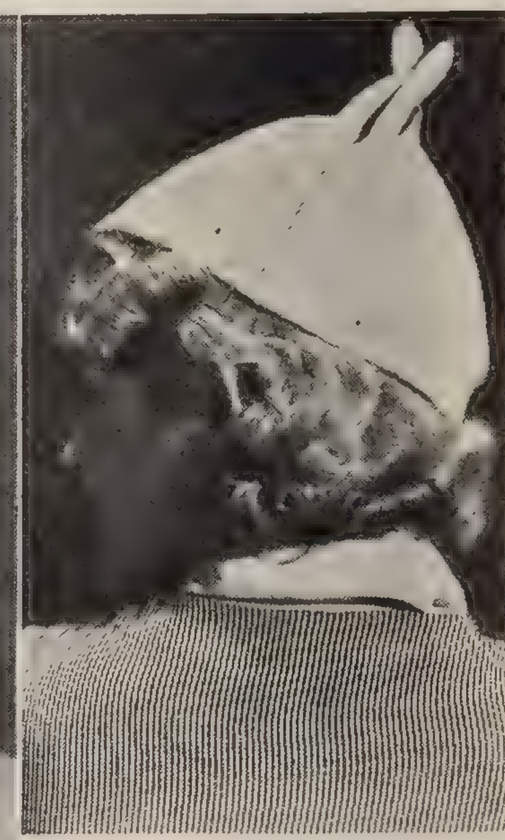
Photographs by Tower Studios

Mimi Jordan chose this blue and gray tweed beret and scarf set for autumn sports. Circular Oc252 gives diagram pattern for the hat—Oc253 for the scarf.

You can easily make these new scarfs and hats with the aid of our New Method Circulars

Hats and scarfs designed by Helen Schad

(Below) Oc254 gives directions and pattern for Mimi Jordan's black velvet toque—Oc255 shows how to make the scarf.



A new silk or wool set. Oc256 for the hat, Oc257 for the scarf.

Please turn to page 87 for directions for obtaining hat and scarf circulars

Let the spool-end be your guide

It is so easy to see what you expect to see. That is why first glances are so deceptive. You expect to see J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the end of a spool of thread you buy. But—don't trust your first glance. Look twice—and be sure! If that second look shows you the name Clark's or Coats on the spool-end—you know you're getting the thread you have always found dependable, as generations of women have before you. Don't risk a mistake. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS · CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page* 63)

JEAN HARLOW'S house has been "nearly finished" for so long that it begins to look hopeless.

"I think the only way to furnish a house successfully is to take a long time," Jean explained. "We try out every piece of furniture before we decide to keep it permanently. I don't see how people can furnish a whole house in a week or two weeks, or even two months."

Jean's house isn't one of those Hollywood mansions that you read about. It's just a nice house. When I couldn't understand the reason for two basements, Jean's stepfather, Marino Bello, explained that it was to economize on heat. There are about six rooms downstairs. Upstairs Jean, her mother and Mr. Bello each have a bedroom and bath and there is an upstairs sitting room.

Jean is feeling badly because a newspaper said that she wouldn't have Gable in another picture with her. It seems that she and Clark and Mrs. Gable are very good friends and Jean hopes he will be in more pictures with her. She really feels so strongly about it she threatened to sue unless the statement was retracted.

Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine

O-o-o-h-h, piggy! Gimme some. . . . Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, all unconscious of the cameraman, snapped between scenes of "Paddy the Next Best Thing."

THERE has to be a first time for everything, they say, and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, for the first time in his life has lost something he loved. Meaning, of course, his wife.

His grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Sully, has presented him with her home here and has moved herself to a hotel. When Doug returned to Hollywood he had a home of his own, newly redecorated by William Haines.

White predominates throughout the house except in Doug's bedroom, which is red, at his own request. Even the beams in the ceiling are painted a vivid red.

"I have no passion in my life now," he said, "so I'll have some in my bedroom."

AND little Jackie Cooper has had his room decorated, too. It represented a ship's cabin, with all of Jackie's model ships and marine trimmings in it. But Jackie objected to the color—orchid—and rightfully, too. His new stepfather sided with him in the argument and between them they got it repainted.

AT the Travis Banton fashion show, which had Claudette Colbert, Adrienne Ames, Carole Lombard, Helen Vinson and Lilyan Tashman as models, the attention of a rapt audience was diverted from the

(*Please turn to page* 72)

Photographed by Wide World

Above: When Jean Hersholt goes home to Denmark, he steps right out among them and does things. Here he is, during his recent visit to his native land, and accompanied by Ruth Bryan Owen, American Ambassador to Denmark, throwing balls at dishes at the local Coney Island.

Left: Buddy Rogers, who forsook the films for his orchestra, giving the Four Abbotteers —Rose Kirsner, Flo Wilson, Gen Irwin and Dolly Bell—a bit of movie instruction. The girls, singing in a Chicago hotel, were transported to Hollywood to appear in Eddie Canter's "Roman Scandals."

Can be yours . . . with Marchand's

THERE is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours!

Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!

If your blond hair has darkened, restore youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blond, chestnut or auburn are possible.

Some people may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!

with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Hollywood day by day

Left: This doesn't look like a picture where tragedy lurks, does it? To the casual observer it is nothing but Sammy Lee, dance director, selecting girls for a chorus in "Dancing Lady." But when he marches down the line, taps a girl on the shoulder, and utters the one word, "Out," that's real tragedy. It means she's lost just one more chance, or that she's lost the wage that stands between her and starvation. "I hate myself every time I say 'Out,'" says the director.

(*Continued from page* 70)
stunning models by the entrance of Lionel Barrymore. He was wearing an old pair of golf pants and a tweed coat and had almost to be pushed into the room. He had promised his wife he would stop there and pick her up after his game of golf, but when Travis saw him he insisted upon taking him in to see the show.

Mrs. Barrymore has been redecorating recently, too, and has white rugs on the drawing room floor. The hangings and couches are pale blue satin. Now, can you imagine Lionel Barrymore in a pale blue-and-white drawing-room? Perhaps that's why he spends so much time in his den at the studio, where he does his etchings.

AT a dinner party at Charlie Chaplin's house recently, John Barrymore told a good story on himself. It seems, according to John, that after all arrangements had been made for the three Barrymores to appear in "Rasputin," Louis B. Mayer began to worry. Whereupon he was reassured by Mr. Barrymore in this manner:

"Now don't you worry, Mr. Mayer. You just let Lionel do the acting and Ethel and me behave and you'll have a good picture."

THERE has been some competition on the Will Rogers set to determine just who was the head man, Rogers or John Ford, the director.

The crisis came when Rogers wanted to get away from the studio to attend an athletic event and Ford said he must stay and work. The second day Mr. Ford excused Rogers at noon and away he rushed like an excited school boy. The next morning when he appeared on the set he looked around for the chair with his name on the back.

The three pictures above were snapped at a party of the Ralph Morgans. Above is Kay Francis, in the center are Jack Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, his wife, and Kenneth MacKenna, Kay's husband; and at the bottom are Alan Dinehart, one of our latest bridegrooms, and Claudia Morgan. The camera was manipulated by Ralph Morgan.

"There's your chair," said a property boy, pointing to a chair with "Tom Mix" painted boldly on the back.

"What's this?" asked Rogers. "This isn't my chair."

"Well, I don't know," replied Ford. "There was some cowboy working in this picture. It might have been Tom Mix."

Then, because he can take it as well as hand it out, Rogers chuckled.

Taking a page from her father's book perhaps, Rogers' daughter, Mary, has refused to grant any interviews. She got a job in the new Lilian Harvey picture, "My Weakness," under the name of Mary Howard, but was soon found out. She is as pretty as a picture, "but I haven't anything to say, yet," she declared. "I wanted to make good on my own, so I used the name of Howard."

And since she has been discovered she still insists on the name Howard.

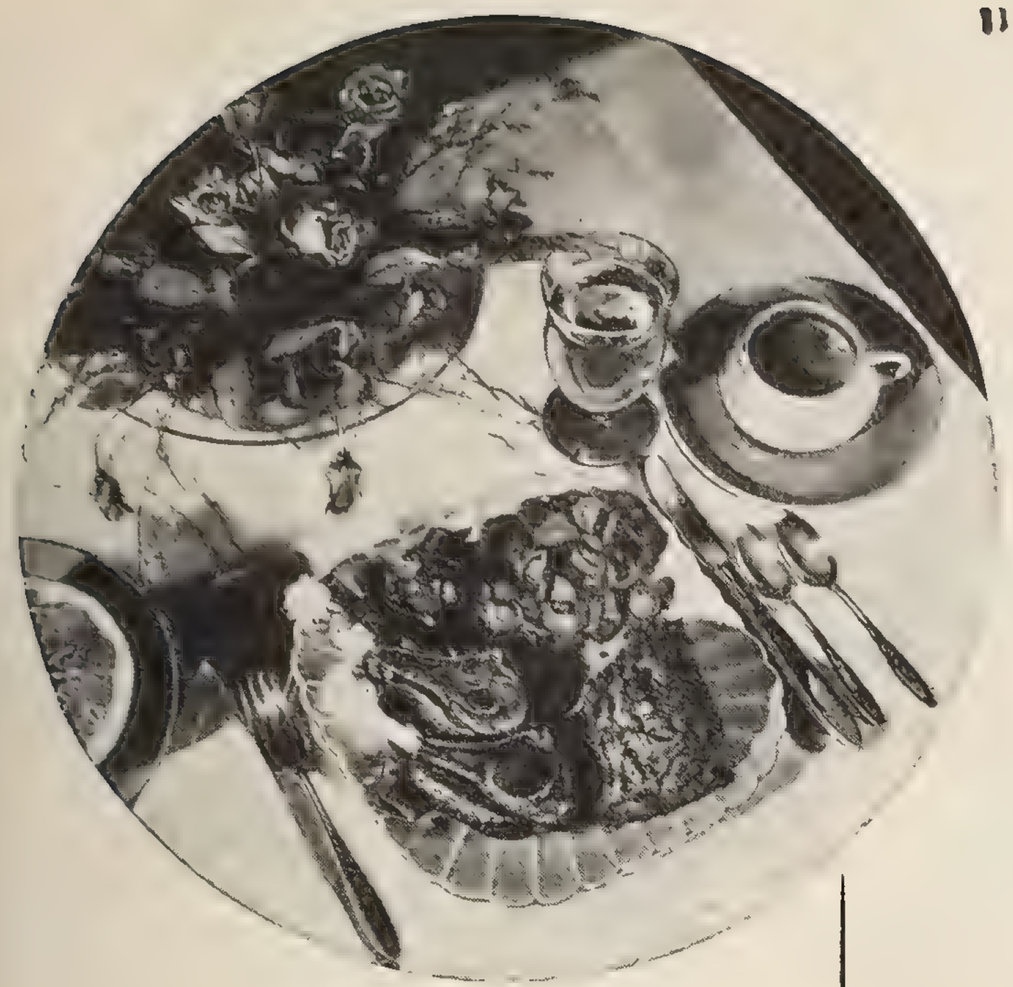
ANOTHER newcomer, Bill Cagney, seems to be making out all right at the RKO studio, where he has a contract. He was out posing for publicity pictures the other day and went through the press agents' routine of toying with bears, elephants and every other kind of animal available. Finally they put a little bird on his finger. Bill, by this time, was feeling quite bored when suddenly the bird piped up:

"What are you doing Monday night?"

They hadn't told Bill that it was a tiny parrot.

"I didn't know Bill had a girl," Jimmy Cagney told me. "I never know anything about him. He will be sitting around and suddenly he gets up, says good-bye and off he goes. I read in the papers the next day that he was out with Lola Lane or some other girl."

(*Please turn to page* 75)



"The RECIPES of the MONTH"

Start a Library . . . of *Favorite Recipes* . and Add to it Each Month

Start this library of favorite recipes and we'll wager that you'll never get a meal without using it . . . because they cover all different types of cooking, give excellent menus, exciting recipes and food news.

Each food circular (10c complete) is the same size so you can fit them all in one big binder. Then each month the Home Service Bureau will announce a new food circular in this magazine . . . be sure to add it to your recipe library.

☐ WARM WEATHER MENUS—10c

You'll want them for these last hot spells in August and September. Menus for breakfast, lunch, dinner . . . first course recipes . . . salads . . . cold meat dishes . . . desserts . . . children's summer diet . . . party refreshments.

☐ MENUS FOR TWO—10c

Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

☐ FOODS THAT MEN PREFER—10c

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ FAVORITE COMPANY DINNER MENUS—10c

Menus, simple and elaborate, but the kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . first course dishes . . . meat recipes . . . vegetables . . . salads . . . cakes and pies . . . popular frozen desserts.

☐ MEAT AT ANY PRICE—10c

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

☐ FRUIT RECIPES—10c

Fruits for breakfast in ways you'd never suspect . . . fruit dishes children like . . . fruit with meat . . . fruit salads . . . shortcakes and muffins . . . fruit pies . . . beverages . . . food value of fruits.

☐ ALL-PURPOSE MENUS FOR THREE WEEKS—10c

Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out *for* you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

☐ HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT—10c

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts . . . 100-calory portions in desserts.

☐ REFRESHMENT MENUS—10c

Menus and recipes for one and two-course party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches . . . canapes . . . home-made pastries . . . party plans.

Use The Coupon Below To Start Your Recipe Library

Rita Calhoun,
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the food circulars I have checked above. I am enclosing 10c for each one I want.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

Here's a Laxative that you really *enjoy!*

THERE used to be an old-fashioned idea that a medicine had to be bitter to be effective.

But people learned better. That's why millions of men, women and children take Ex-Lax.

Make this Test!

Next time you need a laxative, go out and get yourself a box of Ex-Lax. Take a tablet or two before retiring. You won't make faces when you take it—you'll actually *enjoy* its rich chocolate taste. And, next morning, when you see the mild, gentle way it works, you'll resolve never to take bitter, messy purgatives again!

Ex-Lax is enjoyed by the entire family. It is equally effective for young and old.

No wonder Ex-Lax has outlived many other laxatives—that it has become the all-family laxative in millions of homes.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!

All druggists sell Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. But be sure to ask for the *genuine*—spelled E-X-L-A-X.

For a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B103, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The MAKE-UP BOX

LET your thoughts soar upward if you're in search of beauty. Hair is gaining in importance and going up with the style trends. It's worn with smooth straight sections here and curly ones there—and it must look lovely and be healthy. Of course you want yours to shine with the rest, so you'll be interested in a new two-fold tonic that is a great help in removing scalp disorders such as dandruff. It cleans the pores and scalp thoroughly when applied before the shampoo and, used at other times, serves as dressing to keep the hair in place. Applied before a permanent wave it assures a deeper and more lasting curl.

A two-fold tonic for your hair.

AND for your face a new powder—a dull finish powder—to take away the shine and yet not give you that powdered look. We like it especially because it is blended to suit both dry and oily skins and since most of us have complexions that include both types, that's quite the right idea. Frequent dabbing with a powder puff is being frowned on not as a social error but because powder should be patted on a clean face. The new powder will assure you a soft dull finish even to that oily panel which includes the nose. Try it. And try also the attractive new rouge compact, amazingly inexpensive that has just arrived. Two shades are offered, cherry red and carnation and the compact is large enough to last a long time and fit a slim purse.

Dull finish powder.

CHARM is an elusive quality that all of us seek and some of us find. Most of us, though, need a little expert help in making the most of ourselves—and a charm school is the answer. Keeping our ear to the ground as we do for beauty developments we found just the sort of school—and you don't have to go to classes. It's a finishing school by correspondence under the guidance of a woman who knows how to be charming herself—a course that will give you poise, finish, grace; help you to make the most of your loveliness. It's just the thing for a busy woman whether she works at home or in the office.

AS refreshing to the eye as their contents are to the body, these new ensembled bath items are well and favorably known to you in their old packaging. Now with soft blue containers sprinkled with a cool floral spray design of white and green the trio makes an attractive group in any bathroom. There is the talc with a new metal container and leak-proof shaker top device as well as a new price; bath powder with a metal waterproof base to the box and a large pastel puff; and toilet water in a fluted crystal bottle packed in cases to match the powder and talc. All three come in a wide selection of odors. In addition this concern has created two new specialized skin preparations—a rich eye cream to prevent fine lines and crepey texture and an acne lotion to dry up skin blemishes with its antiseptic healing properties and act as a safe smooth concealing base for make-up at the same time. Turquoise caps distinguish both the acne lotion bottle and the eye cream jar.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND maidens prance gaily around the cover of our newest lipstick. And South Sea Island colors are now the rage for our lips. This entirely new lipstick has just the right consistency and they tell me it won't melt even at 120 degrees. The lipstick is the result of two years' experimentation and is tuned to today's tastes. The shades are all quite light ranged to harmonize with skin tones, a light coral shade for blondes and Titians; an exotic new transparent shade; a medium red in a true blood shade for brunettes; and a transparent or changeable shade that contains no pigment and stains to the shade it should be. None of these shades turns blue. They are, too, sufficiently indelible to warrant another new product—lipstick remover.

A new bath ensemble.

For further details and prices of these articles as well as other new beauty information write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for your October Make-up Box.

Realistic shades in lipstick.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 72)

When Jimmy was in New York recently he was invited one evening to an after-theater party. He didn't know it was a formal party, so wore a business suit, but when he arrived he found everyone else wearing evening clothes. That didn't bother Jimmy, however. He enjoyed the conversation until suddenly a high-brow actor, in a very English accent, stopped in the middle of the conversation, turned to Jimmy and asked:

"Get what I mean, kid?"

Jimmy's mother and sister are spending the Summer with him and may remain permanently. His sister, Jean, is still determined to become a doctor, but she has plenty of time to change her mind. She is just fourteen years old.

YOU can't stop this second generation. Alice Moore, sixteen-year-old daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, made her picture debut in a Fanchon Royer production recently. "She is a beautiful girl," Jose Crespo told me. "Among all the other girls, she stands out." From which I, understanding Jose's Spanish-English, gather that he thinks Alice is on the up and up.

OUT at Universal Studio there is as much noise these days in the old lodge as there was when it was occupied by Paul Whiteman and his band. But it is a different kind of music. The lodge now serves as a schoolroom for twenty-six girls and boys who were chosen from 4,000 applicants from California high schools.

Dave Werner and B. E. Brown, casting director at the studio, got the idea when they saw several high school plays directed by Harold Turney.

"If he can teach those kids to act so naturally, why don't we have him train a bunch of them for us?" they asked.

Junior Laemmle thought it a good idea, so now, after auditions and eliminations, the lucky twenty-six form the Junior Stock Company.

(*Please turn to page* 109)

COME TO MY PARTY

Do you say that and then wonder what in the world you will serve? You won't need to wonder or worry if you have a copy of our loose-leaf food circulars, FAVORITE COMPANY DINNERS. Both menus and recipes are included. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

When you see a wash as white as this . . .

look in the washtub and you'll probably see this . . .

IT isn't just "happen-stance" that *snow-white washes* and Fels-Naptha go hand-in-hand.

There's a very good reason for it. Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so thoroughly that it gets your clothes *cleaner.*

Fels-Naptha, you see, brings you two brisk cleaners instead of one! Good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha, working together to give you *extra* help—a better job than either cleaner alone could give you.

When a team like this gets busy, even stubborn grime hurries out—every bit of it lets go! No worries about "left-over dirt." Your things are clean, clear through. Fresh and white, with the airy sweetness that's the sign of a perfect wash.

Fels-Naptha saves hard rubbing. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Right now, change to Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars at your grocer's. Use it in tub or machine. In hot, lukewarm or cool water. For soaking or boiling clothes. When you see what bright snowy clothes it gives, you'll want it in *your* washtub every washday.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 10-33
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Please print name and address completely)

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP about lingerie soaps?

Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich *round* bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and woolens . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are *four* good reasons . . .

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves *completely.*

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—NO! A BIG package costs only 15¢.

IVORY SNOW

Enough Ivory Snow in this big 15¢ package to wash your silk stockings and underwear SAFELY every day for more than a month!

99 44/100 % PURE

Sex Appeal Is a Trick

(*Continued from page* 33)

want to be spectacular, you can wear a heavy make-up, the exaggerated Crawford lip and the arched eyebrows.

"But be sure to remove all traces of make-up before you get home. If you haven't had an opportunity before, excuse yourself the minute you get inside the house. You can say: "Excuse me; I want to see if the maid left any messages on my desk," and rush into your dressing-room. There is nothing more disgusting than to leave make-up all over a man's coat, so quickly remove every trace of it.

"A man loves to be able to say: 'You are so natural looking. I like a girl who doesn't wear a lot of make-up.'

"And always leave your wrap on, or some little jacket that is very becoming. The more you cover yourself up, the more curiosity you arouse in the pursuing male.

"A PIANO always makes a good background. It's so nice and substantial to lean against. . . . Pin your hair back behind your ears. If you have that kind of ears, it's always good to expose them. And a heavy satin dress, very tight fitting, modest looking, all concealing but really all-revealing, can be very useful. Strike a Jean Harlow pose from the waist up and a Norma Shearer from the waist down. A vase of flowers behind you always helps, especially if the flowers are the color that do you the most good. And be sure that the flowers in your house *are* the color that is most becoming to you. A profusion of flowers is so feminine.

"IF you happen to be near a large chair, drop into it and fall into a Dietrich pose. No man can think about disarmament when you have one leg over the arm of a chair.

"Always say good-night very firmly, but be sure you look your most enticing when you say it. Offer your hand to be kissed. It is a sweet friendly gesture, and makes you seem so unobtainable. Especially if you are wearing a new pink gown with a bright red velvet jacket (another Hattie Carnegie model) lined with pink.

"AND don't ever tell anyone that I said all this, because," and here Miriam blushed again, "it's just amazing how many of these things you actually do do."

The November Issues

of
- HOME
- NEW MOVIE
- Illustrated LOVE
- MYSTERY

will be on sale October 4th. Get your copy early . . . the supply won't last all month.

Beautiful Eyes

(*Continued from page* 66)

getting the reputation of being a nine o'clock town," said June. "Eyes just aren't the same unless you've had plenty of sleep."

Eye make-up is especially important for actresses on the set—make-up to give the eyes their proper setting and color values to the camera. Street make-up, too, has taken many hints from camera make-up.

Here's a tip from Miss Vlasek: To complement your eyes try drawing a fine line from the outer corner of the eye.

Unless you are an extremely dark brunette it is better to use some other shade than black for your mascara. The dark brown shade is becoming to most eyes. Light blondes should use light brown mascara and girls with blue eyes can use blue mascara with flattering effect.

Touch only the tips of the lower lashes or the effect will be hardening. Brush the upper lashes thoroughly and then use a clean brush to wipe off the excess. Brush up always to curl the lashes but if yours are uncompromisingly straight, why not try an eyelash curler?

Movie actresses have become adept at applying their own false eyelashes, either the type that comes on a strip or the single lashes that are each glued separately to a natural lash.

Lashes that are ragged and short should be brushed with one of the eyelash growers on the market which tends to stimulate the growth of the lashes and keep them from stiffening.

Eye shadow is one make-up item that no star wants to be without, although they warn against packing it on too thick. Use blue shadow if your eyes are that color; brown for brown eyes; green or blue for green eyes and green or gray for hazel eyes. Gray eyes will take any shade.

Here's an eye massage routine such as Hollywood stars use to keep the skin around their eyes soft and prevent wrinkles from forming.

I. Use a heavy cream, a massage cream or a special eye cream—there is one that looks like a sweet confection of figs and is lovely—and spread the cream around the eyes in a wide oval.

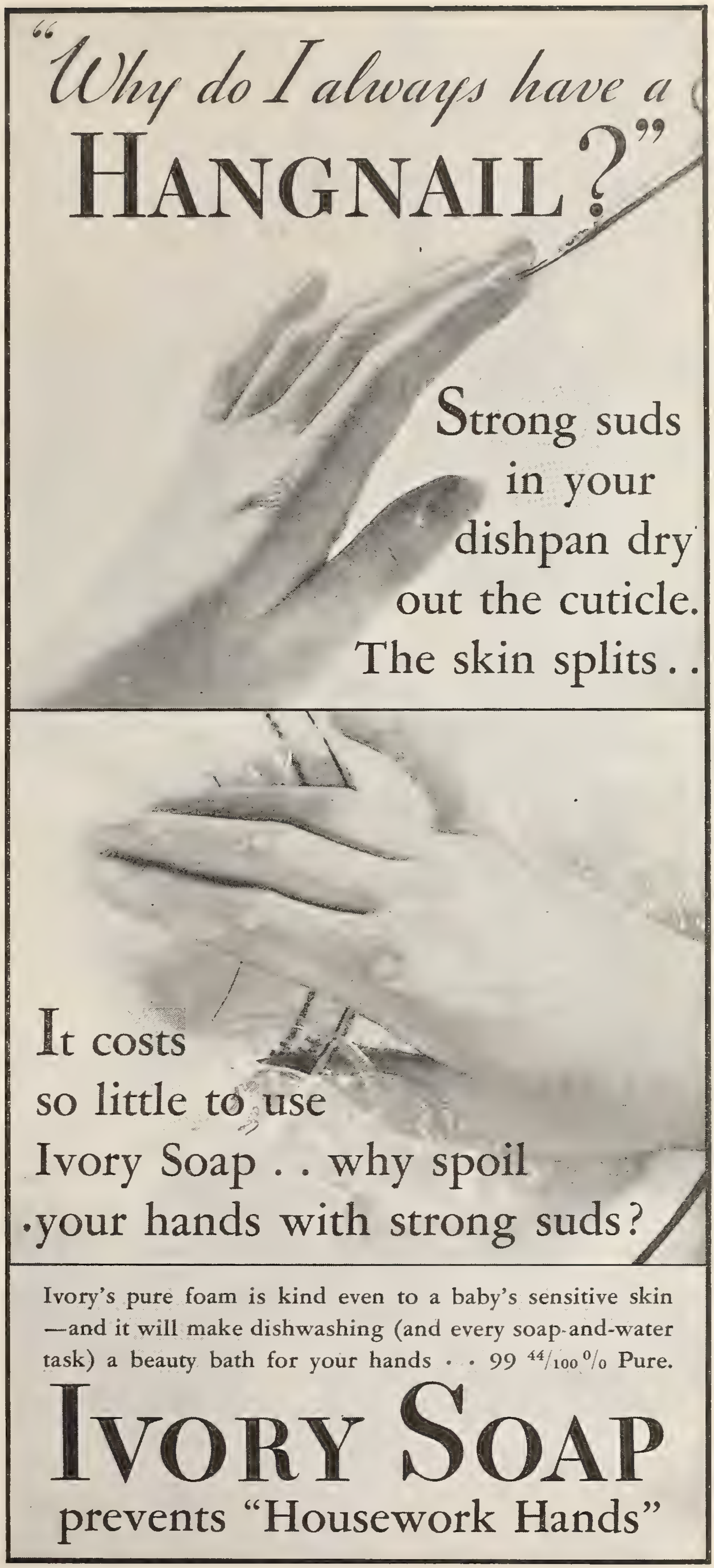
II. Start massaging with the middle finger of each hand placed against the nose at the inside corner of the eyes. Massage in an oval over the eyelids and around the outside corners, under the eyes and back to the nose. Repeat using two fingers of each hand.

III. Massage in the same path, only move the fingers in tiny circles as you proceed.

IV. Using the three middle fingers of each hand start at the center of the forehead over the nose and follow the eyebrow line in a sweeping movement.

Massage should be done with the cushion balls of the fingers. Finish by patting with eye lotion and applying an eyewash.

This month's Make-up Box has some special eye hints for you and a list of eye exercises in addition to news notes of new products and beauty finds. Write to Ann Boyd, care of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for your copy of the October Make-up Box.*



New Natural Make-Up gave her lips more Allure!

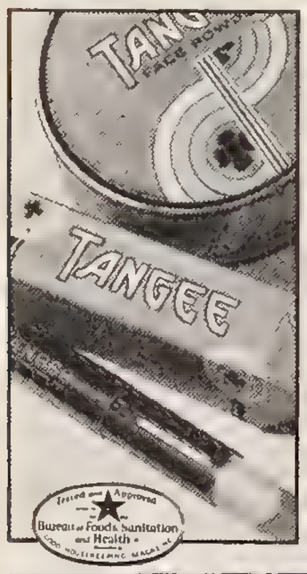
LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking color . . . without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth and kissable!

Lips Colorful . . Without Paint

Ordinary lipsticks coat the lips with paint. But Tangee cannot give your lips a painted look. It isn't paint.

Tangee actually changes to the color hidden in your own lips. In the stick, it looks orange. But on your lips, it's *your* shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Use Tangee and see your lips youthful with fresh, natural color! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . at all toilet goods counters.



The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the *new* Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!** TG10

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Introducing the Hollywood Cupid

(*Continued from page* 31)

And Ann Harding . . ." scowling extravagantly he furtively dashed a tear from his off eye. "I tell you, the way I feel right now, I'd swap my share in this Cupid business for one schooner of 3.2, and move in with Peter the Hermit! At least, you can depend on the birds and bees."

"For what?" I wanted to know. "Next to Peggy Joyce, a lady bee has more husbands than any two of your customers. And, speaking of birds . . ."

"SPEAKING of Peggy Joyce," Cupe interrupted, "I washed my hands of that gal after her fifth divorce. Swore I'd never point another arrow in her direction, so help me! Peggy's a nice girl and I tried to do right by her. Millionaires I nicked for her. Even drew blood—and blue blood, I'll have you know—on a count, or duke, whatever he was. They all look alike to me. But, after that last crack-up, I said, *Finis*. That's what I said."

"Whadda ya mean—'finis'?" I snorted. "With Peg and Jack Oakie all of a dither . . ."

"Can I help it," he shrugged, "if they got in the way when I was aiming at Lyle Talbot and Wynne Gibson? Believe me, I was as surprised as . . ."

"Skip it," I advised laconically. "You've got more alibis than Al Capone. How about Talbot and Gibson? Was it on the up and up? Or do I lose a box of cigars?"

"I'm afraid you lose, I hope," he sighed. "Some more of that 'platonic' stuff. They both happened to have a sense of humor, and that's bad. For my business, anyhow."

"Right," I agreed. "Besides, Lyle's prospects are too good, and the boy's too smart to ruin a swell career by fooling around with the TNT you dish out. Look what you did to George Brent. He had everything it takes to get the gals making jittery jots on lavender notepaper. But—before he could get to first base, somebody turned *you* loose on "The Rich Are Always With Us" set, and. . . . Youse is indeed a viper, One Shot!"

"AREN'T they a perfect pair?" Cupe murmured smugly. "Brent is so handsome, and Chatterton's such a swell person. That was a nice piece of work, yowsah . . ."

"'Nice'?" I echoed. "With George and Ralph Forbes comparing notes on Ruth's two honeymoons? I ask you. . ."

"Wait a minute . . ." One Shot growled irritably. "All I do is nick 'em . . . See? If they want to tear their respective breakfast nooks apart, can I help it? Love is my business. Leave the transom-peeking to your chatter writers."

"With pleasure!" I agreed. "In fact, I've left it to them ever since the time I blistered my schnozzle, sticking it into the Lombard-Powell affair."

"Let that be a lesson to you. And, stop reminding me of the mistakes of my youth, will you?" he protested.

"Well, and then Mary Pickford tried to tell me she would never leave Doug. You can't blame me for checking up on it, can you? After all, that's *my* business and I have to take care of it."

"Yeh . . ." he shook his head sadly. "It takes all kinds to make a world."

"And for *that*," I glowered, "I'm going to rub your nose in the Crawford-Fairbanks bust-up! Your masterpiece, huh? Your 'tribute to Eros', eh? I wasn't going to mention it, you unmitigated braggart, but you walked right into it—"

"Will you go home?" he squirmed. "Something told me to go to the mountains when I started out to get away from it all, this morning! Is there no place where a guy can suffer in peace?" His chin quivered pathetically.

I FELT like a wife-beater. "Aw, say . . ." I tried to smooth it over. "Don't take it so hard, pal. We all make mistakes. The question is, will Doug and Joan make it up? I mean, it looked so regular, at first."

He shook his head mournfully. "They were different personalities, at first. When they met, Joan was a rowdy play girl, and Doug, an unsophisticated dreamer. Now, he's become a rowdy play boy and Joan has outgrown him. I don't know." He gestured helplessly.

In deference to his utter misery, I tactfully changed the subject. "Well, the Gables are hanging together, anyhow. That's something."

"A clever woman—that Mrs. Gable," he nodded. "Wise enough to keep eyes and mouth shut in order to assure the permanence of her marriage. Clark will have to make the break, if any, and I think he's a bit too wise, himself, to tempt the gods. Such a business!" he kicked the sand angrily. "If they marry with an eye to furthering their careers," he gave the word a nasty inflection, "it invariably flops, from natural causes. If, on the other hand, they're really in love and marry in *spite* of the career . . . it usually flops, anyhow. Phooey! I'd rather drive a truck! Crazy humans . . . placing money and fame above the greatest thing in the world. I tell you, I'm fed up!" He shook his bow finger savagely in my face. "I quit! Let 'em get along without me, and see how they like it!" He stopped short.

FAR down the beach, two indistinct figures strolled. They were holding hands and walked suspiciously close together.

With a leap, One Shot grabbed his quiver and bow. His eyes were bright with suppressed excitement as he started down the sandy stretch.

"Wait a minute!" I panted, trying to keep up with him. "What's it all about? Who? . . . Why? . . ."

"Keep back!" he hissed. "This is serious business! If you gallop in and spoil things, I'll get *you*."

Determinedly I clutched his arm. "Shoot, if you must!" I quoted dramatically. "But, not a step do you go until I know the answer. Come clean!"

He hesitated but a fraction of a second. Then, "Myrna Loy . . ." he puffed. "And . . . Ramon Novarro. . . Lemme at 'em, you nuisance! Leggo. . . . !"

I did.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 64)

possibly you'll like this one better than the first number. Again we hear Art Wilson doing the vocal work. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6575.)

HERE is one by a band that is one of my favorites, Ray Noble and his orchestra, in my estimation, England's best. "Lying in the Hay" is the tune they play, and these boys really put everything they've got into a number. For unique and enjoyable arrangements, this band is hard to beat. You'll like the vocal refrain, too.

The other side is by the same orchestra. It's called "Wanderer." This is every bit as good as the first, and goes far to make a thoroughly enjoyable and danceable record. (This is Victor record No. 24297-B.)

"SOPHISTICATED LADY," Duke Ellington's big hit is next, with Earl Harlan and his orchestra. It wouldn't take much work to turn Earl Harlan and his orchestra into one of the best known colored bands today. See if you know who they are. This is a swell dance record.

The other side is "Smoke Ring," also played by Earl Harlan and his orchestra, but strange as it seems, it is another Earl Harlan. It's a good record anyhow. (This is Melotone record No. M-12739).

FOR those of you who enjoy the singing of Baby Rose Marie, and no doubt there are plenty who do, here's your chance. It's a tune from the picture "International House" which we have already reviewed. "My Bluebird's Singing the Blues" is the title, and as I said, if you like Baby Rose Marie, you'll like this record.

The other side is also by the same small artist, singing "Come Out-Come Out-Where Ever You Are." (This is Brunswick Record No. 6570).

HERE is a peach of a vocal by that star of the "Cotton Club Parade," Ethel Waters. Naturally enough she's singing the song that was written for her in the revue, called "Stormy Weather." If you really want to hear this number sung the way it was intended to be sung, don't miss this record.

The other side is also by Miss Waters and this time she sings "Love Is the Thing," another Harlem Torch. You'll like this. (This is Brunswick record No. 6564).

KEEP UP-TO-DATE

on the latest beauty innovations. Keep posted on the new products and the latest and most approved methods. Our October Make-up Box has all sorts of beauty news for you. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stop being *Frightened* by the Calendar!

MANY married women live to learn that their greatest "worries" have been those that never happened. Time and again fear alone leads them to believe that some minor feminine ailment is the start of a major physical crisis.

But why continue to live in constant dread? Why allow youth and health to fade, through timid ignorance or neglect of proper marriage hygiene? . . . Practice intimate feminine antisepsis as recommended by leading physicians throughout the world for over 40 years. Use "Lysol" regularly and intelligently for intimate personal cleanliness.

"Lysol" is *safe*. For, unlike many other antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free alkali to burn tender membranes and desensitize live tissues. Mild, gentle, "Lysol" is used even in childbirth operations, when tissues are most sensitive.

"Lysol" is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even when in active contact with organic matter. For, unlike these undependable compounds, "Lysol" *maintains* its potency while *they* lose 95% of their active strength under such conditions.

Start using "Lysol" now. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it. For further information on this subject, so vital to you, we suggest the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," containing advice by famous women physicians. Send the coupon today.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept.* LO-10
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)
☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

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Longlex
MANICURE
LIQUID POLISH

ONLY 10¢

5 smart shades

At your favorite 10¢ Store

General Joan

(*Continued from page 27*)

completely. And, while she's not the devil-child she used to be in the pre-Crawford era, she's completely clubby and natural with her adored one. They exchange gifts, call each other on the phone and are as devoted as Damon and Pythias!

JOAN'S a very human girl. She does human things in a human way. She occasionally goes a little distant if she's preoccupied or worried—just as you or I greet members of our family with a vague "Hello" if our minds are troubled. It's a sort of protective coloring we take on so we won't be disturbed by things outside ourselves until we've solved our problem.

To casual acquaintances, Joan's a hard girl to understand. She doesn't fully understand herself. She's so constantly changing, learning, reinforcing and improving, that even she can't quite keep track of the new Joan as the old fades out of sight.

Every year or so she gives herself a spiritual peeling and comes forth drastically different. In the process she makes a few minor mistakes . . . witness last season's *Letty Lynton-Sadie Thompson* lips . . . but on the whole, she definitely progresses.

No woman star on the screen today can look back on what she has made of herself with the pride that Joan can.

SHE has the ability of execution of a military strategist, and like any good general, she plots her courses, reviews her assets and sets forth into battle with supreme confidence that her fight is a good fight.

She has rare courage. But the "slings and arrows" bury themselves deeper in her heart than in the hearts of most ambitious women, because Joan's a hypersensitive creature. She can't shrug off disappointments with philosophic calm; she's far too intense about her work to take set-backs like a stoic. She's had to fight through plenty of hurts, intentional or otherwise, through opposition, careless misunderstanding and adverse comment, to gain her solid foothold on this shifting battlefield.

Joan's an extremist. She burns up her old enthusiasms almost before she's found new ones to take their places. The only changeless, all-powerful force behind her is her determination to succeed. To that, she will sacrifice sleep, food, relaxation, pleasure, even peace of mind and body.

No one who really knows her, however, can feel she sacrificed her marriage on that high altar. She gave her years with young Doug a concentrated attention and full-hearted ardor that should have saved it from the rocks. Human agency can't always be blamed, though, for the way the cards fall. Fate has a cunning way of stacking them against us before the game ever begins. Yet Joan's marriage enriched her, gave her fresh contacts and ideas she might never have otherwise had.

IN spite of the fine, sharp edges of her character, Joan has hidden soft places that give her much trouble. She can't say "no" to a hard-luck story, nor can she help going out of her way to find trouble to alleviate. She needs an armed guard to save her from herself. It isn't necessary to specify incidents. Stories have been written about them before. Besides, Joan loathes having "copy" made of her open-handedness.

All her little idiosyncrasies—the carrying of a fresh gardenia at all times, the ultra-long, ultra-carmine fingernails, the sudden changes from gay good humor to sombre melancholy, are immaturities not compatible with very direct, unaffected General Joan. They are little self-conscious gestures that don't really belong. Forget them, Joan!

DEEP within her is a sub-strata of asceticism, totally unsuspected by the casual, because nature has accentuated and outlined her appearance to a startling degree. She has all the lush flamboyance of figure and face we've accredited to temptresses down through the ages, without being in the least lush or flamboyant.

When she was a great deal younger, she *did* have a reputation for the spectacular, earned no doubt, by her love for action, color, change . . . her passionate joy in dancing.

She grabbed then, eagerly and with both hands. Now she reaches out, picks up, examines and either retains or discards, with the wisdom of a connoisseur. She has learned an admirable sense of values and has allowed her more mental and spiritual side gradually to absorb that very young and very worldly Joan.

She has a certain sweet frankness, a warm and aggressive loyalty, an impulsive generosity. Basically idealistic and sentimental, she is modern enough to keep these qualities in subjection in her business contacts. She knows exactly where she wants to go.

And with every ounce of intelligence, determination, wit, beauty and strength, she's going there.

If, perhaps, her inherent talent is not quite so great as the technique she has perfected, she nevertheless gives splendid, vital performances, full of light and shade and life.

She is a very real person, indeed. I like and admire Joan Crawford. She's taken a lot on the chin the past year or so and came up smiling. So here's a toast, ladies and gentlemen—"To Joan! Health, wealth, success . . . and as much happiness as one traveler can wish another in this troubled world!"

ONE WAY TO BEAUTY

A beautiful figure is a necessity for beauty as any movie star will tell you. You can have one, too, if you take the proper exercise. Send for our special exercise sheets. Write to Ann Boyd, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page 42*)

finally tried it as an experiment and to my surprise it was equally as successful on the air. In other words, in comedy, radio technique and stage technique are identical. Here's the story. But remember, it was done in dialect.

I WENT down to the lower East Side a few weeks ago to get something to eat. I am mad about salami. Well, I really should not say that. I really am crazy about bicarbonate of soda, so I had the salami and the baloney first and then I had the bicarbonate later, so I sat down in a little restaurant. A little Hebrew walked in and sat down alongside of me. I'm sure I don't know what a Hebrew was doing in that neighborhood. The waiter walked over and said, "Howdy-do, howdy-do, howdy-do, your order please if you will be so kindly."

The customer said: "If you will excuse me, I am not in the mood for food, so please do not bother me. I am in the mood to read in the restaurant."

The waiter said: "This is not a rest room. This is not a library. Anybody's coming in here is itting."

The customer said: "I beg your poddon, but are you a college man?"

The waiter said: "Yes, how did you tell?"

The customer said: "You have the intonation from the campus, the alumnus in your attitude, and the faculty for being a waiter."

The waiter said: "Not only am I a college boy. I am a fraternity boy."

The customer said: "A fraternity boy. Well, shut my mouf."

The waiter: "Yes, indeedy, I am an Eta Bita Pie."

The customer: "An Eta Bita Pie? I'm a Moo Cow Moo. Give me the Eta Bita Pie handshake."

The waiter: "Enough of this shilly shallying. What do you like, herring or liver?"

The customer: "I like liver."

The waiter: "Do you like noodle soup or *bortsch?*"

The customer: "I like *bortsch.*"

The waiter: "Do you like mitt or fees?"

The customer: "Meat or fish? Well, it's according to season."

The waiter: "Do you like apple pie or apple strudel?"

"The customer: "You said it."

The waiter: "Do you like coffee, tea, sanka, or postum?"

The customer: "Milk."

THE waiter brought the food the customer ate it, and went back to reading. The waiter figured out the check, laid it down on the table, and the customer knocked it off. The waiter picked up the check, laid it on the table again, and the customer knocked it off. The waiter picked up the check very perturbed, walked over to the customer and said: "There's a difference between you and me for eighty-five cents."

The customer: "That's the way it's going to be. I refuse to pay it."

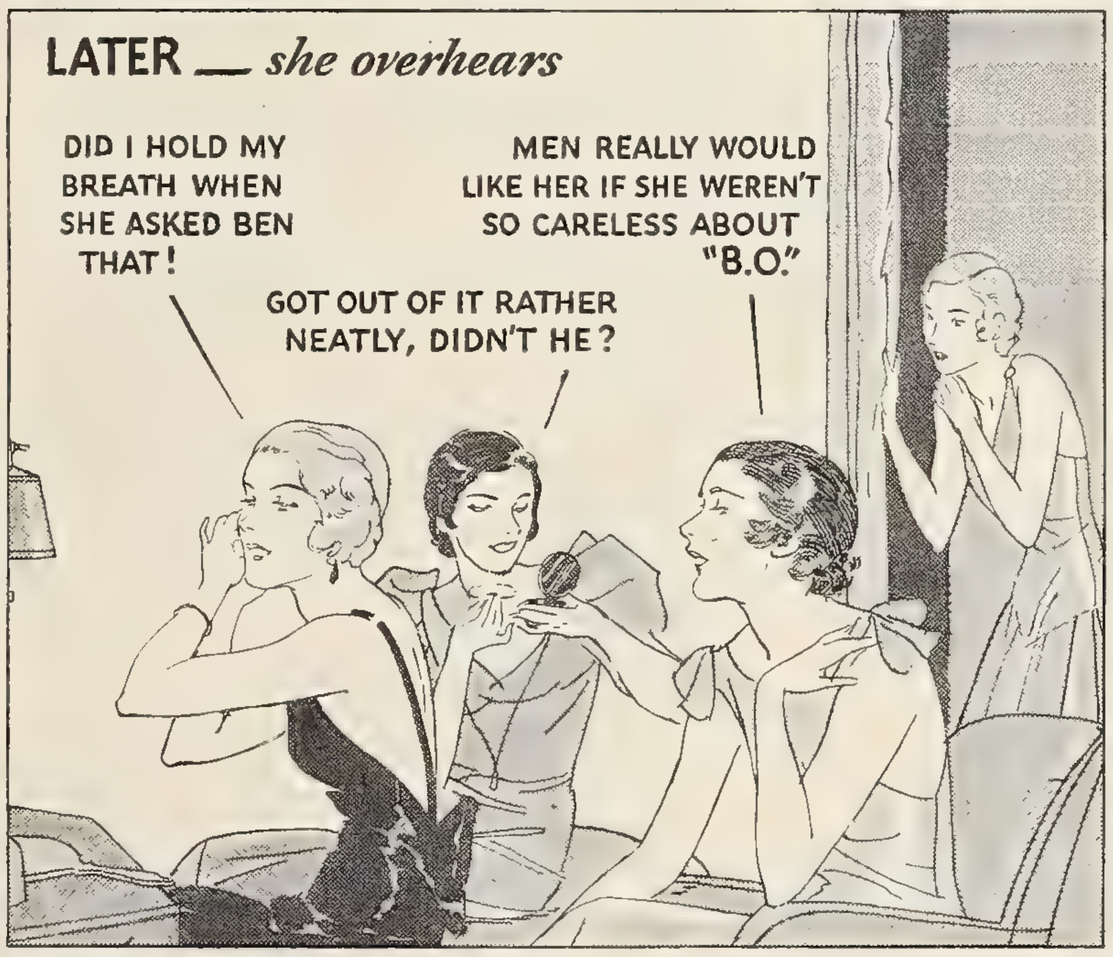
The waiter: "Why?"

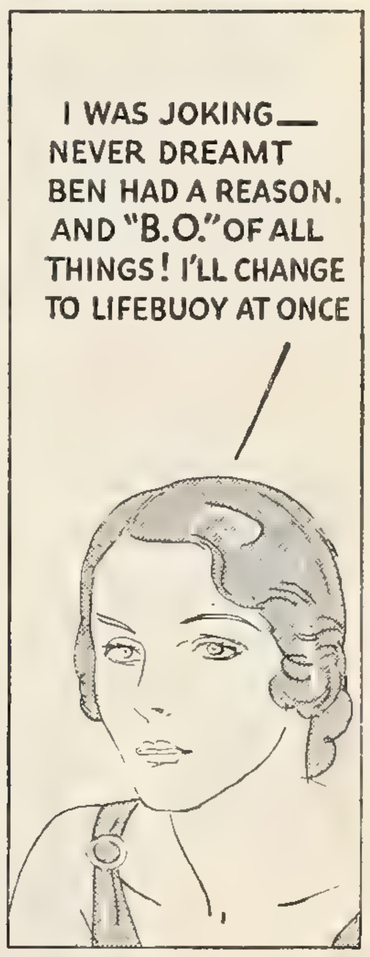
The customer: "I didn't order anything. You asked me what I liked and I told you. . . ."

The waiter: "Oh, a smot guy. A

(*Please turn to page 82*)

"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME





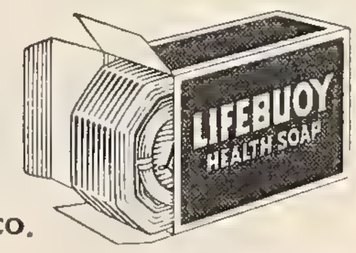
"B.O." GONE — *Ben fights for dances now!*

Freshens complexions, too

LIFEBUOY has improved *countless* complexions—it will do the same for *yours!* Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and *clean*—it's bound to please the most critical eye!

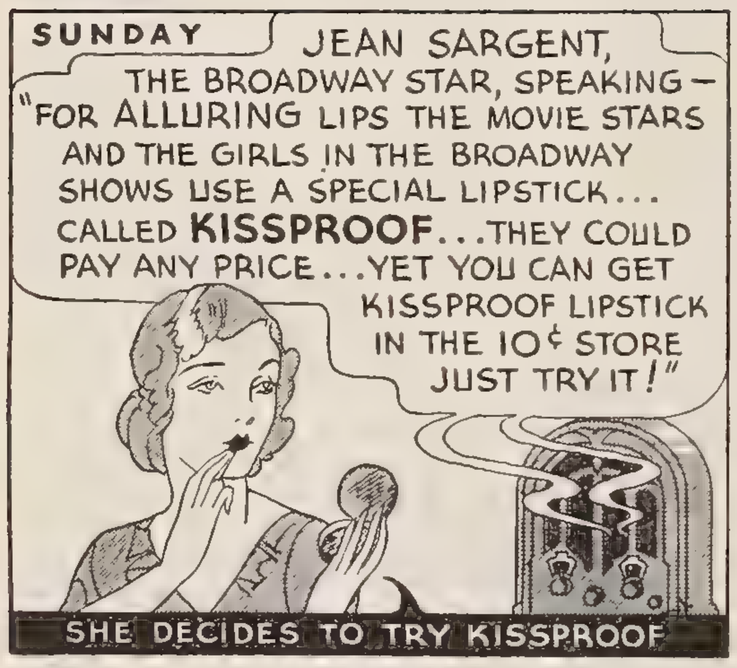
To women in love

They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather *deodorizes*—stops "B.O."



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 81)

wisecracker. Just a sacond if you will be so kindly."

He walked over and called. "Oh, Mr. Lapidus. Oh, boss!"

The boss walked over, a big guy: "What sims to be the difyouculty?"

The waiter: "The man ate up the food and gave a refuzzle."

The boss said: "How come you-all (he was from the South)—how come you-all is giving a refuzzle?"

The customer: "I didn't order anything. The man brought in the food and laid it on the table, and I ate it up. It would have spoiled anyhow."

The boss: "Quincy, that man has got right. He has got right on a technicality. You do not have to pay. Two-gun Lapidus has spoken, but I wonder if you will do me a favor. Across the strit is a man named Schwartz. He has a restaurant like mine. I hate him worse than poison. Here is a dollar. Go over and do to Schwartz the same."

The customer: "I can't. He gave me two dollars to do it to you."

WELL, you could have knocked me over with Kate Smith when I found out that the story went over on the air as well as anything I ever whispered to the fleeting kilocycles. "Shet ma mouf, Holtzie," I said to myself. "You just can't always tell." So I went around to the Ipsy Pipsy Lodge and said, "So what?"

I guess the answer is this: Humor is universal. It has its own language, and it understands certain language, whether you watch it being peddled or just listen. What you have to do first of all is to create a certain picture that's going to put your point over. And, after all, maybe it doesn't matter so much if you create that picture yourself or let Mr. Radio Listener do it himself. Maybe with your material he can create a funnier picture for himself than you can.

Incidentally, some people have asked me if anyone ever resents the Hebrew dialect. I haven't found that to be the case, and mainly, I think, because my Hebrew characters are purely fantastic and I switch often from one to another type of dialect—English, Russian, Swiss, French, Chinese, and what-have-you—and they are all fantastic characters. I've been told that's the reason why no one resents them—because they are too absurd to resent.

Don't think, my *frands,* that I don't have misgivings any more. You-all just don't know the half of it if you think so. I still get just as many jitters as I did before my first broadcast, but now, at least, I have that consolation of knowing that in radio you just can't always tell. And my guess may be just as good as the Archbishop Shapiro's.

LOU HOLZ.

HERE'S a story which proves that Paul Whiteman gives as well as he takes. It concerns one of our very favorite radio performers, Ramona—the singing pianist. She was appearing with Don Bestor's orchestra in Kansas City when Whiteman first heard her, and right away he offered her a contract, but only on one condition.

"Before you join us," said Paul, "you've got to get rid of some of those pounds."

He gave her a copy of his now famous diet and a few weeks later Ramona, after a trip to the scales, bought a ticket to Chicago. She had made the weight.

OUR agents report authoritatively that Ruth Etting's one great ambition is to retire soon from radio and Broadway and buy herself a little farm back in Montana where she was born. If Ruth is serious about this it means that radio will be robbed of one of its finest performers.

PROBABLY the largest collection of dolls now in the possession of any radio performer belongs to Baby Rose Marie. Among those who have contributed to the singer's collection are: Irene Rich, Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, Cecil B. DeMille, Will Rogers, Norma Shearer, Mitzi Green, Graham McNamee Jessica Dragonette, Ruth Etting, Arlene Jackson, Jane Cowl and hundreds of other noted stars.

PERHAPS you've noticed it, perhaps you haven't, but we might as well tell you now. We have one definite phobia, and that's the type of radio announcer that talks down in unctuous syllables to his audience. There is no way of getting even with a guy like that. He's too far away to throw a loud speaker at.

We were pleased the other day when we found that none other than Mr. Irvin S. Cobb had a similar, though somewhat more restrained, reaction. In the reception room at Columbia Broadcasting System recently he defined a radio announcer as "a studio grandee with a drawing-room manner and a gold-plated set of oratorical tonsils. Even when he's gargling a sore throat a radio announcer sounds eloquent."

Now we feel better again.

THE college boys are "donning the moleskin," as the sports writers say, preparatory to another season of modified murder on the gridiron, and again the air waves are welcoming General Foods All-American Football Show which made such a hit last year. Howard Jones, Andy Kerr, Yale's new coach, Reggie Root, and Lieutenant Davidson, the youngest coach the Army ever had, are a few of the big-time football experts scheduled to give us the hot dope and low-down on who's who and what's what on the field of play this Fall.

PRETTY soon now the networks will have to have a naval treaty of their own. A half dozen or more of our best radio performers are already suffering from a yacht complex. Amos felt like a chicken who raised ducks when Mr. Charles J. (Andy) Correll chartered that 86-foot Diesel cruiser, "Brigadier." Jimmy Melton and Guy Lombardo have also been cluttering up the harbors with fast motor yachts. Meanwhile, Conductor Bill Daly and Jimmy Wallington and Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord have been braving white caps in sailing craft. Phillips Lord owns the largest schooner we ever saw, and plans to go around the world in it. It has at least three or four or five or six masts—maybe more.

The World Gone Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 45)

And Wally started his artistic career as a female impersonator. Really, there is no limit to the man's nerve.

New York:

GREAT to be away from it all—away from the incessant talk of pictures, pictures, pictures. New York with its wonderful theaters, music, art exhibitions! I bathe, I dress, I scan the attractions, then board a taxi for Lee Tracy's latest.

Good old gabby, Duse-hands Tracy. He vibrates intelligence. I like his off-stage lingo, too. He packs more into an interview than any of them. A brain—and actor, too. Makes me think of what Louis B. Mayer said to me about Irving Thalberg: "I can't explain Irving. He's marvelous. He's like a cow with two tails. He's . . . he's a genius!"

THE East is hotter than West (How yuh, Mae?) but I must get new clothes. Cords and sweat shirts ain't gen-munly in N'Yawk. I go to my favorite Fifth Avenoo tailor—because he's conservative—not movieish.

"Here's a camel's hair coat we're featuring," says my salesman. "It's a model originating with some one or other in Hollywood. You probably have seen it on Doug, Jr., and other smart young men."

"Smart young men, hell!" I scream. "It's dear old Marlene Dietrich's!"

REPORTERS call to ask if I'm quitting the West. Absurd! Mae an' me's on the best of terms—sends me diamonds every day and I show them the pawn tickets to prove it. What's three thousand miles in this age of fast movin' planes and guls?

I *AM* upset by a letter from Evelyn C., of Baltimore, one of my favorite correspondents, who has stood by me through thick and thin.

"Dear Herb," Eve writes. "I have been able to sympathize with your Lupe Velez trance. I have been able to forgive the James Cagney one. But Mae West—Lord! Where's your aesthetic sense?"

Lord, Eve, I dunno! I packed it somewhere but can't lay hands on it right now. *Alors!* Genet of the *New Yorker* comes to my rescue. Writing from Paris after my Parisian pals had seen "She Done Him Wrong," Genet said:

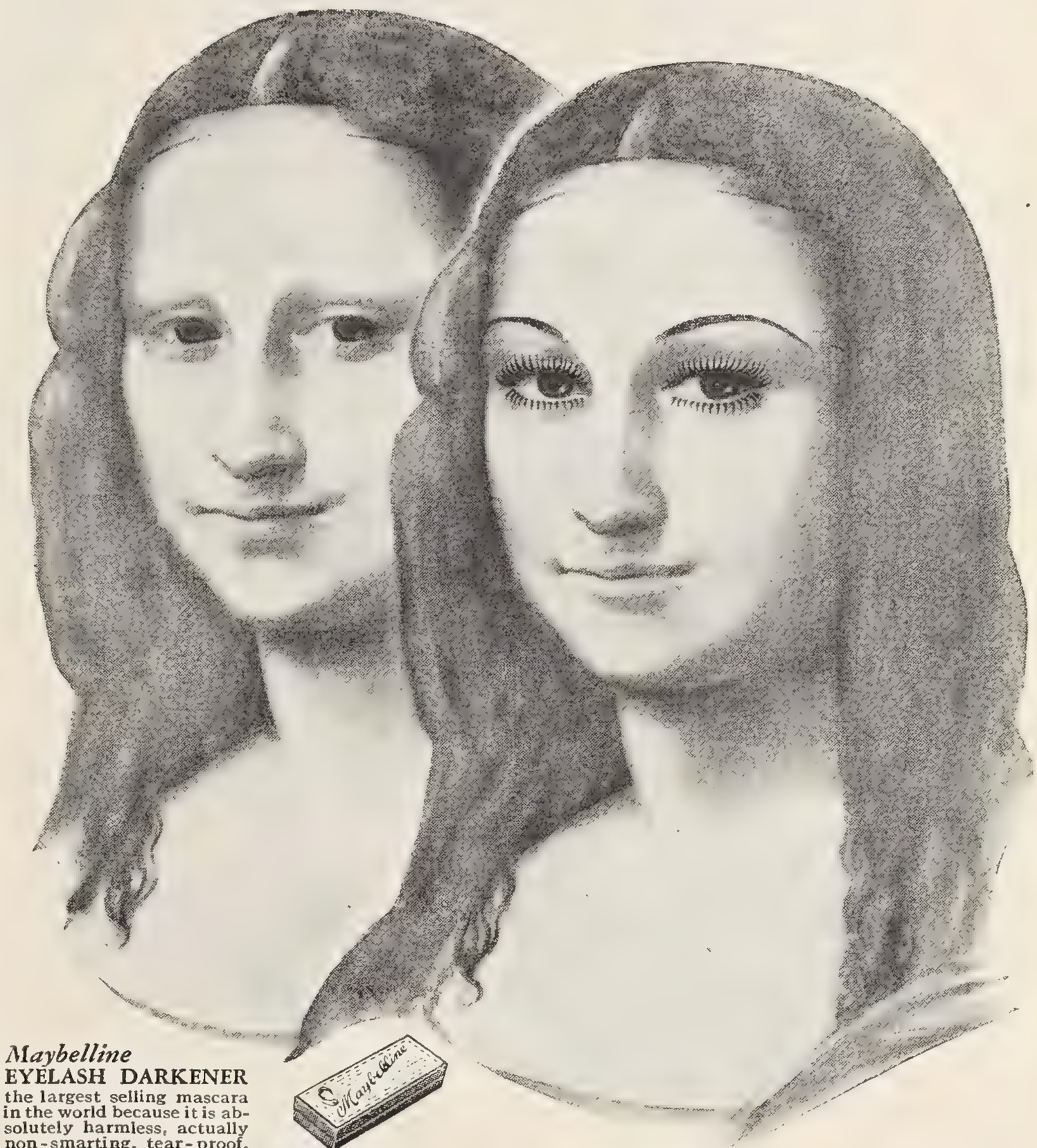
"Miss West has elicited praise from Paris that would give her a liberal education if she traced it down. By *boulevardiers*, she has been compared to Rejane in 'Zaza'; by *litterateurs*, she has been discovered as the perfect illustration, if a little late, of the early works of De Maupassant; by musicians, to be 'the voice of Madame Angot', who was a mouthful of a mouthpiece for the upstart Directoire; and by playwrights, to have 'the dialoguing genius' of the Commedia dell 'Arte' . . ."

Voila! Eve, where's *your* aesthetic sense?

RIGHT here, I want to nail the vile rumor that part of Mae was pads in "She Done Him Wrong." The Para-

(*Please turn to page* 84)

IF *Mona Lisa* COULD HAVE USED THESE 4 MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS . . .



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EYELASH DARKENER
the largest selling mascara in the world because it is absolutely harmless, actually non-smarting, tear-proof, instantly effective. Transforms lashes into natural appearing long, dark, luxuriant fringe, and keeps them soft and silky. Black or Brown.

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smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.

Maybelline
EYE SHADOW
for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.

Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER
contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes. Applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless. It is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

WELL, we leave it to you—the pictures tell the story! Compare Da Vinci's portrait of her as she was, with our version of how she *might* have looked if she could have used the exquisite Maybelline eye beauty aids . . . See if you do not agree with us that, lovely lady though she was, her charm would have been increased a thousand-fold with proper eye make-up. You too, can give *yourself* this advantage.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

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When planning your vacation, this famous hotel offers you the maximum in hotel comfort and service.
Longest Sun Deck overlooking Boardwalk and Sea. French and German Cuisine. Bathing from the Hotel. American and European Plans. Ocean view Lounge. Dancing and Entertainment. Garage.

RATES GREATLY REDUCED

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"Adventure of a Brownie," that fantastic creature with his kindliness and his tricks, is traditionally dear to childhood heart. Three long, satisfying stories . . . a never-ending source of amusement to boys and girls . . . in this attractive illustrated book for only 10 cents.

Equally popular are Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Three of these are collected together in one colorful, illustrated book. "The Ugly Duckling," which is the title of the book, "The Little Match Girl" and "The Tinder Box." Ten cents for three stories

Note to Parents

Children love to receive mail, and we'll address these books right to your child. Send his or her name (and 10 cents for each book you want) to

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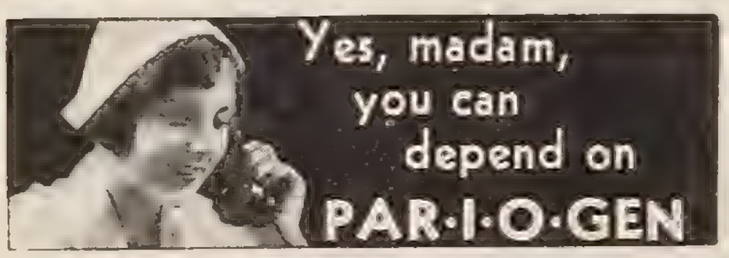

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FEMININE · HYGIENE

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420 S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
I enclose $1 for one dozen PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

Name.....
Address.....

The World Gone Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 83)

mount publicity department seemed to feel it ought to apologize for a full-blown peony in a garden of anemic hollyhocks.

There's such a thing as carrying faking too far and a lot of us wanted to believe that what we saw was Mae—all Mae. Well, it was, brothers. Mae proved it to me. I mean to say, in her dressing-room—with the door open—she demonstrated how a gul can push up portions here, squeeze in there and shove out other strategic spots so as to achieve the classic curves of Venus. There's nothing fraudulent about Mae. She's the real di Milo.

I AM reminded of Nita Naldi's retort to critics of her sumptuousity.

"Listen," cried Nita. "I'm a woman as God intended her to be. I can go out to the Metropolitan Museum and look any of those classic dames straight in the eye without blushing."

The same goes for Mae. The classic dames would blush before Mae.

MUSICAL shows on every Broadway screen. Producers decided a few years ago that we didn't like music and quit producing them. Actually, we were sick of dissonance: clattery choruses, old silent stars coming forth to split high *c's* like cords of wood after six lessons with a Mexican ex-general, strong silent heroes mugging madly to synchronize lips with those of the real singers off screen.

So, having learned their lesson as Hollywood producers are so quick to do, we now have musical shows with bigger and noisier choruses. Hoofers clatter, ladies who can't sing, sing, and the old silent stars shamelessly bawl with brand new voices. So-o-o-o, we'll probably be getting tired of music again.

"BE MINE TONIGHT" should be a hint to Hollywood impresarios. A modest, inexpensive little foreign production, it was sneaked into theaters in shame-faced manner (probably because there were no chorus guls) and it ran for weeks and weeks and weeks. It may not have earned a million dollars, still for what it did do, in its modest, violet way, I think Puccini may deserve some credit—and Jan Kiepura, who sang in his own glorious tenor voice.

And, woofing the whole production, was a golden thread that Hollywood rarely knows. I refer to the thing called charm.

But I came to get away from it all!

I am going to go out on Long Island. That's where J. P. Morgan lives. I imagine he'd like to get away from it all, too—especially from his admiring fan, Will Rogers, who wants to "save" him.

I can't wait to take a dip in the ocean. But the dive is halted by a guard telling me I must wear a "top." And I thought I was compromising with the effete East by wearing trunks! Oh, well, they'll catch up to Hollywood next year, maybe, just as this year they are showing Marlene's last year's coat.

OFF for a tear in the high-powered cah. "Oh, lookit!" *je criez*, passing a fine stand of corn at Setauket. "There's a farm that is a farm—pumpkins, peas, petunias and police dogs."

A bronzed man with a hoe (America's hope) looks up and says, "Hello!" Friendly, these down East farmers.

"Hello!" I call. "Well, if it isn't old Charlie Ruggles, I swan!"

"Sure," says he. "Came here to get away from it all, you know."

"Know?" I says. "No!"

"IT may sound like a lot of succotash," Charlie says, "but this is the McCoy. I mean I go for vegetables, flowers, animals in a big way. Couldn't wait to get back here for a holiday. The West coast is O. K., but you can have it. And I was born in California."

A swell native son of a sun, huh?

Charlie, you know, started as a drunk in "Gentlemen of the Press" and casting directors wouldn't believe he could play sober. Eventually he convinced them and is now one of our foremost comedians. Gets laughs without hiccups.

"I'm really a hick," he says, "not a hic."

"IT certainly is great to get away from it all, isn't it, Sharlie?"

"It certainly is," he agrees. "Did you ever see roses like those?"

"Yuh, Golden Emblems. I've got them on my place in California."

"Yuh, I brought them on from there," Charlie says. "Next year, I think I'll have a swimming pool."

"An' a bar," I cry. "An' a patio, an' a barbecue pit, an' polo ponies and Lupe Velez!"

"Why, you've killed him, Mr. Ruggles," said a far-off voice after what must have been quite an interval.

Anyway, I got away from it all for a while.

LET'S GO AMERICAN

Are you interested in unusual and authentic recipes for real American food, whether it's from California, New Orleans or Boston? Then you'll want to have a copy of our loose-leaf circulars—American Cookery. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Avenue, New York, N. Y., for your copy.

The Terrible Man

(*Continued from page 29*)

languages, E. G. has. He speaks half a dozen of them fluently. And though he does not speak even one of them well, he has caught the native accents of every one of them.

If you did not pay attention to his grammar while listening to his Italian, you could easily believe that you have before you a genuine "wop" from Mulberry Street.

And it would indeed take a Frenchman to discern that E. G.'s French is not all that it is cracked up to be.

His German and Spanish are about on a par with his French and Italian.

He speaks Yiddish delightfully well, and though he left his native country, Roumania, when he was but twelve years old, he has retained the inflection, the intonation and the flavor of the Roumanian language so well that he speaks it as fluently as if he had never left the flats of the Danube River.

His facility with languages and his almost insane love of music have often aroused my suspicions about his ancestry. His facial characteristics have also made me doubt the purity of his lineage. The quality of his black hair, the set of his eyes, and the color and the thickness and shape of his lips, as well as the pigmentation of his skin, make him look like a Hindoo—a Hindoo of the Tchay, whence the gypsies originated. His voice, soft and thick and oily, is even more gypsy-like than his appearance. He and Charlie Chaplin, though so unlike at first glance, have more than one trait in common. And Chaplin is a half-gypsy by birth.

WHEN you meet E. G. outside the theater, outside the moving picture set, he is eager to make you forget the profession to which he belongs. If you speak to him of the stage, he is likely to lead the conversation away from it to music. He talks to you about this and that and the other celebrated performance of Wagnerian opera, or of Toscanini's conducting of Beethoven's symphonies.

If you attempt to talk of the screen, he will, likely as not, digress to literature, of which he has a good smattering. He has read diligently, and has a splendid memory. No opinion uttered in his presence is forgotten; and he knows how to incorporate it into his next discussion. He even knows how to repeat another man's opinion so that you would never suspect it was not his own.

He is a consummate actor when he discusses arts other than the stage. Once, when he invited me to his home in New York to discuss a story, he talked music and literature so passionately that well after midnight we had not yet said a word about the story. I left the discussion of that very unimportant matter for another meeting. We never talked about the matter again. He left the following day for Hollywood.

His apartment in New York is, I imagine, unintentionally divided into two sections. The major part of it belongs to Mrs. Robinson who, as Gladys Lloyd, has not yet been forgotten for her work on the stage. E. G.'s rooms reflect his personality. If it weren't for the innumerable bits of vivid color on

(*Please turn to page 86*)

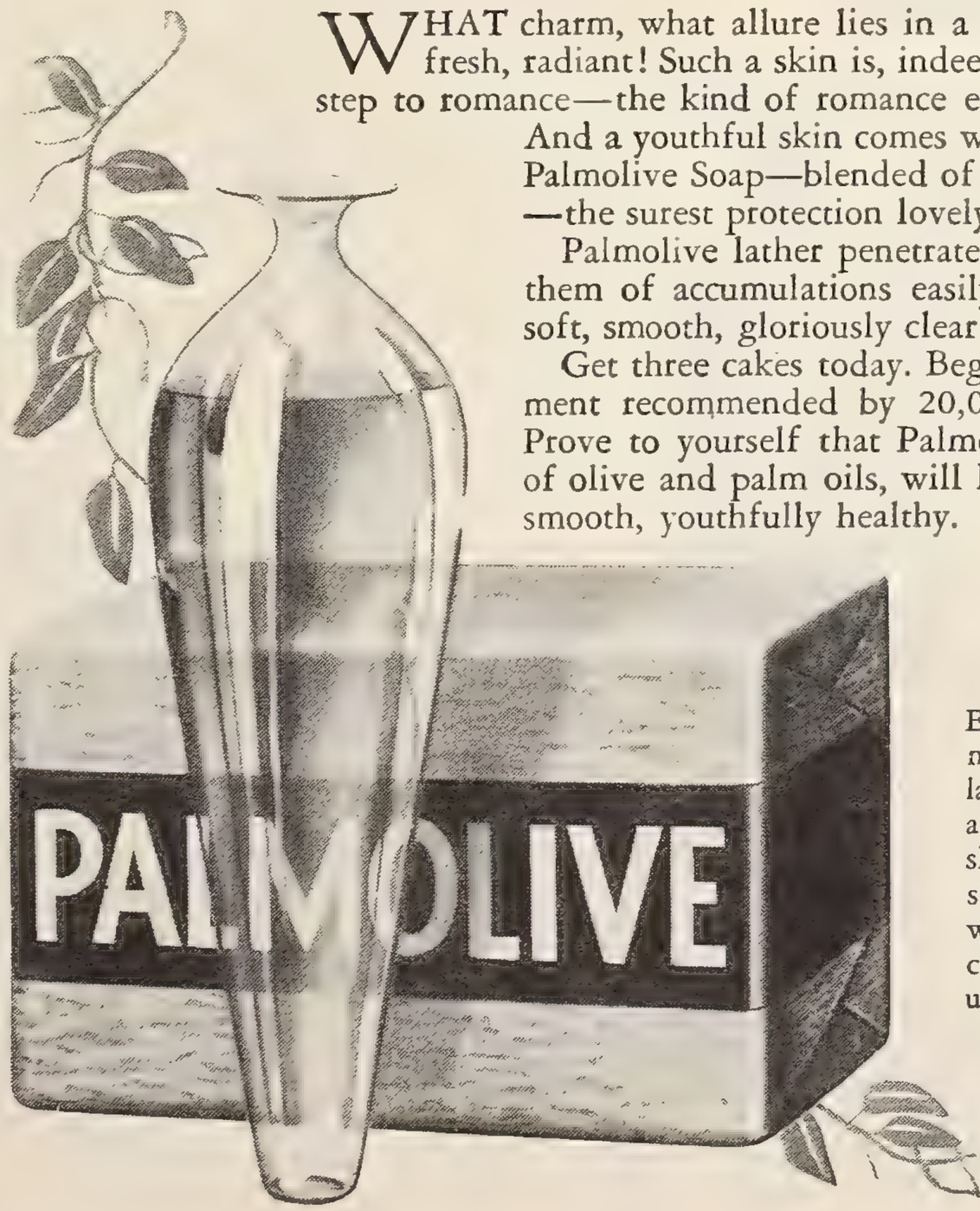
Olive oil
keeps youth in your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHAT charm, what allure lies in a lovely skin, young, fresh, radiant! Such a skin is, indeed, the first thrilling step to romance—the kind of romance every woman seeks! And a youthful skin comes with the daily use of Palmolive Soap—blended of olive and palm oils—the surest protection lovely skin can find.

Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Get three cakes today. Begin the beauty treatment recommended by 20,000 beauty experts. Prove to yourself that Palmolive Soap, blended of olive and palm oils, will keep your skin soft, smooth, youthfully healthy.



Try this Beauty Treatment

Each morning and evening work a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Watch the effect upon your skin of this gentle daily care.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.

Takes Out Color Like Magic

Easy to Change Dresses to Latest Fall Shades

RIT chemists have patented an amazing color remover which takes out all the color —even black — and never harms the fabric. Just drop White RIT (the original color remover) in boiling water—put in a dress or scarf or anything you like—stir with a little stick—and watch all color disappear like magic. Even the darkest fabrics come out white.

You can easily take out all the old color . . . even black . . . with White RIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains!

Now rinse your dress in a bright shade of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more . . . but a new powder wafer that dyes in the rinse!

Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams *through and through.* And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking...gives you beautiful, even color.

Also removes spots and stains from white goods

White RIT also takes out stubborn spots and stains from white goods—harmlessly. Wonderful, too, for removing mildew and yellowness caused by washing. Try White RIT next washday and you will never be without it again.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies, table runners or any article unevenly faded, sun-streaked or spotted.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT. See the RIT color chart with its 33 smart shades for fall at your dealer's.

White RIT is on sale everywhere.

WHITE

RIT

Removes All Colors — HARMLESSLY

THIS WAY TO END PIMPLES.. BLACKHEADS!

You'll hardly believe your skin *could* be so much softer and smoother—so free from pimples and blackheads. Yet in just five days after you start to treat your skin with cool, fragrant, activated Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, your skin will seem five years younger! Not only blemishes, but freckles, dusky tan and ugly, ageing muddiness are gone. Start this treatment tonight; if in five days you are not delighted, your money back! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today!

The Terrible Man

(*Continued from page* 85)

the walls and the chairs, they would look like the study of some college professor.

E. G. is rarely seen without a thick cigar in his mouth. That cigar, whether lighted or not, helps him to emphasize many a point in a discussion. He has a trick of moving it from one side of his mouth to the other, or tipping it down sidewise and upward, until the cigar itself seems to gesture humanly and eloquently. If everything is going well, E. G.'s cigar points upward. If he is dejected, his cigar goes down. That cigar goes into action when he is angry.

BUT those are his manners outside his home. In his study, in slippers, leaning back in a chair, he smokes that cigar placidly, following the rings of smoke with his eyes, and speaks in low tones, as if ashamed to raise his voice in the presence of the names of the books on his shelves. He has the humility of greatness before the giants of other days.

When he returned to New York from Hollywood after his first great success —in "Little Caesar"—he said to me one day:

"Great God, that is the screen for you. I have played for twenty years on the stage. No one knew me. But this morning I took a taxi. The driver had one look at me and said, 'I know who you are, Mr. Robinson.' And then he engaged me in a conversation. Not very safe to travel with a taxi driver who wants to talk to you. You know I will be a father soon. Have to take care of myself. I got out of the taxi and walked on foot the rest of the way."

The joke about E. G.'s becoming a father is stale now. He actually did become a father a few months ago. But it is three years since he has been boasting of it to everyone. Every time he left Hollywood to come to New York for a vacation, he told the studio manager that he was about to become a father and that he had to be on the scene for the important event.

The birth of that baby has cost the studio hundreds of thousands of dollars in time. The night Gladys Lloyd became a mother, E. G. and I spent some time together. He behaved in a most ridiculous fashion. He did not know whether to laugh or cry, and he was so jumpy he talked incoherently.

AFTER he had completed his third gangster picture, in which he had deliberately made up to look like a caricature of myself, he told me again about being recognized on the street by taxi drivers and children.

"Can't go out at all. 'There he goes . . . there . . .' they point at me as at a freak. The children of the janitor of my house are afraid of me."

One night we both happened to be at Carnegie Hall, listening to a celebrated young violinist. During the intermission, I was talking in the lobby to Mrs. Menuhin, the mother of young Yehudi Menuhin, the boy violinist. The Menuhins and I are old friends. The two charming Menuhin daughters, Yalta and Ebsiba, were telling me of their experiences in Italy, when E. G. came up to our little group, and pulling at my coat said, "Please, Konrad, introduce me."

I did. And then E. G., folding his hands as in prayer, said to Mrs. Menuhin: "Ah, I have heard your son play. I would give years of my life to meet him. He is the most wonderful child that ever lived," and he continued praising extravagantly the talent of Yehudi. "Ah, to be the mother of such a son! I would like to meet his father," he continued.

"What did you say his name was?" Mrs. Menuhin asked me in a half whisper.

"Robinson," I said. "Edward G. Robinson."

"What do you do, Mr. Robinson? Are you a musician?" Mrs. Menuhin asked, turning to E. G.

"Oh, no," I interfered. "It is Edward G. Robinson—pictures," I said.

"Oh, so you are a painter," Mrs. Menuhin said. "I'd like to see some of your work."

I interfered again. This time, while E. G. was becoming more and more fidgety at not being recognized, I said:

"This is Edward G. Robinson, the celebrated actor of the talkies."

E. G. was signalling to me not to say anything more, but Mrs. Menuhin shrugged her shoulders and so did her two daughters, who had never heard of him either.

E. G. returned to his box to listen to the rest of the concert. I am sure that he mused about fame. I am quite certain that he will never again tell me how it is impossible for him to walk down the street without being recognized.

HE is forty years old, short, heavy-set and full of exuberance. He was born in Roumania, went to school here, and has a master's degree from Columbia University.

While in college he thought for a time of making the pulpit his profession. When he abandoned that idea, he wanted to become a lawyer. Either profession would have given him an opportunity to exert his histrionic talent. Some day some one ought to write a play to give him an opportunity to deliver a speech to a jury. Somebody ought to write a story to give him an opportunity to deliver a sermon powerful enough to revolutionize completely his audience, if not the whole country.

Those who have seen him walk the decks of ships in the "Tiger Shark" should have guessed from his professional manner of walking ships that E. G. had served in the Navy. He enlisted during the World War. Being on the decks of ships, however, wasn't exciting enough for E. G. He applied for an assignment to the Intelligence Service.

Had he obtained the assignment, his knowledge of languages would have given him the great opportunity to serve his country. His histrionic abilities would have stood him in good stead. He would have acted out the great spy in real life; perhaps acted him out too well! How he would have loved to talk about his spying days. He might even have written about them.

In his heart of hearts, E. G. believes himself to be a writer. He was co-author of the play "The Kibitzer." He never reads a story without using his own pencil, and superimposing upon the script his own ideas, making changes here, there and everywhere,

The Terrible Man

just to show the author that he too is a writer.

He would like to be a musician, but he has never learned to play an instrument. He amuses himself cutting up rolls of player piano music and pasting them to suit his own taste, mixing up Wagner and Beethoven and Gershwin and Mozart and Bach in a Robinsonian potpourri.

During the rehearsals of a play or screen script, he works himself up to a pitch where he actually believes he is the character he is studying. His method is not analytical. He just throws himself into the part. He allows it to absorb him completely.

At such times he uses bits of the dialogue of the play or screen script in private conversation, and works his shoulders and facial muscles, unaware that he is imitating the character he is rehearsing.

Even the manner in which he wears his clothes is affected by the part he is going to play. He goes about expounding theories that are in absolute contradiction with his being.

One of the directors who worked with him said to me recently:

"E. G. is the easiest man to direct. He just doesn't take orders. He gives them to himself at the top of his voice. He forgets all about the script and stage direction as soon as he appears on the scene, and goes about being himself—the himself he imagines himself to be. He holds the stage—he holds all of the stage.

"If you would let him, he would not only direct the picture, but would also turn the crank of the camera and direct the lighting and build the sets and control the microphone. When the picture is ready and he sees himself on the screen, he never blames anybody for misdirection or faults in the lighting or for the acting of others. He takes all the blame for himself—and quite naturally, though he never says so, all the credit."

To obtain circulars described on page 68 write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Try it! Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter

TAKE it easy next washday. Read a book while your clothes are soaking in Rinso suds. The dirt will *float* out by itself. You won't have to scrub. Just *soak* and then rinse for the whitest, brightest wash ever!

Clothes washed the Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. *You'll save lots of money.* The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. It's safe for the finest linens and colored things.

Economical, too. A box of Rinso lasts and *lasts.* It gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as puffed-up soaps, *even in hardest water.* Get Rinso at your grocer's today.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

The biggest-selling package soap in America

JUNE BREWSTER, LOVELY R. K. O. SCREEN STAR

Make your Eyes

ENTICING

EASY · THRILLING · NEW

Dark, heavy lashes curtain your eyes with glamour and mystery. You can have such lashes . . . if you follow the beauty secret of movie stars! Use Winx, the NEW type mascara that makes lashes look caressingly soft . . . and enchantingly long.

Winx is easy to apply—not too thick; pleasant to use—never smarts. Best of all, it *can't* smear, smudge or fleck off . . . as ordinary mascaras so often do. Even tears won't affect Winx.

Men—even those who dislike "made up" girls—are charmed by the *natural* beauty of Winx. It never looks coarse or "beady".

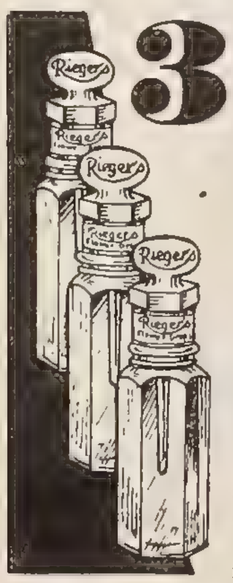
Use it and see for yourself . . . today. Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is smooth, not greasy, and comes in five subtle shades.

Winx

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



3 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers.

A single drop lasts a week!

THREE ODORS: (1) Romanza (2) Lily of the Valley (3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you free with my compliments a trial bottle of each. Send 30c silver or stamps to pay for postage and handling of all three. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER

153 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page* 37)

heah number. Yes, that's the name of the party. It sho is." Then she hung up. The phone rang again. The same conversation was repeated. After the third time the hostess investigated. "Who is calling and what do they want?" she asked. "Ah dunno who 'tis," replied the maid. "They jus' ask who live heah. Then they say it is long distance from Washington. And I tell 'em it sho is." (Or did I tell you this one before? Or was it Herb Howe?)

Add Hollywood insults—
"How I envy you for being able to live a really private life."
"You're lucky, dearie. Think how much longer you last if you're just a featured player."

ANOTHER thing that has often puzzled us is why it has never occurred to the industry that dashes and asterisks could be used in movie titles and advertising copy.

For instance—

Clarke Gable & Jean Harlow
in
"Today We————!"

would look very interesting on a marquee.

And what would make you more eager to dash up to the box-office than a newspaper blurb which suggested—

"She was a girl who would rather ****** than ******. Confronted by the age-old problem of ****** she chose the path of ****** which led straight to ******. What would you do in a situation of this kind?"

AND now let us rise and join in singing the Song of the Month sent to us by that old master, Dal Devening—

The fair Miss Dietrich seems to be
Just panting for publicity,
But if she'd boldly take a chance
And go without those baggy pants
'Twould beat her present stunt all hollow,
For even bigger crowds would follow.

TROUBLED movie stars, and even some of the wide-eyed tycoons of Hollywood, never make a mis-step without first consulting a mystic. Los Angeles and surrounding beach towns are infested with swamis, nooscopologists, trance doctors and old-fashioned palmists who tell all. It is not uncommon to note actors in a huddle, proclaiming things that have come to pass as predicted by some all-seeing trance doctor. The trust and faith of actors, who like to hear about themselves, is as colossal as their self-respect.

A Los Angeles newspaper recently carried a breathless eight-page streamer over its film chatter page to announce:

CHIQUITA, PSYCHIC WONDER, IN HOLLYWOOD PREDICTIONS

Chiquita, it was explained, is a newly arrived mental marvel, eighteen years of age.

Chiquita, in the public print, warned Richard Arlen against bad investments, predicted that Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell would "take a trip across a long stretch of water" and declared that Chevalier, in six months, will "be torn between two countries." She advised Gary Cooper to take a rest and made bold to say that Joan Crawford is in "for a very happy marriage soon" and that "providence will always guide Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the right path." Garbo was solemnly warned "to be careful of accidents or such within the next few months."

Hot stuff, if you ask us—but still and yet these future items are embarrassing to us chatter writers who are busy enough trying to catch up to now. We have a large enough task in our field of research—trying to find the little bit of good in the bad little gals and the little bit of bad in the good little gals. Henceforth we will have to develop the hidden powers within us and tell what happened next year. For example, after an agonizing spell of concentration, and half a dozen shudders, we here and now predict:

Fourteen movie actresses will try to imitate Mae West without seeming to imitate Mae West.

Sixteen prominent producers will spend half their time wondering how to stir up the customers and the other half wondering how to calm down the bankers.

A national display of theater lights will proclaim—

I Can't Go Home
With
An All-Star Cast

And numerous metropolitan cathedrals will startle the public with light bulbs revealing—

Joan Crawford
and
Clark Gable
Cooled by Refrigeration

A successful author of Cagney scenarios, if examined, will be adjudged punch nutty.

All producers will not know what to do until someone else does it and makes money.

Statistics will show that everybody in Hollywood is related to everybody else by marriage.

Interviewer: "And are you interested in anything besides your acting, Mr. Montmorency?"

Parade of the Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 35)

Carol! Merna Kennedy! Dorothy Gulliver! Audrey Ferris! Edwina Booth! Nina Quartaro! Molly O'Day! Olive Borden! Lina Basquette! Nancy Drexel!

Three years ago these names were being shouted to the housetops. Magazines and newspapers were proclaiming them. Maybe you wrote them fan mail and asked for their autographs. Maybe you even envied them, in a kindly way. And now where are they? Where are the voices that sang their praises—where are the echoes that resounded down the long, winding hall of fame? Gone. All gone. Like the end of a dream. Like the faded aroma of a glorious perfume that has failed to leave even a faint scent of its fragrance.

NOTHING is so cheap in Hollywood as beauty. In Movieland's bargain basement it is marked down so low that it no longer has any established value. Yet, flooded as the town is with it, the producers still sponsor great national beauty contests, promising the winners a career, a salary of fifty dollars a week and options, and a blare of publicity. If they were honest they would promise a broken heart too, for that is what most beauty contest winners usually get as their reward. Sometimes I think half of the population of the movie capital is made up of beauty contest winners. Poor, little lost Cinderellas glorifying the home town paper from Peoria to Podunk; bewilderedly playing the roles of "Miss Oshkosh" or "Miss Kalamazoo," or any other city or town you wish to pick from the national census.

At least half of Hollywood's Cinderellas have detoured to fame via this road. Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin, Clara Bow, Eleanor Boardman, Virginia Brown Faire, Corliss Palmer, Fay Lamphier, Gertrude Olmsted, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunne, Lupita Toyar, Dorothy Gulliver, Ethlyn Claire, Mary Astor, and more recently Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie; these being but a few of the more successful names who had their fares paid to Hollywood by beauty contest sponsors.

Universal and Paramount have always catered to winners of these contests, usually gambling a long-term contract on their services. Universal took a chance with Mary Philbin, Lois Wilson, Dorothy Gulliver, Ethlyn Claire, Fay Wray, Virginia Brown Faire and Gertrude Olmsted. Paramount gambled on the futures of Clara Bow, Mary Astor, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunne, Fay Lamphier, Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie.

Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Gulliver and Gertrude Olmsted were all winners of newspaper contests in Chicago. Brought out to Universal City they got their first training in acting in two-reel westerners. Lois and Mary both began to climb after a short time; Lois becoming a prominent leading lady, switching over to Paramount, where she was a fixture for years, and more recently returning to Universal, at a salary that has increased in the interval at least a thousand per cent. Mary Philbin became the most prominent star on the lot. For eight years she remained under their banner, but

(*Please turn to page* 90)

AFTER THIRTY DAYS
Ruth's teeth were unchanged
SHE USED TOOTH PASTE "E"

BUT BEULAH'S
TEETH WERE DAZZLING!
SHE USED PEBECO

Ruth and Beulah Green, age 27, living at 15 West 81st Street, New York

Twin Test reveals Pebeco superior to other Leading Tooth Pastes!

"We'd like to measure Pebeco's efficiency scientifically against 5 other leading tooth pastes," we said. "How about testing them on twins?"

"No testing ground could be fairer," declared Dr. David B. Freundlich, the leading New York dental authority we chose to make the test.

So Dr. Freundlich made the test on twins. One twin of each pair used Pebeco twice daily for thirty days. The other used one of the five other leading brands.

On the five main points of mouth hygiene —Whiteness, Lustre, Film, Gums, and Acid Mouth—Pebeco proved itself more than twice as effective as the other well-known tooth pastes tested. Why?

Because Pebeco uses Potassium Chlorate as a base. This element, more than any other, stimulates the flow of alkaline saliva which checks acid mouth. Whitens the teeth, removes stains and mucin plaques. Polishes, gives a brilliant lustre without the slightest scratch. Heals and hardens the gums to firm, vigorous health . . . You test Pebeco on your own teeth and gums! You'll FEEL it working for their good. BUY A TUBE OF PEBECO TODAY!

On These Five Vital Points Pebeco Wins!

1. WHITENESS . . . Pebeco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%.

2. LUSTRE . . . Pebeco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 40%. Pebeco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the teeth.

3. FILM . . . Pebeco removed mucin plaques in 88% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 32%.

4. GUMS . . . Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.

5. ACID MOUTH . . . Pebeco alone actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of alkaline saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.

Why and How I Tested Twins

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other used Tooth Paste A, B, C, D, or E—one of the five other leading brands. At the end of 30 days I submitted my report, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information about these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York City.

(*Signed*) David B. Freundlich, D.D.S.

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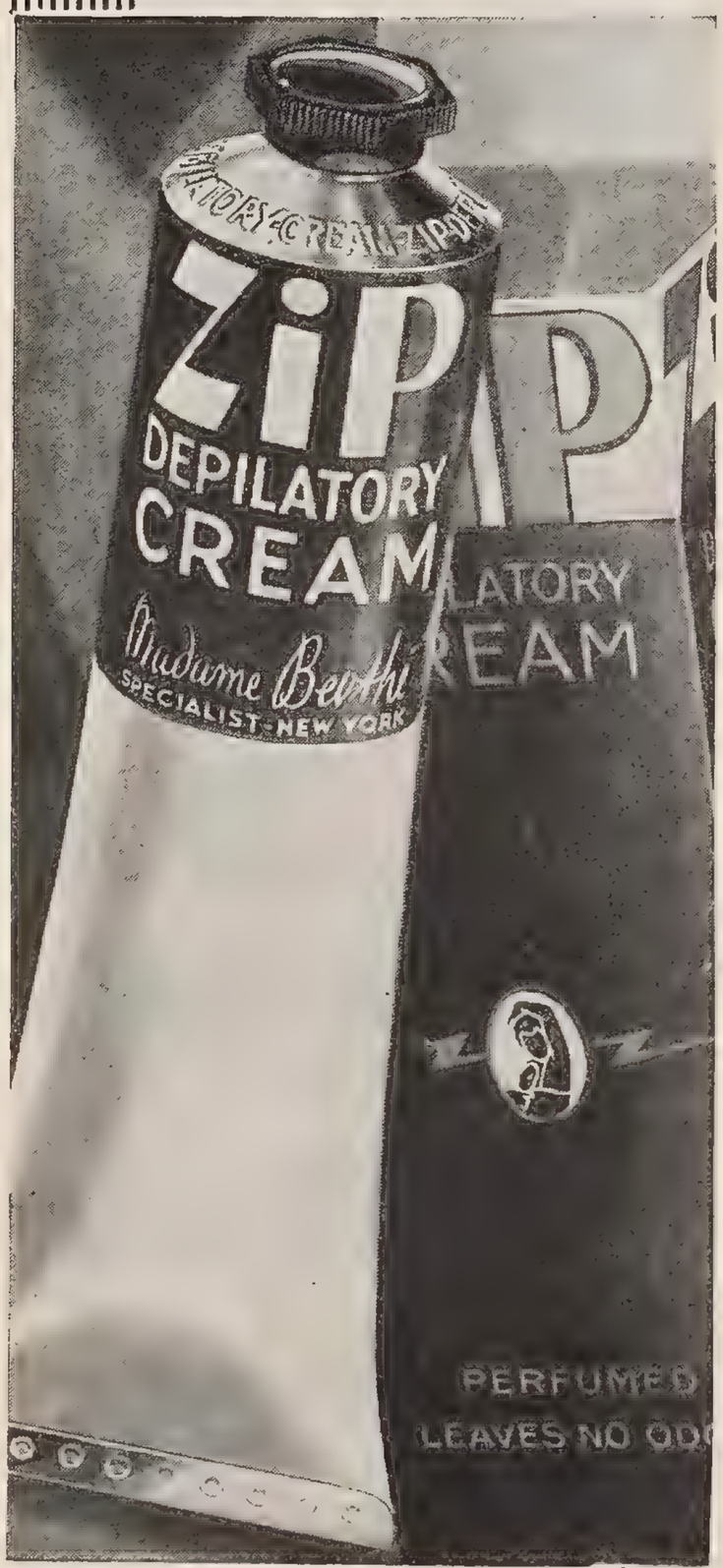
ON SALE AT ALL F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES
AND AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

So pleasant now to remove hair. ZiP Depiliatory Cream is as delightful as your choicest cold cream.

IT'S PERFUMED



PERMANENTLY
destroy hair with
ZIP—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Ideal for face, arms and legs.

LUCKY DISCOVERY

Everywhere women are changing from lump starch to this new way that makes ironing easy. You will welcome the formula that contains everything a starch should have, all powdered to downy fineness for instant preparation. Just add hot water. No boiling. No straining. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. See how Quick Elastic gives back elasticity and that fresh new look to things. A wonderful invention. Try it now.

TRY IT FREE

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 606 KEOKUK, IOWA
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

Parade of the Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 89)

with the advent of talkies her option was allowed to lapse, and she gracefully retired into private life, content to let the new Cinderellas have their day. Mary was one of the few lucky ones. She achieved fame, money, luxury, independence. But even her story lacks the perfection of the fairy tale, for Prince Charming passed her by.

Miss Gulliver was brought to Hollywood and made George Lewis' leading lady in the popular "Collegiate" series. Later she was featured in five reelers, and failed to click. From Universal she went into several quickies. But her star seems to have waned. Her name is no longer found in cast sheets. Thus it goes—the way of all flash.

Gertrude Olmsted graduated from the horse-operas to more important pastures in several important Universal releases. When her contract expired she signed with Metro-Goldwyn. Then she married Robert Leonard, the director, and gave up the screen for domesticity. She rides about Hollywood in a swanky limousine with a liveried chauffeur—a real Cinderella. But there are a thousand to her one that haven't even carfare. It would be cruel to mention names.

Ethlyn Claire is married to a well-known Hollywood make-up man, and only God knows what has become of Virginia Brown Faire, who won a movie magazine contest, and played the lead in Kipling's lovely story, "Without Benefit of Clergy."

Clara Bow, Corliss Palmer, Allene Ray and Mary Astor were other magazine contest prize winners. Clara's spectacular success as the IT girl is a matter of motion picture history. Under B. P. Schulberg's management she rapidly became one of the most popular movie stars in the world. Her trust fund will keep her in luxury the rest of her life. In a whirlwind career she has realized all the dreams of the fictional Cinderella; fame, love, and wild, torrential snatches of happiness. With reckless abandon she managed to gather all the sweets of a quickly passing harvest, and though she paid with heartaches for some of her gay escapades, the public somehow remained loyal. Scandal mongers made a target of Clara for years, but in doing so they also made her a Hollywood martyr. She died on the cross to the music of turbulent headlines that blazed her sorrow across two continents, and the public with its sense of drama, sympathized and eulogized. Other Cinderellas have died on crosses too—but they were in the wilderness of oblivion where no one could see them. Now happily married to Rex Bell, the redhead of the Cinderellas plans to make only one or two more pictures before retiring permanently to her Nevada ranch to raise chickens instead of caine, to cook meals and get fat to her heart's content. She, of all the Hollywood Cinderellas, is the perfect Hans Anderson heroine.

MARY ASTOR too has had a successfully, carefully managed career. But Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray did not fare so well along the Hollywood milky way as their more fortunate sisters. Corliss Palmer, probably the most beautiful girl in America at one time, came to fame from behind a cigar counter in Macon, Georgia. With the exception of a few unimportant parts that she played in Poverty Row productions, she made little headway in the films, and is chiefly remembered now in connection with the sordid headlines that flung her name across the front pages of yellow journals when she was named correspondent in a sensational divorce suit filed by the wife of the publisher who sponsored the beauty contest of which she was the winner. More beautiful than most girls who are great stars in the films, it helped her little to carve a permanent place for herself. Synthetic success came too swiftly, hired prophets predicted too generously; the fruit of the gods poured in too freely. She might have become a great movie star if . . . Ah, that cursed word IF——.

Allene Ray, a fragile blonde from

THIS MONTH we announce the winners of the Claudette Colbert contest, details of which appeared in the July issue of The New Movie Magazine. Tremendous interest has been manifested in these contests. The first was for type-portraits of Greta Garbo — the next of June Knight, and the present of Miss Colbert. The winner of the $25 first prize for the best type-sketch of Miss Colbert is Marguerite Kortlang, 845 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The winner of the $10 second prize for the sketch selected as being the next best of Miss Colbert is Adrienne Cadoul, 638 McCall Bldg., San Francisco, California.

The following contestants will receive $1 each, as awards of merit for their excellent type-sketches of Miss Colbert:

Jean Shaughnessy, 526 Lincoln Ave., Troy, Ohio
Virginia Guay, 16 Walker Road, Swampscott, Mass.
Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.
Norman M. Kelly, 29 North Clinton St., Walla Walla, Wash.
M. F. McGrew, 72 McMunn Ave., Crafton, Pa.
Robert L. Smith, Nesor Apts., No. 5, 1036 South West 3rd St., Miami, Fla.
Charles W. Leonard, 766 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Georgia
Bert De Bawn, 105 Starr St., San Antonio, Texas
C. F. Nieter, 941 Esther St., South Bend, Indiana
R. C. Scott, 2944 Wayne, Kansas City, Missouri

Parade of the Cinderellas

Texas, was contracted by Pathe, who attempted to make her Pearl White's successor—the serial queen of America. For three years she made chapter plays, acting harassed heroines dodging all sorts of scheming villains. Movie audiences accepted her with rather bored askance as a substitute for the more vital, virile, active blonde who had thrilled them in "The Perils of Pauline." Suddenly her contract expired and she disappeared from the Hollywood scene with the same speed that brought her into the limelight; a wealthy but disillusioned woman who wanted to be a great actress but was only permitted to be a Hollywood acrobat.

The list of Hollywood Cinderellas who failed to find the happy ending reads like a casualty report. Fay Lamphier, Josephine Dunne, Betty Bronson, Audrey Ferris, Edwina Booth, Ruth Taylor, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill, Eva Von Berne, Nancy Drexel, Edith Allen, Sue Carol, Alberta Vaughn, Gwili Andre, Mimi Palermi, Hope Drown, Nina Quartero, Jeanette Loff, Carmen Barnes, Virginia Bradford, Jean Arthur, Vera Reynolds, and it goes on and on like endless space.

DO you think you could count the blasted dreams wrapped up in those names? Do you suppose the heartaches of those girls can ever be consoled by mere domesticity, and love in a cottage, with flowers growing round the door and children's voices cooing "Mother"? I wonder. What is so terrible as an unrealized dream, what more hopeless than a desire tossed still-born into the abyss of decayed hopes? Was it Macbeth that lamented?—

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets upon the stage and then is heard no more.

Do you recall the name Fay Lamphier? Only a few moons ago it seems it was touted as belonging to one of the most beautiful girls in America—the winner of the national beauty contest at Atlantic City. As Miss America this girl was practically starred by Paramount in her first picture, "American Venus," and now ironically enough she is a typist on that same lot, glad to earn her twenty-five dollars a week.

And can you remember when Betty Bronson was chosen from hundreds of girls to play "Peter Pan"? Sir James Barrie himself approved the selection, preferring the unknown little Bronson to such great names as Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Marilyn Miller. Betty skyrocketed to fame even more brilliantly than Maude Adams had in the same role. The wiseacres were predicting that she was the logical successor to the undisputed throne of Pickford. But Betty was doomed to be "Peter Pan" for the rest of her short career. The public just wouldn't accept her as a real human being, for she had asked them to believe in fairies just a little too realistically, and an illusion captured so easily was not to be wasted in matters concerned with sex and sin and sophistication. When Betty left Paramount they had her cavorting

(*Please turn to page* 92)

DICK actually cross! Goodness knows she was sorry about that expensive steak being so tough it had to be thrown away. She had tried so hard, too . . . but how was she to know her oven should be piping hot?

When she stopped to think about it, she was appalled at the amount of food thrown away because it wasn't fit to eat. That *did* cost money!

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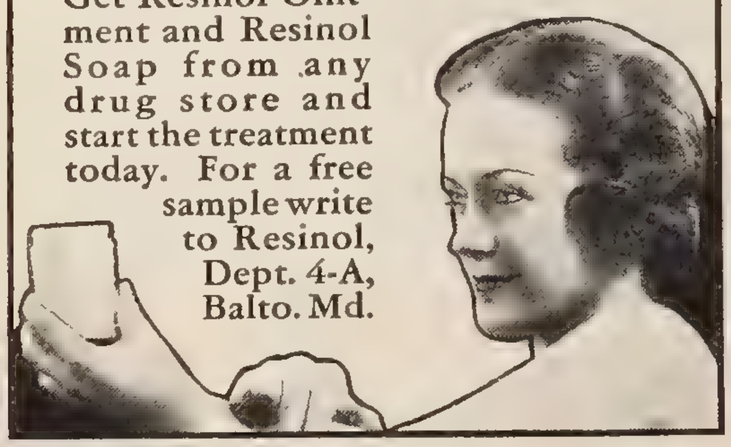

Parade of the Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 91)

around in Zane Grey horseshows. Now she is married, lives in a small town in North Carolina, and probably goes to see the new Cinderellas of the screen with a tinge of pity in her heart. Meanwhile, Mary Pickford, who worked her way up, inch by inch, from the bottom of the heap, continues to be one of America's favorites.

Edwina Booth was another one-picture star. The same goes for Ruth Taylor. Miss Booth, taken from the extra ranks, was given the role of the white goddess of the jungle in "Trader Horn." For two years she worked in the blistering sun of the African veldt, subject to fevers, attacks by wild animals, infections by poisonous insects. But before her was ever the vision of Hollywood fame; a return in triumph, and a grand opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater. She returned under the care of a doctor, her health impaired for the rest of her life. The studio did not exercise their option on her services—and now she lies in feverish delirium, still dreaming of the happy ending that should rightfully come to all Cinderellas.

Ruth Taylor was the Mack Sennett bathing beauty who in one grand leap became a Paramount star when chosen to play Lorelei Lee in Anita Loos's saga of a dumbbell, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But evidently they didn't, for Ruth's career was short and snappy.

CINDERELLAS in the theater are as rare as green moons. Broadway in its heyday produced few spectacular successes. Producers would never think of entrusting a leading role to an inexperienced newcomer. But contrast the situation with Hollywood and you realize immediately that only in Hollywood can an inexperienced girl rise to fame in a few short months. Sally O'Neil, Racquel Torres, Anita Page, Lila Lee, Mary Brian, Loretta Young, Marian Marsh, Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez are only a few who played leading roles in their very first pictures.

Carmen Barnes stands out in Hollywood history as the only greatly publicized motion picture star who never made an initial appearance. Brought to the coast by Jesse Lasky to star in Paramount pictures, she was photographed in every-which way, gave out interviews, rode about in a limousine, acquired all the mannerisms of a Hollywood celebrity—and left at the end of the year with the meekness of a lamb, to start all over again in an obscure stock company. It is doubtful if she will ever come back.

Hollywood's two favorite Godfathers have been Cecil B. DeMille and Charlie Chaplin. They have probably fostered more newcomers to fame than any other two men in the industry. DeMille created stars of Gloria Swanson, Vera Reynolds, Wanda Hawley, Leatrice Joy, Lina Basquette, Lillian Rich, Jetta Goudal. In his new Paramount picture, "This Day and Age," he introduces another newcomer, playing the lead in her first movie role—Judith Allen, who may become a Paramount star. Or will she fade like Ruth Taylor, Carmen Barnes, Betty Bronson, and the others?

Chaplin took Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy and Virginia Cherril from the drabness of obscurity and made them leading ladies in his pictures. Each in turn basked in the limelight of a great reflected glory, riding to the ball of fame with a fickle guy called Success, but all the while they must have known that the fine carriages were going to turn back into pumpkins at any unsuspecting moment.

When the screen went Talkie, and good, trained voices became essential, it was believed that never again would Hollywood glorify the unknown. Producers invaded Broadway with the ruthlessness of hungry wolves, and brought back talent in trainloads; Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, Helen Twelvetrees, Helen Chandler, Claudette Colbert and flocks of others. Then John Ford took John McCormack, the singer, to Ireland to shoot scenes for "Song o' My Heart," and discovered the first talkie Cinderella — Maureen O'Sullivan. The little Dublin beauty was then brought to Hollywood, put under contract, and has been climbing steadily ever since.

In rapid succession came the overnight successes of Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, Gwili Andre, Jean Harlow, Ruth Hall, Rochelle Hudson, Arline Judge, Peggy Shannon, Evalyn Knapp, Sally Eilers—and Dorothy Jordan. The star of some of these Cinderellas has already set, their light growing ever dimmer.

Little Jean Parker is Hollywood's latest Cinderella. Discovered by Metro-Goldwyn, she has the distinction of being the only girl in films who won a contract simply on an appearance in a newsreel. Studio officials were so impressed by her fresh charm that they took her out of a Pasadena school and made her an actress. Today she is the most promising ingenue on the screen with a future before her that will rival Gaynor's.

Dorothy Coonan and Ruby Keeler are the new Cinderellas of the Warner lot. Miss Keeler's rise has been sensational. The Coonan girl has been a dancer in Warner's musical pictures. Taken out of the chorus, she was recently given the leading role in "Wild Boys of the Road," and will be groomed for stardom.

PARAMOUNT'S contribution to the new crop of Cinderellas includes Judith Allen, Elizabeth Young, a New York society girl, and Grace Bradley, taken out of a Broadway cabaret and brought to Hollywood for grooming.

Dorothy Wilson is the Cinderella of the Radio Pictures studio. Discovered in the stenographic department, she was given the lead in her very first role.

At Fox, Boots Mallory and Heather Angel are reaping the benefits of the magic wand that touched them, making them over night, motion picture stars.

And so the little Hollywood Cinderellas come and go—beautiful puppets touched by a kind fate, allowed to dance at the ball for a few quickly passing hours, while the clock ever threatens to strike the tragic hour of twelve, when the silks and satins must turn back to rags, the fine horses back to mice, the grand carriages back to pumpkins, the fantasy back to realism. In the fairy tale the Cinderella girl went back to her drab fireside and the Prince Charming came and rescued her. But in Hollywood the Prince Charming sometimes never comes.

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 25)

I'd have given my eye-teeth, whatever they may be, for a glimpse of her. But I was to learn later that Mary seldom appears in public places.

"Who's that little bit of a girl over there with all those men?" asked Trav. "Can it be that new one, Sylvia Sidney?"

"You mean that tiny thing all in gray, with the violets, and those big horn-rimmed spectacles?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"I believe it is. Gee, Trav, she's littler than I am!"

"But not so pretty."

Of course, that wasn't true and I told him so, whereupon there ensued a very satisfactory mock lover's quarrel, which, I was suddenly aware, very much interested a huge mountain of a man with an unruly head of thick yellow hair and eyes that simply made you look at him even though you did not find the prospect pleasing. He was sitting alone, this mountainous man, in a booth so close to our table that he could hear every word we said—and, obviously, he was making it his business to do so. Incidentally, his great compelling eyes never left my face.

"Who's your friend?" Trav said at last.

"I don't know what you mean," I said—but I did.

"The old guy with the pants expansion! You've made a hit, honey. Too bad he isn't Gary Cooper."

"We ought to take that guy along with our act," continued Travis in his least charming manner. "If we played a theater that was shy a back drop, we could use those pants of his, and the audience would never know the difference."

"Travis Jackson, I believe you're jealous."

"Why should I be jealous of an old guy like that?"

"You shouldn't be." I looked lovingly at his tall, slim young figure, and I knew that I spoke the truth. "Just the same, that guy, as you call him, is not old, and I'm sure he is someone important."

"Can't be very important." Travis called rather testily for his check. "I never saw him in pictures."

The luncheon ended rather unsatisfactorily, and it was a stiff masculine arm to which I clung as we rounded the corner into Hollywood Boulevard.

I did know—something within me told me, although I don't know now how he found out about us—that he would be in the theater to catch our act. And sure enough, there he was.

By this time, I was sure that he *was* a great man. And I did not need to wait long to have my confidence confirmed. There was a knock at the door. It was the call boy with a note—and to the note was signed the world-famous name of Hollywood's most eccentric and most successful director. Here is what it said:

"*Miss,*

"*I have been watching your performance. You will have tea with me. I shall be waiting.*

"*Fritz Stresseman.*"

I did not show the note to Travis. He had, as a matter of fact, quickly repented his rudeness at the Brown Derby, and had been very nice about it before we went on for our turn. But

(*Please turn to page* 94)

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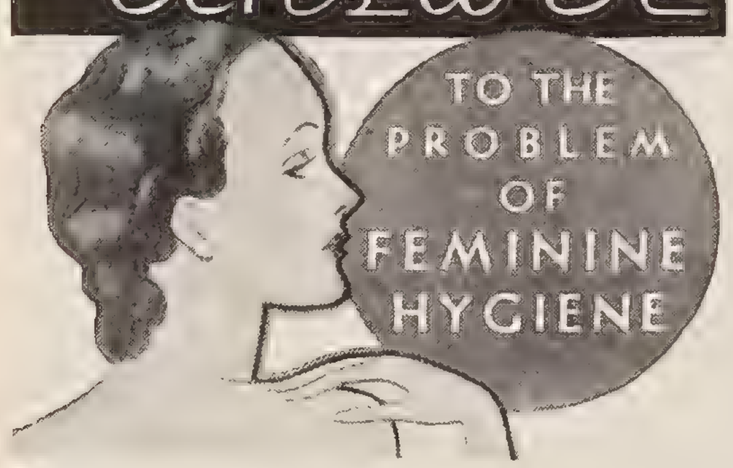

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Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 93)

I knew he would resent the calm assumption on Mr. Stresseman's part that I would do as he commanded. I didn't resent it—but, then, I wasn't Travis. So I just told him that the man who had been observing us at the Derby was in the audience and that he was somebody important; in fact, that he was the great Fritz Stresseman.

"Fritz Stresseman?"

Travis stopped short in the middle of his necktie operations.

"Yes," I whispered, trying to avoid I-told-you-soing.

"Gee! That's different. Of course he gave my little girl the once-over. He knows talent when he sees it, that guy!"

"Mr. Stresseman sent around word that he would like to have me have tea with him. Shall we go, Trav?"

"No, honey," he said, smiling down into my upturned eyes, "*we* won't go, but *you* will. It may be your chance. Men like Stresseman don't waste time on false alarms. This is your fire. You go to it."

"But Trav," I insisted, "I'm sure Mr. Stresseman would be glad to have you come along. He probably doesn't know we are married."

"No, and don't you tell him!"

"But Travis, that doesn't seem nice. I love——"

"It isn't a question of being nice, or of loving either, honey. This is Hollywood—and Hollywood doesn't like baby stars that are married."

"But I'm not a baby star."

"You're my baby star!" he cried in a voice which was meant to convey ecstasy but which somehow managed to suggest tragedy—and once more he swept me into his strong young arms. "There, you look wonderful! You'll knock his eye out!"

BEFORE I knew it I was in the street—and there, by the curb was the mountainous man with the yellow hair, lolling back in the deep back seat of an open landaulet. He did not rise as I appeared, just smiled, and moved his hand almost imperceptibly, as if in the way of invitation, toward the vacant seat beside him. A uniformed chauffeur held the door open for me, as I stepped carefully into the car. I was awfully afraid I would trip and fall in a heap. I felt kind of heapy.

My companion said nothing as the big black car turned right, off the Boulevard, up Vine Street toward those terraced hills. At the crest, he broke the silence, but without any pretense of looking my way.

"You will never sing again."

That was all he said. Somehow, it didn't make sense. I wanted to tell him that I liked to sing, that I intended to sing; but somehow my lips refused to form the words. Instead, I found myself venturing rather weakly:

"But my contract——"

"You have no contract. I have bought it."

Now I *was* alarmed. My thoughts rushed back to Travis, to our little act, to our hopes, our ambitions, to the possibility of thirty-two weeks on the Orpheum time, of New York, of success on Broadway—Travis and I.

"Don't worry about your partner," continued Stresseman, as if he were reading my mind, "he will be taken care of. You will play out the week with him here. He will open in Fresno next week as a single, same salary as you both get now. I've arranged all that."

"But Mr. Stresseman, Mr. Jackson is——"

"I'm not interested in Mr. Jackson. I'm interested in you."

I knew that I should have completed that sentence if it was the last thing I said on earth. Just as surely as Saint Peter denied his heavenly Master, I was, by my cowardly silence, denying my earthly lord and master. I hated myself. But in the presence of this strange, hypnotic creature, my tongue was tied.

When it seemed that we were about to hurl ourselves head foremost into the towering rock, the car swerved suddenly to the right and began to climb in great sweeping arcs, which revealed at every turn new vistas of wooded canyons and gleaming white rambling stucco-walled houses clinging, with story piled on story, to the precipitous hillsides. At one such structure, a little more rambling and a little less gleaming than the rest, the big car came to a stop. Without moving, the huge man beside me managed to indicate that I was to get out.

"I am not fashionable," he said. "I do not live in Beverly Hills."

It was the first personal thing, the first human thing, that he had said.

"I like that," I ventured.

"You mustn't like it," he replied sharply, as if he regretted stepping even for a moment out of character. "You will be fashionable. You will live in Beverly Hills. I will arrange all that."

He said no more. Silence fell like a curtain on a scene which I was never supposed to have glimpsed. Then he led me heavily up the steep steps into the house.

I NEVER did get any tea—or any dinner. Instead, I got three hectic hours with this gargantuan madman in a great shadowy studio room, through whose trellised windows filtered the red-gold afterglow of a sun that set in glory behind the hills that fringed the Hollywood Bowl. Not once in all this time did the mountainous man with the yellow hair stop pacing back and forth in front of me. Not once did he stop talking, not so much *to* me as *about* me.

"You are not a singer," he had begun. "You are not an actress. You are a mirror. I don't suppose you know what I mean, do you?"

I didn't. But my throat was so dry and my muscles so tense that I couldn't tell him so. I couldn't give him any answer at all. But he evidently didn't expect one, for he continued:

"Your gift is the gift of reflection. You are like a mirror that is placed in the light for all to see. In you, people see themselves as they want to be—they see their secret desires, their loves, their hates—primitive feelings that rage through their souls as storm clouds sweep a summer sky."

He paused a moment and in his abrupt, peremptory way came over to me where I was standing by the window, and snatched my little beret from off my head.

"Stay there," he ordered, as he walked down to the other end of the

long, high-ceilinged, shadowy room.

"Storm cloud! That is your hair. Marvelous! Blue-black, violet, yet shining with a glow that betrays the presence of the hidden sun!"

As he stood there, muttering to himself these lurid, extravagant phrases, I could barely see him in the falling shadows. But his hypnotic, fascinating eyes shone out like the eyes of a cat as they fastened themselves on me, compelling me to stand as I was bidden.

He seemed to sense my fear and my desire for flight.

"Sit down, child. You're tired. Here, on this couch."

Again, I obeyed, this time with relief.

"You are very beautiful, my child. You are frightened, yes? Don't be. There is no cause for fear. I will not harm you. Fear contracts the muscles of the body and paralyzes the mind. Relax and rest yourself. There, that is better. Now, we will talk.

"I want to encourage that mirror-like talent of yours. But I want to add something to it. It needs strength. People are still timorous, shy, afraid to look too closely at their reflections. I shall give you the strength to compel them to do so. Women will look at you and see themselves beautiful and loved; men will recover their ideals and weave again the dreams of their youth."

The man's intensity was certainly frightening.

"I shall not make love to you. That is not what I want of you. I want to create. And you are the living clay which I am going to mold. Love! Romance! Bah! They spoil everything. You are to be a reproduction of my mind. I do not want your body for myself. It doesn't interest me at all."

"I don't want your brains, either," this strange creature continued. "I can supply all that. I want your beauty, not for myself but for the world. You shall become a beautiful ideal for all to look at. Nobody shall own you. You are not to encourage lust and greed among men—jealousy and envy among women. You are to be a mirror of Beauty and Truth!"

"I FORGOT," he said, for him almost apologetically. "I will pay you five hundred dollars a week while you are learning. A thousand dollars a week while you are working on your first picture. If you make good, I will pay you twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Perhaps more. What is money to Fritz Stresseman?"

Suddenly, I found myself again in the waiting motor car, with my huge friend—I called him that now to myself—standing on the steps of his hillside home. Suddenly, his great body filled the doorway of the car, his huge yellow head leaning over me.

"You will come to me Saturday night," he said, "at midnight. We will begin."

The door closed. He was gone!

Don't fail to read all of the startling developments in this unusual story, some of the strangest parts of which appear in the next installment, in the November NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. *Be sure to get your copy on the day the magazine goes on sale—October 4th.*

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She Lives for Her Art

(*Continued from page* 43)

Garden City Hotel,
Garden City, L. I.,
July, 1933.

ELEANOR HOLM, who, since the age of three has been rated an aquatic star, is preparing for the National Swimming Championship meet at Jones Beach. I arrive after a telephone appointment.

"H'ya, Cupid," Eleanor calls from the porch of the hotel as I get out of my car. "Come on up, and we'll have breakfast." There's no formality about Eleanor. Ever since she can remember, most of her time has been spent indulging in athletics out in the open, but what she lacks in drawing-room decorum, she makes up in sincerity. The greeting, mind you, came after I hadn't seen her in, perhaps, more than a year.

Breakfast vanishes into ten o'clock, ten o'clock gives way to noon. Midday cedes its place to luncheon at one, and at two, I leave, accompanied by the real "inside and only official story" of the Eleanor Holm-Art Jarrett romance. Here it is:

THE Erasmus meeting of 1926 had been obliterated by that age-old eradicator, Time, when I, substituting for Eros, did my stuff that night at the Columbia Broadcasting studio. Eleanor's fame was already insured; Jarrett, after four years at Fordham College, had spent a year in Chicago where he first attracted attention with his singing. New York had beckoned to him, and there he was. The Columbia studio meeting planted the seed of the romance.

The "Reunion in California" at the home of Dorothy Lee, plus the ensuing weeks, nurtured the affair. It has blossomed now, and you can expect the announcement of the marriage between Eleanor and Art any day. You can certainly take Eleanor's word for that!

Jarrett must have had a special dispensation from ol' kid Morpheus. Regardless of what time he gets through at the studio, five o'clock every morning finds him at the long distance phone, talking to Eleanor. The early hour is necessitated by the three-hour difference in time between California and New York, and the daylight-saving edict. He simply has to talk to Elly, as he calls her, every morning in order to start that particular day off right.

Their phone conversations have to do mainly with Art's inquiring into Elly's health, swimming, and her feeling toward him. He continually asks if she is seeing anybody else, and her answer is, "Nobody except Helen Meany," her room-mate and another water-wizard. Elly asks him how his pictures are going, how his health is, and if he still loves her. His answer to the last query invariably is that, even if he had the inclination to see other girls, which he says he hasn't, he is so busy shooting pictures and singing until late at night, and then remembering to get up at five o'clock in the morning, that he hasn't got the time!

Once every week, five orchids are delivered to Eleanor . . . a gift of flowers to preserve the memory of the night they really met, in Dorothy Lee's garden.

ELEANOR objects strenuously (well, perhaps not so strenuously) to Jarrett's daily calls, and periodically insists that Art stop increasing the income of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. However, on the two occasions when Jarrett obeyed and didn't call, Eleanor herself sat down at the phone and paged "Long Distance." Three thousand miles separate them, but Eleanor insists that "distance lends enchantment," with no concession whatsoever to the "out of sight, out of mind" adage.

That night at Dorothy Lee's will be remembered by both as long as they live . . . and love. A mellow moon bathed in radiance the garden in which they strolled. Their conversation was impersonal. Romance was casting its web, but neither knew it. Their separation from the crowd at the party was merely the desire of two kids from the same town wanting to talk over

CHEESE

FOR EVERY OCCASION

Cheese will give a flourish to one meal or form the basis of another. It can be used for every course from soup to dessert. This month's circulars give you information on all sorts of cheeses as well as recipes for all sorts of cheese dishes. Here are the subjects:

Oc 1. Cheese You Should Know
Oc 2. Cheese Appetizers and Soups
Oc 3. Cheese Main Dishes
Oc 4. Cheese Dishes for Lunch and Supper
Oc 5. Cheese Sandwiches
Oc 6. Cheese Salads
Oc 7. Cheese Desserts
Oc 8. Foreign Cheese Dishes

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

She Lives for Her Art

old times. The minutes melted into an hour, and then—oh, irreverent male thus to shatter a perfect picture—Art snapped his fingers, and declared:

"Gee, Eleanor, I almost forgot. I'm due at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for Gus Arnheim's opening. Come along, will you?"

Eleanor went. The Arnheim orchestra was in fine form, and the magic melodies emanating from each instrument blended into a love song for Art and Eleanor. One song they played over and over again, and Art whispered the lyrics in her ear as they danced.

Lover, when I'm near you
And I hear you speak my name
Softly in my ear, breathes a
flame . . .

After Art had taken her home that night, he didn't say to her, "May I see you again?" . . . or . . . "What are you doing tomorrow night?" or any of the other acknowledged queries of enamored swains. He merely said, "I'll be over tomorrow." Eleanor, in turn, made no recourse to woman's perennial, "Well, I've a date for tomorrow," or "Call me up first." All she said, was, "That'll be swell." Kid Cupid had acquired a couple of converts.

SHORTLY afterward Art went to work at the Cocoanut Grove, gathering place of Moviedom's elite. His vocal endeavors there were met with sensational acclaim, and night after night, he'd be forced to stay on the floor, singing ostensibly to the assemblage in general, but actually directing his love songs to a girl who sat at a ringside table, surrounded by gallants.

Eleanor insists that she has never been worse company in her life than those nights when she visited the Cocoanut Grove.

No matter what compliments her escorts paid her, her ears heard only Art's love lyrics. The Grove was packed nightly, yet to each of them, only one other person was present. Worshipful eyes of women eagerly absorbed every movement of Jarrett's on the floor; drank in every vocal nuance. He knew only that Eleanor, his Eleanor, was there. "Holm, Sweet Holm," was his new theme song.

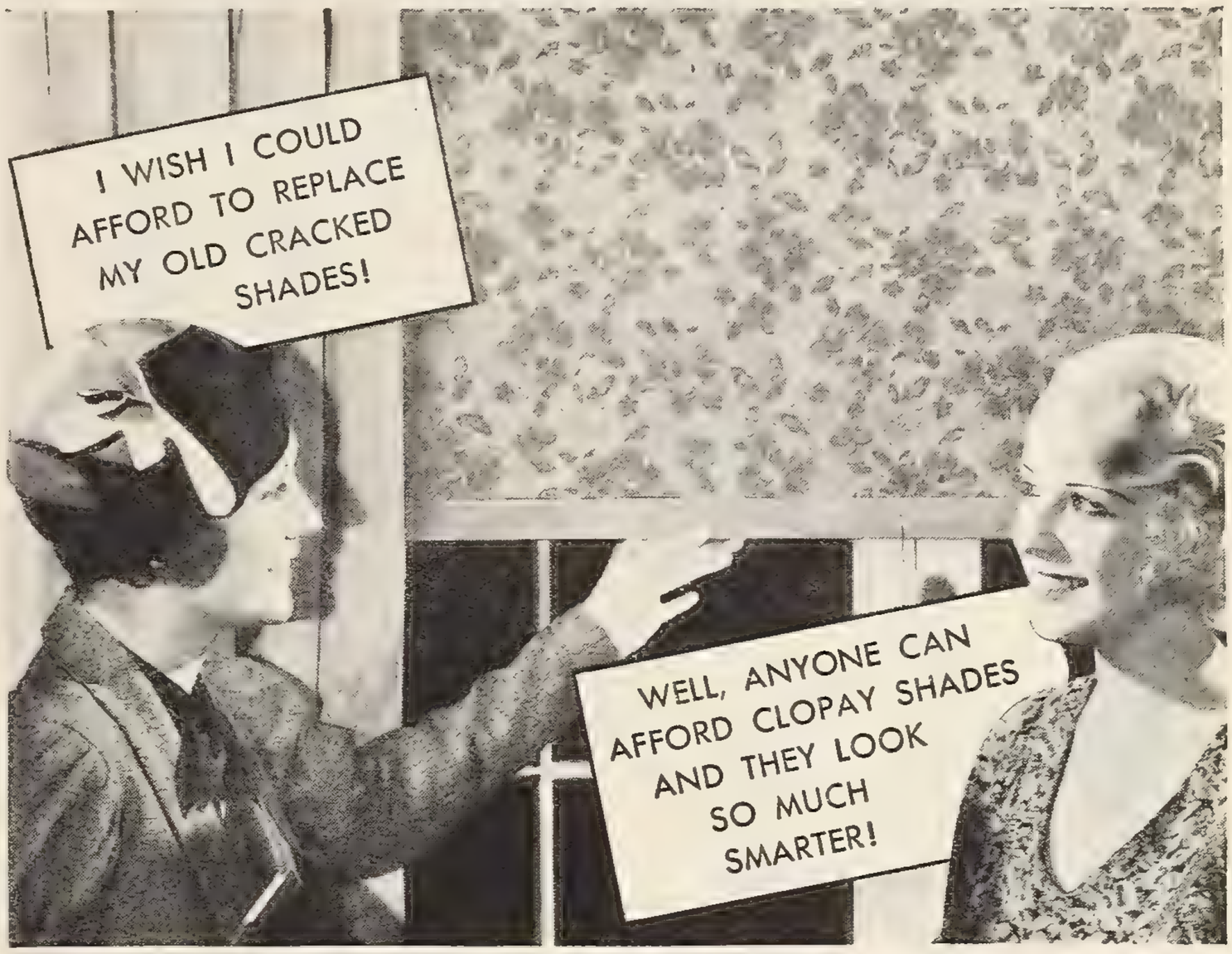
After Art had concluded his highly successful engagement at the Cocoanut Grove, he and Elly went there as guests one evening. A newspaperman friend was seated at an adjoining table, bemoaning the lack of news. Eleanor turned to Art and said to him joshingly:

"For Pete's sake, Art, propose to me so he can get some news!" The joking remark resulted in all the alleged quotations which you may have read. The foregoing happens to be the only truthful account of how Eleanor Holm supposedly "proposed to Art Jarrett!"

The next evening, Eleanor left the Coast for New York, and while she is speeding East, let me tell you something about her. She is nineteen years old, and a typical American girl. Her early life, until she was of high school

(*Please turn to page* 98)

No One Believed My Window Shades Cost *Only 10c Each . .*



. .They Looked So Smart After Months of Wear!

GUESTS always admired my window shades—that looked as beautiful as the day I bought them.

"I wish I could afford to replace my old, cracked shades," some friend would say, "but I just can't now. Why, you must have paid $10 for those twenty new shades!"

Imagine their surprise when I explained that my shades cost only 10c each. They were not new either. My shades appeared especially attractive because they were faced in the latest chintz patterns . . . patterns that I found from experience I just couldn't get even in the most expensive shades. And my shades stayed pretty because they were Clopay Shades that wore as well as they looked. When I revealed, too, how easy it was to put up Clopay Shades without tacks or tools my friends were convinced I was a shrewd buyer for my family.

NEW KIND OF WINDOW SHADES

Clopay Shades are made of an unusually tough yet flexible fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Because of their patented creped texture, Clopay Shades hang evenly, roll smoothly and stand rough usage even better than ordinary *cloth* shades. Yet they cost only 10 cents.

See How Easy To Replace Old Shades

Just rip off old shade from roller. Moisten gummed tape edge at top of Clopay Shade—attach to old roller—and hang shade. Now you have a new fresh shade in only 2 minutes! No tacks or tools. Clopay saves time—labor—money.

You'll realize what a bargain value this is when you see the lovely plain colors available, such as dark green, white, ecru—and the modern two-tone chintz effects you can't get in old-fashioned shades. Clopay shades are 36"x6 ft.—easily cut to fit smaller windows. In a jiffy you can attach them to your old rollers—patented gum tape edge at top of shade is the secret. See this amazing new kind of shade today. Millions already in use. Learn what a thrill it is to brighten up every room with new Clopays at *all* your windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Just address Clopay Corporation, 1213 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Many Department Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

STA-RITE

Screen Star BOB PINS

Now you can get genuine Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half-round) Bob Pins—the kind beauty experts recommend—together with a lovely photo-miniature of your favorite star for your movie album or dressing table.

Select Your Favorite

Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Claudette Colbert
Neil Hamilton Jack Holt
Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes Wynne Gibson
Constance Cummings
Edmund Lowe Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy Tom Brown

At Leading Stores and Beauty Shops

NOTE: Similar cards with "midget" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available for little misses.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Shelbyville, Ill.
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STA-RITE

For soft, lovely, natural waves use Sta-Rite Wave Set

Callous-ease

New Medicated MOLESKIN Cushions, Absorbs Painful Growths

Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic; cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES; or we will send 25c drug-store size or big wide family-size $1 spool postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

Save ½ ON HOSIERY BILLS

Smart, thrifty women save mending by slipping these concealed footlets under or over their sheerest hose. Peds are a modern necessity in business, at home and for all sports. Peds give exceptional foot comfort. Buy Peds today at your favorite chain store or send 20c with correct stocking size to—RICHARD PAUL, Inc., Cooper Bldg., Dept. T, Los Angeles, California.

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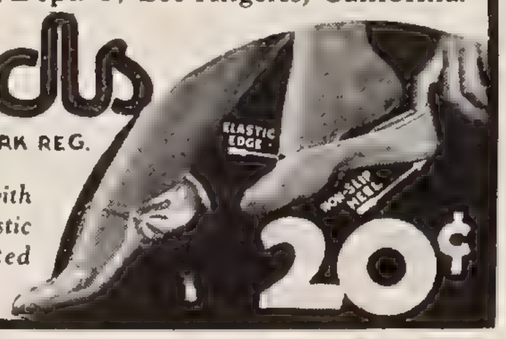
Peds are made with snug-fitting elastic edges, ventilated non-slip heel.



She Lives for Her Art

(*Continued from page* 97)

age, was spent in Long Beach, and she learned to swim just about the time most kiddies are able to walk. Her father is dead, and at all times other than the swimming season, she lives with her mother, three sisters and a brother.

She combines a magnetic personality and undeniable charm with a nature-molded figure that really had me envying this Jarrett person. Every other word she speaks is about Art. At least five times during the interview, she pleaded, "Please Jerry, say something nice about Art. He's such a swell guy." Maybe I ought to trade in my typewriter and get a set of vocal lessons.

WHEN Eleanor arrived here from the Coast, the very first thing she did was to phone Jarrett's parents (he's an only child), explain to them who she was, and tell them that she hoped they'd like her. They did. Art's dad, incidentally, is a rather well-known radio writer, and has contributed several outstanding stories to the films, in addition. His latest effort is "Moonlight and Pretzels," due for early release. Both Mr. and Mrs. Starrett were vaudeville favorites of fifteen years ago, appearing in a one-act play of their own composition.

But lest we digress, Art and Eleanor have had one quarrel, and are still having it, as I write this. Art wants a big wedding, Eleanor a small one. They've compromised and will have a big affair. Art says if the nuptials are celebrated in style, all of his friends will get a good look at the bride and then stay away from him so that he and Eleanor can enjoy some privacy!

The wedding date has not as yet been decided, but a ring to bind the engagement will be forthcoming shortly. Eleanor designed it herself, and sent a sketch to Jarrett on the coast, where he is having it made up. As soon as Art concludes his picture work, he will come East and that week, Eleanor says, the wedding will be held.

Eleanor's room at the Garden City Hotel, which she shared with Helen Meany, had only one picture of Art in it, but the room was littered with press clippings. The photograph was pasted on her mirror, and several times, while we spoke, her eyes seemed magnetically attracted and remained figuratively glued to it.

IF ever there was an ideally mated couple, Jarrett-Holm is it. Art is twenty-four and is acknowledged the best-looking star on the radio. In my opinion, he takes second honors to no one on the Pacific coast, either. He stands over six feet, has the face and physique of an ancient Greek god, and possesses one of the cleanest reputations in all show business.

Eleanor, I have already partially described. Add to the picture presented in the early part of the article, a trimly molded figure tanned to a point closely resembling chocolate brown, an uncontrolled *joie de vivre* resulting in a natural vivacity that is transmitted to anyone with whom she speaks, and perfect, snow-white teeth flashing against her tan. Include in the vision a magazine cover face in the center of which is a perfect nose that crinkles deliciously when she laughs . . . and you have Eleanor Holm.

It's easy for the singing star to "Keep the Holm fires burning" for Eleanor lives for her Art . . . and his last name is Jarrett!

Bull Montana, missing from the screen while staging a wrestling tour of the world, is back again. Here he's shown on the set giving an expert twist to Warner Baxter's necktie. When Bull was introduced to Elissa Landi, having heard that she was wealthy, he said, "Please to meetcha. I was reech man once, too."

I'll Show You the Town

(*Continued from page* 53)

none of her sparkle and delightful southern beauty.

Dorothy Burgess and Mary Carlisle came together, as did June Knight and her producer, Sam Jacobson. June said she had fainted, because of the heat, the day before.

June Clyde, in a white sports outfit trimmed with red and blue lapels, arrived with her husband, Thornton V. Freeland, and Anita Page, clad in a white flannel skirt and sweater, and looking charming, came along from her beach house at Playa del Rey, escorted by her father, A. W. Pomares.

A twinkle in his eye and as charming as ever, Edward Everett Horton came alone, followed soon after by Charlie Murray, who was bubbling over with new jokes, and by Arthur Goebel, who once, you remember, flew around the world.

Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan were also among the guests.

Neil Hamilton showed friends the fine military bearing he has developed by bicycling back and forth from his Beverly Hills home to the studios. He has hung up a record of two hundred miles of bicycling, to Palm Springs and back again.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner and Sally O'Neil.

WE do love the Spanish architecture in California, of course, but once in a blue moon it is fun to come across a New England farm house. And such a home is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, down at Santa Monica, near the Uplifters' Club.

Our invitations read "from noon on," and so we were delighted to have an opportunity to see by daylight the outside of the Lessers' charming home. The fence enclosing the old-fashioned garden is broken by a real stile—perhaps to keep some of the Uplifters' polo ponies from wandering in!

We insisted on harking back to the country and proving we could climb over a stile, though others in the party entered through the gate, of which you have all heard—a cart wheel mounted to swing back and forth. We couldn't resist swinging on this fascinating old relic, dear to the hearts of Bud and Marjorie, the Lesser children.

Inside the house one promptly forgets the eucalyptus and pepper trees outside, since its atmosphere is as truly New England as Concord or Lexington.

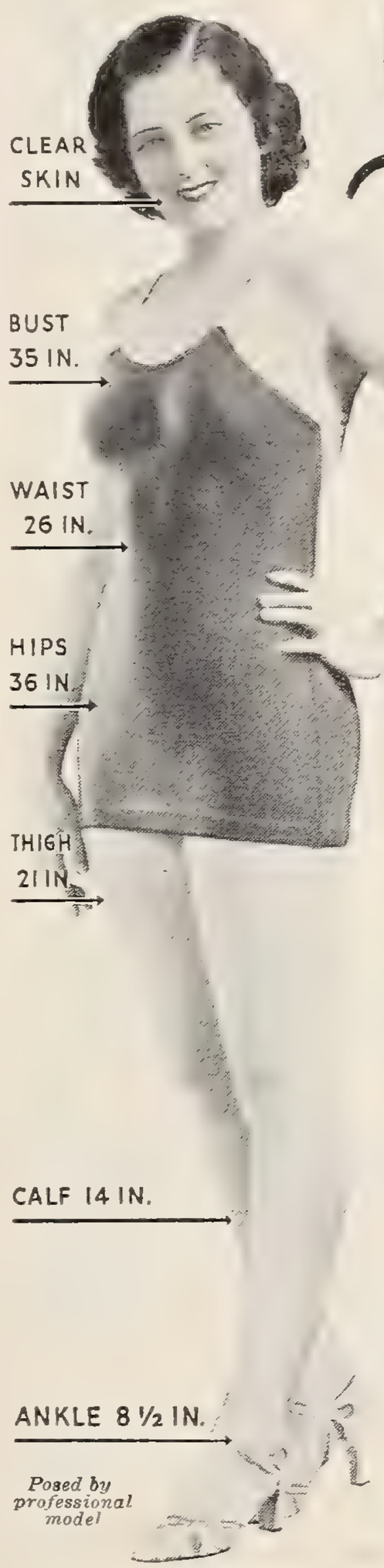
All the furniture, too, was collected in Yankeeland. And such pewter!

Many guests were arriving by the time we had "rested our wraps" in an upper room. Specially there was Buster Crabbe and his pretty wife, the former Adah Held, Beverly Hills society girl, who still looks like a high school miss.

There was swimming in the club pool, nearby, and Buster probably realized that he was in for it to show us just how he won the Olympic swimming championship. And, agreeable boy that he is, he was glad to oblige.

Having played the lion-man, he had to stand for a lot of kidding such as

(*Please turn to page* 100)



Posed by professional model

THIN WOMEN listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds *double quick!*

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results — put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times —*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. So successful has it been that it is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 4210, Atlanta, Ga.

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lenze, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

CORNS

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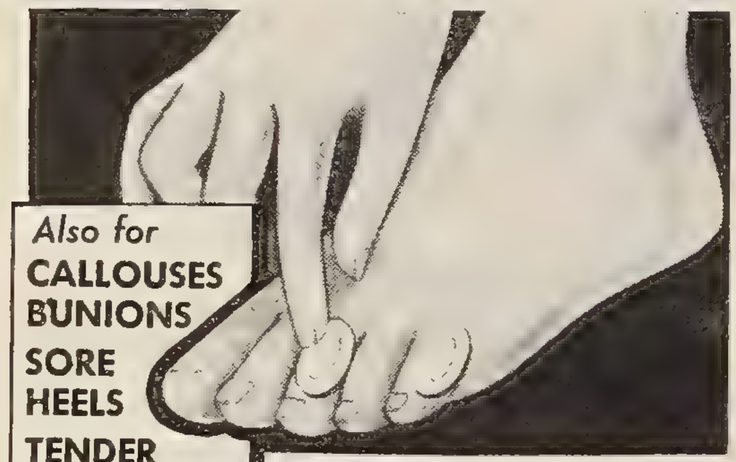

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SORE HEELS
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Quickly Loosens and Removes Corns

Here is the quickest, safest relief for these foot troubles—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads instantly end pain on any part of the feet or toes; stop shoe friction and pressure by protecting the sore spot and prevent blisters. When used with the separate *Medicated Disks* (double value now at no extra cost), they quickly remove corns and callouses. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

When Closed Eyes Judge Beauty

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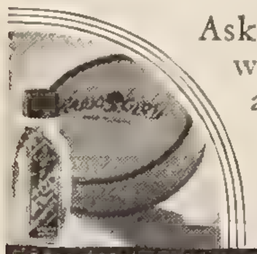
The unseen beauty, the alluring fragrance of Radio Girl Perfume can be yours. It is made for you, modern American girls! . . . Imported essential oils, compounded in this country, bring this genuine French *odeur* within reach of the thrifty. Radio Girl Face Powder has the same enchanting fragrance. Try the smart new shade—Dermatone—that blends with every type complexion . . . it's so flattering. (Flesh or Brunette if you prefer.)



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Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

THE BELCO CO., Saint Paul, Minnesota T10

Please send me FREE samples of RADIO GIRL Perfume and of RADIO GIRL Face Powder.

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[Print Name and Address Plainly]

I'll Show You the Town

(*Continued from page 99*)

"Where is your lion skin?" and "When do you and Johnny Weissmuller race?" and more of that.

But Buster is mostly interested in a trip back home to Honolulu, so he can show off his bride.

Other guests were arriving, among them Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill, Jacqueline Wells and Gloria Stuart.

Jacqueline Wells wore a tan sports outfit, short jacket, with pleated flannel skirt, very smart.

There was finally a general exodus to the club swimming pool.

"Remember those life-saving lessons you promised," our host demanded of Buster. Buster complied, doing some amazing stunts with Mr. Lesser himself as the victim—a good-natured one too. But when Buster asked if anyone cared to try a stranglehold so that he could break his grip by a knockout, volunteers were not forthcoming.

With appetites ravenous after the swim, we did full justice to the barbecued luncheon served on a refectory table under the patio trees.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill raved over Crabbe's work in "King of the Jungle," but Buster modestly changed the subject by turning to Mrs. Tom Moore with the remark, "Your Tom could wear a mean leopard skin if he would!"

After luncheon we played games—"Twenty-One" and the ever popular jig-saws. But Buster wouldn't try the jig-saws. Said he knew his would turn out to be Johnny Weissmuller.

Before we knew it the shadows were long. Tom Moore said he heard Will Rogers calling the cows at his ranch across the road, and regretfully we realized that it was time to go home.

MAE WEST at close range is a most fascinating and entertaining and lively lady, especially when she's at a party.

We found that out at Alan Mowbray's, where Miss West was obligingly singing for the guests when we entered.

No, of course she doesn't dress in those old-fashioned clothes in everyday life. But that walk is all her own!

She looked very chic and alluring in a blue sports suit with a small blue hat to match.

We were all down in the whoopee room, which, by the way, Alan himself had furnished completely with his own fair hands—tiny bar, little tables, rustic chairs, flooring, all had been built by him during his spare hours from work.

And the whoopee room was crowded with guests. It is downstairs, in one of those deceiving on-the-side-of-the-hill houses in Hollywood, which look like one-storied affairs from the front, but which usually have three stories in the back.

The occasion was in celebration of the birthday of the Mowbrays' little daughter. But our host and hostess admitted that was just an excuse for a party.

"But she's asleep now, anyway," said Mrs. Mowbray. "However, we want everybody to meet her when she wakes up."

As a matter of fact little Miss Mowbray didn't seem to care much for her party when she did arrive! She was quite lofty and rather detached.

"You can't fool these children," remarked Mae West.

Guests were arriving by the scores by this time, and we said hello to George Raft, who later danced for us, Tyler Brooke and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Walter Catlett, Edwin Earle, Francis MacDonald, William Collier, Sr., Sam Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Crauford Kent, Lillian Bond, Jose Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brian, Kay Hammond and Henry Wetherby, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Sam Ash, Stuart Holmes, Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Hal Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Jack Norworth, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Nugent, and just scores of others.

Never was so much talent housed under one roof! Hal Jerome was kept busy at the piano, and George Raft and Tyler Brooke danced, Sam Ash sang, and then there was general vocalizing of the old songs.

Off the whoopee room is a barbecue hut, and here we saw the large ham being cooked. First, the chef saturated the ham with champagne, then covered it with a thick batter, then roasted it in the barbecue oven, and when removed the batter was as hard as rock, but the ham slipped juicily out. I've never tasted anything so good!

Of course there were delicious sandwiches, goose livers, pretzels, and all sorts of cheese—a grand banquet, and lots of fun eating it while drinking beer with your foot on the bar rail.

This is the first picture you've seen in many a day of Rod LaRoque. He's back on the screen again, though he had to go all the way to Greenland to get the chance. It is Universal's "S. O. S. Iceberg." The whole fan world will welcome Rod back.

I'll Show You the Town

THE bride and groom were married before the guests arrived, out in the garden, and so we didn't see the ceremony.

I mean Alan Dinehart and his wife, Moselle Brittone, the little girl, you know, who began work at Columbia studios as an assistant in the casting office, got a small part, then went back to her drudgery, got another part, and successively other roles until she finally won a contract at Fox.

She was looking very pretty in her Eleanor blue wedding dress and hat when we arrived.

Alan told us that he might have to work next day, but he was afraid to tell Moselle for fear she would push him into the fish bowl!

But we scooped the bride on where the wedding journey would be!

"I don't know," said Moselle when we asked her, but Alan told us that they were going up to Lake Louise and Banff, in Canada, as soon as they could get away.

Warren William and Muriel Kirkland had been best man and bridesmaid, and both remained to aid in receiving the guests.

Moselle was disappointed, she said, because her mother had been unable to fly from Oklahoma, where her home is, as she had expected, to attend the wedding. But Mrs. Brittone, her daughter explained, had suffered an auto accident a few weeks ago and was still feeling the effects.

"Is that all we say?" Moselle had asked when the ceremony was over.

"Of course," said Alan.

"No, you forgot something," persisted Moselle.

"Why, that's all, little wife," said Alan.

"Ah,—that's it! I just wanted to hear you call me wife!" exclaimed the bride.

STUDIO parties given by artists are becoming more and more popular in Hollywood.

Dario Rappaport, portrait painter, and his wife, gave a tea at his studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown were there, Joe between pictures and uneasy, his wife said.

"One day Joe says he is going to Chicago, and the next he is going to Honolulu," explained Mrs. Brown. "He will end by staying at home. I know him."

She told us how Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys, had said to them, before the baby was expected, "We're going to spend all our spare time traveling."

"And now," put in Gladys Robinson, with a smile, "we have taken a house, and nobody can pry Eddie loose when he can be at home."

Mrs. Robinson—who was Gladys Lloyd on the New York stage, you know—looked beautiful in an Eleanor blue dress, afternoon, of pebble crepe, with hat to match, and her hair done in rows of curls completely covering her head below the hat.

Guests included, besides the above, Reginald Pasch, German actor; Vincent Lawrence, Mrs. Paul Lukas, Lena Malena and Wilmer Anderson, her husband, Douglas Walton, Marion Lessing, Albert Conti and others.

Service like this is service indeed!

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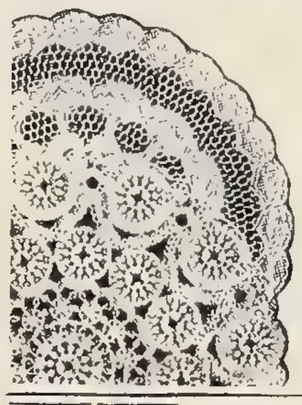

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Should heavy pieces of furniture ever be placed at right angles to a wall?

What is a spinet desk?

What color is made by mixing red and yellow?

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If a room has no fireplace, how can a center of interest be created?

In what style rooms may wall paper be used?

What is the difference between a Wilton and an Axminster rug?

What is the difference between brocade and brocatelle?

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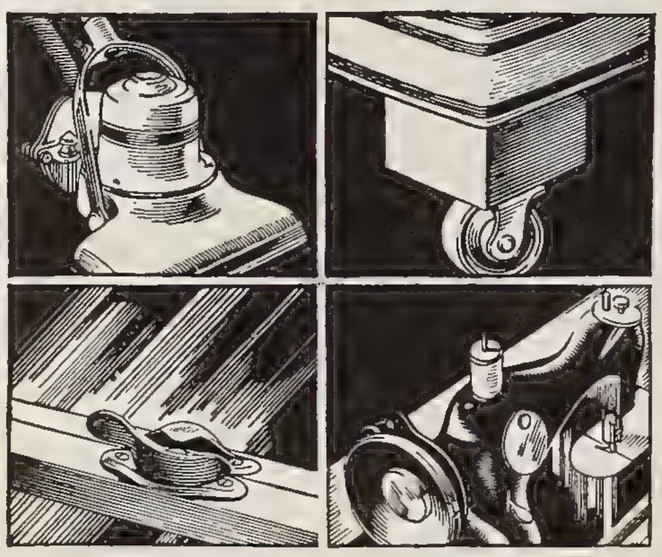

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New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page* 49)

Richard Dix and Ralph Bellamy are a couple of war birds who in the beginning have a lot in common. Then, with active service, Rich becomes the "killer," up day and night, fine or cloudy, just so long as there is a chance at battle and another trophy for his eager guns. Bellamy is the opposite; he too is an ace, but to him war is a duty not a bloody game and if he kills, he kills because there is no other way.

Elizabeth Allan loves them both and sees the terrible unhappiness ahead of Dix when normal times return again. Almost she hopes that he will die in one of his flaming combats in the clouds. But he doesn't. All around him die; kids with songs on their lips and only partial understanding in their hearts, come and go and in their going add fuel to the hate in his heart.

Then comes peace and Dix is left with only his undying hate and the girl who will not leave him to his memories and regrets, for with the calm of the New Day came a realization that those men he killed were doing their duty as he did his own.

It is a powerful story relieved in spots by rare glimpses of simple humor . . . but it is strong meat for strong stomachs with thrills as few pictures show these days. Elizabeth Allan is a real "comer."

I LOVED A WOMAN—(First National)—After doing what they could for the defunct silver business in "Silver Dollar," First National must have decided to let Mr. Robinson take a crack at the meat-packing business and touch on the Insulls in passing.

The result is more fun than "Silver Dollar" even if the picture is a mite less important, important in that it has no "national" story to tell.

Robinson plays his usual role, that of a man who forced himself to the top. There he has everything but recognition and to achieve that, he marries Kay Francis who is far more loyal to him than most of her sisters would have been. The story seems based, with a few necessary and logical changes, on the history of the Insull family, and in the hands of such capable artists as Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin, and J. Farrell MacDonald it could hardly help but be effective drama.

There is much that is humorous and much that is pathetic in the story of this strong little man's climb to the top of the Chicago heap. Opposition he can brush aside, knavery is little less than second nature—though he likes to go straight as it's easy to be crooked and he doesn't like things to come too easily—that is, except his women—and in this weak spot in his armor lies the humor that is always a high-spot in a Robinson picture.

ONLY YESTERDAY — (Universal)—A year or so ago Universal purchased Mr. Charles Norris' novel "Seed" and under the guidance of John Stahl, proceeded to make a good motion picture out of a story that, according to other studios, didn't have a motion picture possibility.

It is more than likely that Mr. Stahl has had the idea of making "Only Yesterday" in his mind ever since then for a glance at the screen credits brings out the fact that this American "Cavalcade" is from the pen of its director, this same John Stahl. So, he deserves to be congratulated doubly, for "Only Yesterday" is decidedly well worth while.

Universal assembled an excellent cast—lacking big names—for it is hard for anyone but the three or four big ones to rush in what is known in Hollywood as "star value"—but brimming over in understanding and dramatic ability.

About the best known names in the cast are John Boles, Margaret Sullavan, Benita Hume, Edna May Oliver, Onslow Stevens, Franklin Pangborn, Betty Blythe and Walter Catlett. There are some twenty others who receive screen credit and who deserve it.

While it is not fair to say that "Only Yesterday" is a copy of anything . . . it so happens that the words "American Cavalcade" tell this story better than others could, and as such, it is well worth your seeing. At times it is inclined to be slow and somewhat stodgy—but then, so is history on occasion, and so far as it goes, "Only Yesterday" is faithful to its story above all else. It is a show that the whole family may benefit by seeing.

CHRYSALIS — (Paramount) — A couple of years ago "The Ladder" opened on Broadway and there was nothing that seemed able to get it off. "The Ladder" had a powerful story that was ill-told on the stage but the story was powerful all the same.

"Chrysalis" reminds me somewhat of "The Ladder," in that it was a much better play than the latter but once more it boasted an idea that could not rise above the verbiage of the play and the mouthings of its actors.

Paramount saw merit in the idea and

Wide World

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, facing cameras and microphones at the Gaumont British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, for the film, "The Prince of Wales," which will be shown at the New Victoria Cinema in aid of the League of Mercy.

New Pictures You Should See

placed it in the hands of some of their most capable actors and it is a pleasure to see this butterfly emerge from the chrysalis that the stage play certainly was.

Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March have the leading roles and are so infinitely superior to the stage players that I beg of you to forget the past history of the play. George Raft and Sylvia Sidney bring additional glamour to roles that are made to stand out under this treatment.

"Chrysalis" is not a happy show. It is a trifle dogmatic at times but if there is a soft spot in your heart for a good job, well done, and for actors who know how to do it, then I bring "Chrysalis" to your very immediate attention.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—(Warners)—Dan Ahearn, who wrote "Wild Boys of the Road," had a great idea when a friend of his talked to your reviewer in a hotel room on lower Broadway. Then, it was a tough, two-fisted tale of the waifs of the world who have to beg borrow and "give" to make a life even possible. It was a story that beggared description, a chapter in American history that should have been written, for President Roosevelt's "NIRA" would have been closer to all of us had we listened to this friend of Dan Ahearn's.

As it is, something is missing. Possibly none of the Warner Brothers executives thought that it was necessary to live in a freight car to find out how that kind of people thought and acted. It's hard to be a gentleman when gentlemen and ladies share a freight car.

That's what's been happening, my friends, if this friend of Dan Ahearn's is to be believed . . . but it isn't what you'll see in "Wild Boys of the Road" for this is Hollywood. True, it is a Hollywood that realizes that it has a story to tell but it is still Hollywood . . . and before you could get the story that this mutual friend told me . . . Bill Wellman, its director, would need to pack up and ride the rods. Hollywood doesn't go for that and neither do you or I.

So let's forget what your reviewer heard in a bedroom in the lower thirties and remember "Wild Boys of the Road" for what it is. Possibly you can find time to remember that only a wee part of the story is told. If the thought occurs to you—remember that Franklin D. is trying to do something about it . . . and go out and do likewise. I would if I could and will if I can.

There is no one in the cast that you will remember at first glance . . . but there isn't anyone you would know that could be a member of "Wild Boys of the Road." Don't let that matter . . . don't let the quality of the show matter . . . take a trip to the movies and see what more kids than Warner Brothers, Bill Wellman or a lot of other people imagine, are doing every day.

It's tough to be still in your teens and have to bum a place to sleep and food to eat . . . and it's a whole lot tougher when you're a girl. This isn't a movie you'll remember forever . . . but if I've made you believe what I've written, I'm through with you if you

(*Please turn to page* 104)

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New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page* 103)

don't remember it. I dare to hope a little that you care.

BLIND ADVENTURE — (Radio) — Radio went to England for this crook story and possibly it's the distance that stopped your reviewer . . . either that, or the fog. The picture starts and ends in a fog. In fact a fog is most of the story and so it's only fitting that your reviewer should be somewhat in the same predicament.

Robert Armstrong is a young American in London during a bad fog. Helen Mack is a young English girl he meets during the same fog and Roland Young is a crook in the same spot. Maybe I shouldn't do this, for the show is a good enough little program picture, but the darn fog is so thick that you can't see whether the characters are in the same spot or whether they've moved since the last scene. If a London "Bobby" can't find his way in the fog an American reviewer ought to be pardoned.

The story is new and Roland Young does an admirable crook. One of the best exhibitions this talented player has ever done . . . and all in all . . . it is a pretty good movie.

BIG EXECUTIVE — (Paramount): Paramount secured Erlie C. Kenton from Columbia to make a fast moving action-show in which Mr. Kenton specializes. "Big Executive" is the result and Mr. Kenton did all that was expected of him but the show omits to move in any particular direction.

It is only a program picture in the "finest" sense of the word and such as it is, is probably better than most of its kind. It's just the motion picture version of the old saying "The poor are always with us."

Laurence Stallings wrote the story but not when he was feeling the way he was when he wrote "The Big Parade." Richard Bennett and Elizabeth Young share the main acting responsibility with Ricardo Cortez, who, in his turn, does the best he can.

LADIES MUST LOVE—(Universal): Universal has a neat little comedy-drama in "Ladies Must Love" and they could have had a much neater one had there been more comedy-drama in it. There were one or two moments when your reviewer was tempted to murmur "why"?

There are a couple of good songs and some competent acting by George E. Stone and Neil Hamilton.

The cast includes June Knight, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Gleason, Dorothy Burgess and Sally O'Neill.

"Ladies Must Love" is a snug little show that has enough laughs in it to put it on the okay list.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—(Warners)—Warners had a pretty swell idea in "Bureau of Missing Persons," but after seeing the picture I wonder what O. Henry could have done with the same idea.

They are still trying to make a sexy star out of Bette Davis when your reviewer is still pretty certain that she would be a whole lot better off if they let her be the sweet little girl that she probably is. They've got Ruth Chatterton.

The title tells the story, which is an old one in a setting that is a trifle unusual. By far the best parts of the film are the human interest bits that come into the script every now and then. Tad Alexander, who gave the Barrymores plenty of trouble in "Rasputin," again proves that he is the best kid actor on the screen.

Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Lewis Stone, Noel Francis, Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert all do very well, and all in all this is just about what the newspaper critics call "a smart little bolt of celluloid." You can take it for granted, this means "pretty good."

Clarence Sinclair Bull

John Beal, New York stage juvenile who repeats the role of Jerry he created in the theater for the M-G-M screen version of "Another Language" in which Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery are co-starred.

OTHERS YOU SHOULD SEE, TOO:

FOOTLIGHT PARADE
James Cagney in a musical—but don't let it scare you. It's an all-star cast and how . . . not quite a "Gold-Diggers," but plenty swell.

ACE OF ACES
Richard Dix in a smashing yarn of an ace who grew to love killing . . . Elizabeth Allan makes a tough tale human.

I LOVED A WOMAN
Edward G. Robinson in a saga of the meat-packing business. It may make you think of the Insuls. Better than "Silver Dollar."

ONLY YESTERDAY
A somewhat serious show, but one that you should really see. Inspired acting under the direction of the man who made "Back Street."

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People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 61)

seems to be the word I want to use to express my feelings. I just read a critic's review of "King Kong" in which he writes, "The cast is not important."

I'll admit that "King Kong" surely was the star actor, and a good one, but if the acting that was done by Bruce Cabot, Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong wasn't important and good acting, I'll eat what it took to make King Kong, the minute the studios turn the materials over to me.—Jack Hetrick, 305-2nd Ave., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

An Answer: In the June NEW MOVIE, Mrs. A. H. Johnson has written a letter, criticizing Hollywood's policy of importing foreign players, which I believe invites comment from one holding a different view.

Real art knows no nationality. The acting of great artists has a universal appeal and their talents should be considered the property of the whole world, rather than of the country which happened to be the place of their birth. It is only to be expected, since America is the center of the world of moving picture production, that exceptional players from everywhere will eventually reach Hollywood that their talents may be judged by that most critical audience, the American public.

With traditional generosity, we have always enthusiastically welcomed artists from other lands, even from the very earliest days of the Republic, indicating our taste for the charm, glamour, prestige and colorful personality usually possessed by the performer from abroad.

But since the principal objection mentioned by Mrs. Johnson seems to be the salaries paid to our guest stars, it is only right to point out that the amount of money paid the star in any production is rather little compared with the total expended. The major portion of the cost is distributed to American writers, American mechanics and studio attaches, American actors and American salesmen, all of whom are delighted to know that a genuine, money-making star heads the production.

It should be understood, too, that the seemingly large salary received by an imported player is not all velvet. There are managers, agents and legal advisors to be paid; a large amount of money has to be used to live in the accepted Hollywood manner; which at the same time gives employment to American servants, tradesmen and artisans; charitable donations and advertising fees take a good deal more. At the end, the amount left for hoarding or spending abroad is no more than American movie stars are in the habit of spending in Europe themselves.

Pictures starring foreign celebrities have entree into countries where otherwise American-made pictures would not be welcome, thus adding to our national prestige and thereby causing many dollars to pour into the treasuries of the American film companies.

Surprising as it may seem, a great many people do prefer Garbo, Chevalier and Miss Dietrich to Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and Victor McLaglen, all of whom, although Mrs. Johnson does not seem to be aware of it, are natives of foreign lands.

That the American moving picture

(*Please turn to page* 106)

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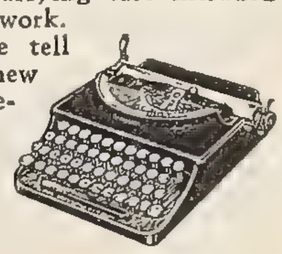

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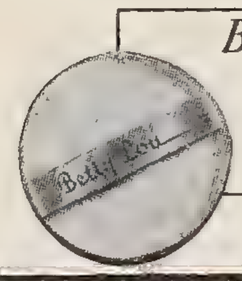

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People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 105)

producers are not overlooking the players of our own country is shown by the fact that they always have a considerable number of young men and women under development at the various studios. When an American actor or actress of ability is discovered, the Hollywood bugles are loudly sounded and the new star is raised to the skies by a campaign of exploitation.

Mrs. Johnson can therefore be reassured that when she goes in to see any American-made movie, no matter who the star is, she is patriotically following the advice to "Buy American."—Robert B. Byrnes, 2431 Buck St., New York City.

Thoughts: Come on, give us some more pictures like "The Vagabond King."

Please don't! Lawrence Tibbett's face is too small for the rest of him.

Peggy Shannon's mouth is almost too large for her face, but, nevertheless, she is pretty—when she isn't posing. She is good. But she needs to study and work a lot—as Joan Crawford does.

ZaSu Pitts was born for the screen. Tell her not to get too Gish-ish, however. (In looks.)

Mary Brian should wear a longer bob, slightly curled, and play real wealthy, little girl (about twenty-two year) roles. She did once.

Strike Maurice Chevalier out for me.

Sylvia Sidney is resting so much she will soon be too fat to please the public.

Where and what is Lily Damita doing? She has plenty of chic without striving for it. She is not beautiful; she is not plain; she is the possessor of charm. Please let us see more of her pictures.

Sally Eilers would do well to vary herself somewhat. Why is she always so self-possessed? Acting to the contrary would enhance her value.

We want more pictures of jolly men like Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in "Hell Divers."

The Bennetts seem to have some sort of paralysis. What's the matter?

Gloria Swanson could be a wonderful actress if she would play poverty-stricken rôles, where common sense and brains are the basis of the attractions. Also, she should stop thinking she is pretty, attractive or something. She doesn't face facts.

Nancy Carroll is the prettiest, most perfect female on the screen. She should be with a company that didn't give her cheap settings.

Katharine Hepburn seems to be different. I have not yet seen her play. Tell her not to play for herself alone; we in the audience like 'em natural and not bigoted.

Norma Shearer typifies the average American beauty. The average American beauty excels in brains. Thank you. I liked her best in "The Secretary."

Marlene's wardrobe is not so interesting. She is beautiful.

Greta Garbo is—I am (stumped for a word). Bring her back!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would be a better actor if he had had to work real hard for a living at some time in his life.

Joan Crawford is passing through a change in her life. She should be very careful. Above all, she should maintain as much of her optimism and bright outlook on life as possible. If she will do the right thing, even though it's hard, and the kind thing because it is the right thing, she will keep her looks longer. Why? Because such conduct keeps us right with ourselves and makes for better digestion and sleep.

Tell Ann Harding to fix her hair different—or differently. Just as naturally please, but different.—Billie Paille, 411 Georgia Savings Bank Bldg., Atlanta, Georgia.

Handsome Clark: Who is the best and handsomest actor in the movies? What man has the most charming personality? To whom do the nicest smile and dimples belong? There is only one answer to these questions and that is Clark Gable. Here's wishing him luck! . . . Have any of you noticed an actress who could be mistaken any day for beautiful Kay Francis? If you've ever seen her you must have noticed the resemblance! The girl I mean is Phyllis Barry. Both girls were in Ronnie Colman's picture, "Cynara," and I had the hardest time telling them apart!—Cleo Sellers, 1239 Second Avenue, N. W., Moose Jaw. Sask., Canada.

Redeems Herself: Mary Pickford was never one of my favorites. Right now I'm taking off the proverbial hat to her. Reason? "Secrets." She has redeemed herself quite a bit in my eyes. She makes it quite evident that there is a definite need, on the screen for a personality such as she displays in "Secrets." She shouldn't be allowed to retire yet.—Rose Dena Frank, 1305 North 7th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(*Please turn to page* 108)

In "Curtain at Eight," the actors put on a play in which Marion Shilling plays a South Sea Island girl. Isn't this picture of her reminiscent of Billie Dove?

Movies to Crowd Every Theater

(*Continued from page* 16)

announcements. For Fox, too, has joined the parade to bring you back to the motion picture theater in greater numbers than ever before.

UNITED ARTISTS

UNITED ARTISTS, too, is stepping out. Usually with a small and very select list of pictures from its star group, this organization, now with Twentieth Century allied, announces a much greater list than ever before.

"The Masquerader," the Ronald Colman picture finished some time ago, in which Elissa Landi was featured, will be one of the most ambitious, not to mention "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor musical. George Raft, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper appear in "The Bowery," Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez in "Joe Palooka," Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones," Anna Sten in "Nana," Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge," Constance Cummings, Russ Columbo and Stuart Erwin in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Ann Harding and Clive Brook in "Gallant Lady," Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and George Bancroft in "Blood Money."

COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA, a company that has come forward rapidly, is making one of its big productions in London, "The Lady is Willing," starring Leslie Howard. This production is under the supervision of Gilbert Miller, the noted stage producer, who has been engaged to assist in some of Columbia's more pretentious productions. Lewis Milestone and Frank Borzage will make pictures for Columbia during the new season.

PARAMOUNT

PARAMOUNT, again in its stride after financial worries, steps out to the fore again in production. The Cecil B. DeMille picture of American youth, "This Day and Age," is naturally one of the leaders for early Fall. The Four Marx Brothers have finished "Duck Soup." "Too Much Harmony" is the new Bing Crosby-Jack Oakie opus, and "I'm No Angel," Mae West's latest offering to a waiting public. "Design for Living," the stage success, is set for Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Edward Everett Horton," and "Torch Singer" for Claudette Colbert and David Manners. "Cradle Song" is Dorothea Wieck's first American offering, and "Alice in Wonderland" will have Jack Oakie, Charles Ruggles, Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth.

Adolph Zukor's organization, after some halting of footsteps, enters into the new season with a dash and a s that shows its complete rejuvenation. This famous old company, like a rock of Gibraltar in the industry, stands firm and solid. It gives everyone in the movies, and everyone interested in them, some real pleasure to know that it has survived blows that long since would have wrecked any less stable enterprise.

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People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 106)

Changing Husbands: I always thought Joan Crawford a wonderful girl, but since her separation from Doug my illusions are shattered. Why must the movie stars change husbands so often? For publicity, I suppose, but at what a price!

I think anyone with a little common sense can get along, but at the least excuse the stars rush to the divorce court.

Why aren't there more like Norma Shearer? She's my ideal, and if Irving gives her the best, she deserves it. You will note she is a Canadian girl. —Mrs. Frank Young, Burdett, Alberta, Canada.

Hail to the queen of brunettes, Kay Francis. People may walk a mile for a camel but I'd walk miles to see my favorite actress, Kay Francis. I'm waiting for more of her pictures.—Miss Nina Thurman, 935 Dayton Street, Chillicothe, Ohio.

For Ten Years: Haven't we had enough talk about Clark Gable? Let's have more about Lewis Stone. His acting and manner are far superior to Clark Gable's or even Fredric March's. He has been my favorite actor for nearly ten years.—Margot Coe, Sanders Road, Norwood, Mass.

Robert Montgomery, Lew Ayers and Clark Gable may all be good looking, but as an actor Spencer Tracy takes my eye. I am sure many people will agree with me that actions speak louder than looks. I think he is an ideal actor. I have seen many pictures in which Spencer acted and all were a success. If ever an actor was headed for stardom, it is Spencer Tracy.

I am trusting that he will star in many more pictures.—Miss Ogreta Schaffe, Millersville, Ill.

Gilt-Edge Security: "Schnozzle" Durante—not only his nose—but all of him is worth his weight in *gold!* Went to see how he'd handle the *beer* situation—and anyone that *gave* the laughs to the audience he did (and during the Bank Holiday, too!) I repeat, it's worth gold! He's the funniest, gilt-edge security for a laugh I've ever seen in the movies!—Ruth Bracker Stone, 400 West 160th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Picture Stealer: Una Merkel! Who could be sweeter, and can she act!! She doesn't need the lead in a picture for she steals every one she plays in.—Margaret Nancini, 3234 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

He Must Be Good: Leslie Howard's charm, poise, modesty, finesse, sincerity, ability, suavity and honesty easily make him king of intelligent acting. I'm for him.—Anna Alke, 4107 Lowell Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Cheers for Jean: A dozen cheers for the spunkiest girl in pictures, Jean Harlow. A more charming person cannot be found. She is one of the few stars who is natural, unaffected, not possessing the smallest grain of conceit. Jean is an amazing person.—Connie M. Joffre, 3559 E. 149th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

What Will Al Say? What is little Ruby Keeler going to star in next? Isn't she just too grand? Let us see her pronto. She stole every scene in "42nd Street," as well as many hearts. I was spell-bound with her acting and charm. Don't refer to her as Al Jolson's wife; it should be Al Jolson as Ruby Keeler's husband. She just has to be the "greatest" of the year.—John Roberts, 503 South Elm St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ruth Channing, new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "find," who recently signed a long-term contract with the studio, and whose next picture is "Show World."

Her Discovery: Funny how you go shopping with an exact costume in mind, and see a dress or hat or shoes that make you change every item on your list to fit, because you want dress or hat or shoes for your own.

I went to see "The Kid from Spain," because it was rated so well, and because I always expect an Eddie Cantor picture to be good. But I wasn't prepared for the pleasure of Robert Young's absolutely natural beauty and acting, because I didn't know there was a Robert Young. And he doesn't act in "The Kid from Spain." He just is! —Lula Ledbetter Brigham, Hickory Point, Tennessee.

Madge's Voice: Madge Evans! Sweet and winsome looking. A good actress, too. But shades of Cleopatra, do I adore her lovely, musical voice! A little sad and wistful it is, but divinely sweet and caressing. Soothes my jangling nerves like a sweet, haunting refrain!—Eunice Todd, Seeds, Alabama.

Little Sunbeam: It seems that all the sweetness in the world is combined in one little sunbeam, who lightens the world with her smile. If you haven't guessed who she is by now, it's Janet Gaynor, the best actress in Movieland! —Miss Hilda Spencer, 4 Harvey Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 75)

They get no salary for three months, but they go to school every day and have the experience of being around the studio and doing what available extra work there is.

They are not all without picture experience. Kenneth Howell, you may remember as the baby flyer in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Houseley Ormond is Onslow Stevens' brother. Doris Blue is a niece of Irene Hunt. Remember Irene as the girl reporter in a series of D. W. Griffith releases years ago?

The pupils were required to buy uniforms, the girls' costumes consisting of gray slacks and blue cotton blouses. The boys wear gray trousers and dark blue coats. They had to furnish these costumes themselves, so, being a curious soul, I asked what would happen if they couldn't afford to buy them. The girls' slacks were tailored and cost $7.50 a pair.

"Well," spoke up one little girl, "I guess we just couldn't be actresses then."

Mr. Turney is like a god to them. He not only teaches them to act but also gives them rules of conduct, one of which forbids any romancing between the girls and boys in the stock company.

"So what do you do? Do you romance with one another or not?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," replied one blithe little miss. "We're getting on fine."

PROVING that extras do get breaks now and then, Barbara Barondess, who for several months now has been Hollywood's pet extra girl, has been climbing out of the ranks lately by leaps and bounds. In "Hold Your Man" she had a featured role and received $750 a week. When good fortune like that comes to one, the other million extras take new heart —which explains why the Hollywood extras number thousands and thousands.

"IN my country a woman doesn't talk until she has something to say," declared Anna Sten, and Sam Goldwyn, who has been paying her a thousand dollars a week for a year while she learned to speak English, says that is the only reason he is not allowing her to be interviewed by anyone before she makes a picture.

"As soon as she has made one picture she may talk to the press as much as the reporters want her to," promised Mr. Goldwyn, "But I don't want her upset or confused before she makes her first picture."

However, Anna did talk a little. Recently she rented a beach house which she said she found in such a deplorable condition she had to put on an apron and go to work with a scrubbing brush. "I understand the house was occupied by a couple of young men," Anna said. "I don't suppose they were any dirtier than any other young men," she added apologetically, "but in my country we like everything spic and span."

And who do you think the former tenants were but Franchot Tone and his chum, Tommy Thompson. But I don't think the boys are entirely to blame, for, in addition to their own dogs, they had to care for Tallulah Bankhead's two dogs while she was in New York. Anyway, Franchot has plenty of accomplishments without trying to be a neat housekeeper.

SPEAKING of dogs always brings Alice Brady to mind, for in all Hollywood where there are as many pet dogs as there are actors' agents, no dogs have as devoted a mistress as Alice. She takes them everywhere with her and they all—four of them—sleep on the foot of her bed.

When Alice first came to Hollywood she was assigned a different dressing-room every time she visited the studio. Five different dressing-rooms in all.

"I wish someone would decide which dressing-room they really want me to use," Alice said. "I don't mind moving my clothes and make-up every time I come to the studio, but my dogs don't like it."

Alice was wanted at the studio the other day but no one could reach her. Each caller was informed that Miss Brady was sleeping.

(*Please turn to page* 110)

Mlle. Jacqueline Francell and her fifteen-year-old rag dog, Monique, from Paris, here to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in the French version of "The Way to Love."

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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 109)

"She sleeps twenty hours at a time," explained a friend; so now I can understand why it is that Alice never wants to go home from a party. I suppose she sleeps for twenty hours and then doesn't have to bother about going to bed for a few days.

How anyone could sleep at all with four dogs on the bed is more than I can understand. But Alice is smart. If you saw "When Ladies Meet" you know what I mean. It takes a right smart actress to play a dumb character—and wasn't Alice grand?

OF course, when you mention grand actresses you naturally think of Ann Harding. That's practically all you can do about Ann recently—think, that is—because she has rented a shack on the edge of the desert and almost never comes into town except on business.

However, she did come in every day to coach her friend, Carmel Myers, for her role in a play produced locally. And was there on the opening night to cheer her protégée on.

After the performance she rushed backstage to congratulate Carmel. The room was full of photographers just ready to take Carmel's picture, when Ann cried: "Put your orchids on, Carmel, for the picture." Carmel picked up a gorgeous corsage of orchids and, pinning them on Ann's shoulder, said: "Orchids to you, my dear."

It was a very pretty little scene with no one to hear except your correspondent.

"She would make a wonderful stage director," Carmel raved about Ann. "She is so logical and has everything at her fingertips. Oh, don't get me started on Ann Harding. She's just swell!"

Ann is sun-tanned until her blond hair looks white against her face. She keeps two horses at her desert hide-away and told me she had been getting inspiration from the sun and riding in the desert.

"I think I'm going to be inspired to write an article for The New Movie Magazine pretty soon," she promised.

KING VIDOR leased a big house next door to Miriam Hopkins and the two have been seen together recently. When Ernst Lubitsch handed Miriam her script for "Design for Living," which he directed, she found inside a note reading something like this:

"Dear King: If there is anything in here you don't like, just let me know and I'll change it. Ernst."

But the rumor is that Miriam is cooling off a little bit and the chances are that she was just showing King a little of that southern technique. Miriam's real love is her little adopted son, Michael, who is just about the cunningest baby around here.

EVEN actors go a bit ga-ga over babies. When Mrs. Edward G. Robinson arrived home with the new heir, Eddie met them at the train with two new automobiles. One was his own and the other a present for his wife and the baby. He couldn't wait until they got home to show it to them. And last week when I saw him he was so upset because he had a cold and couldn't go near the baby for days.

I wasn't peeking through a keyhole, but I was out of sight when Rex Bell came into an office at the Monogram Studio and telephoned his wife, Clara Bow. I listened shamelessly while he told her he had gotten a cactus spine in his eye and wanted to tell her, before she heard about it from other sources, that it wasn't serious.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Wera Engels, German star imported to Hollywood, has her own novelty of attire—a feature which seems to go with most of the foreign stars. Here she is in striped sweater and slacks.

"When I come home I'll be wearing glasses," he told her, and apparently Clara didn't like that idea at all, because Rex said, "I don't like the idea either, my sweet, but the doctor says I'll have to wear them only a few days."

IF we may speak of anything as sordid as money, it may interest you to know that Constance Bennett's contract with Twentieth Century will net her $60,000 a picture and calls for her to make four pictures a year. She can do as she pleases the rest of the time, which accounts for her agreement with R-K-O to make more pictures for that company in her spare time.

Even though artists are not supposed to be good business men, Walter Catlett manages to do pretty well for himself. When Director John Stahl asked him to play a small part in "Only Yesterday," Walter said:

"Okay! I'll play any part, no matter how small it is, but my salary is $250 a day."

"I might build the part up," Stahl stalled. "Suppose we pay you $1,000 a week?"

But Walter was stubborn. "No," he said, "my salary is $250 a day." And so it was agreed. Walter worked for eight days and collected $2,000.

In the same picture Edna May Oliver was paid $5,000 for speaking five lines.

AND wandering around the Universal Studio I ran across Madge Bellamy, who is returning to pictures via a western thriller in twelve episodes. Buck Jones is the hero in the serial, which is entitled, "Gordon of Ghost City."

"I've never ridden a horse," Madge told me, "but I'll be an expert by the time I ride through twelve reels with Buck Jones."

When a newspaper man wrote that Pat O'Malley, former star, was playing a bit in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," that all he had to do in the picture was hold a horse's head, Pat's friends were upset. But Pat said:

"I don't mind. At least he put me at the right end of the horse."

A succession of troublesome incidents has followed Pat's career in recent years, and now it seems that the last of his savings have been lost in the M'Divani oil wells.

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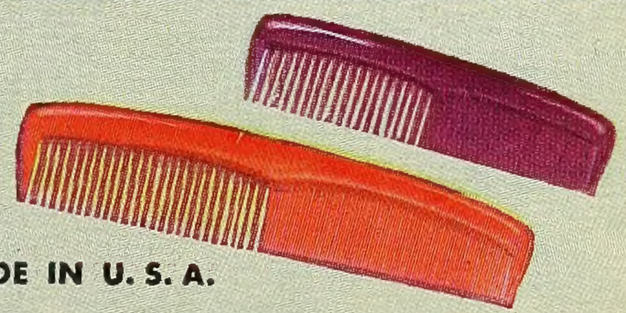

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